

DELPHIAN TEXT



PART THREE























# DELPHIAN TEXT



Prepared by

THE DELPHIAN SOCIETY

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CHAPTER PROGRAMS

**PART THREE**



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# DELPHIAN TEXT

by

I. E. WING, M. A.

and

CONTRIBUTING EDUCATORS

among whom are

DR. EDWARD M. HULME	Leland Stanford University
DR. HENNING LARSEN	University of Iowa
DR. A. A. STOMBERG	University of Minnesota
DR. ALEXANDER KAUN	University of California
PROF. ANGELO LIPARI	Yale University
PROF. FRED ERNST	New York University
DR. ANTONIO G. SOLALINDE	University of Wisconsin
DR. JOAQUIN ORTEGA	University of Wisconsin
PROF. E. H. C. OLIPHANT	University of Texas
DR. A. T. MURRAY	Leland Stanford University
DR. PAUL PERIGARD	University of California
DUDLEY CRAFTS WATSON	Art Institute of Chicago





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## THE LATE VICTORIAN POETS

### ROSSETTI

ABOUT the middle of the nineteenth century a protest was heard from a group of poets and artists against the commonplace, which had settled like a pall over England. Material prosperity seemed to have drugged the imagination. Scientific inquiry had torn the draperies from traditional religious thought, disclosing its naïveté and weaknesses. Tennyson, a poet of undoubted ability, yielded to the popular clamor by such homely poems as *Dora* and *The Miller's Daughter*. Arnold voiced the confusion of those set adrift by the revelations of science and the consequent disruption of religious conceptions.

Dante Gabriel Rossetti (1828-1882) was conspicuous among a circle of young thinkers who cared not at all for scientific disclosures. Neither was he affected by the problems confronting the government or social redress of England. Like certain of his associates, he was a mystic and lived within himself.

Rossetti's father was a poet, a native of Naples; he was a scholar and curator of the antique bronzes in the Naples Museum. The revolution of 1820, which forced King Ferdinand to grant the people a constitution, stirred him to write enthusiastically in behalf of democracy; as a result, when the crafty king revoked the constitution within a year, it became expedient for the author of ringing lays of liberty to quit the country. He went to England where he afterwards married a lady of English-Italian descent. These were the parents of Dante, William and Christina Rossetti. The father was made professor of Italian at King's College, London, and gained a wide reputation as commentator on the writings and times of Dante.

Dante Gabriel acquired an education in his father's household and in the college where the elder Rossetti taught. English and Italian were alike native tongues and other languages he soon mastered.

After leaving college and travelling for a short time on the continent, Rossetti turned to painting, in which profession he won considerable fame. At the same time, he composed poetry, giving himself over with equal ardor to either occupation. When nineteen he wrote *The Blessed Damozel* and it is safe to say that none of his later poems surpassed this one.

In 1848, Rossetti, his brother, Holman Hunt, John Millais and their associates formed themselves into the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. By such association they pledged themselves to follow principles of art which had actuated mediaevalists prior to the time of Raphael. In other words, they took a stand against the conventions and tenets then hampering the fine arts and strove for a simplicity and fidelity to nature which they observed in the early mediaeval painters. Symbolism played a considerable part in their work.

About 1850 Rossetti met a beautiful young woman, Elizabeth Eleanor Siddal; after a courtship of ten years, lengthened because of her health, they were married. After two brief years of happiness, the wife died, after giving birth to a still-born babe. The poet was disconsolate and henceforth lived for the most part in seclusion. The publication of his early poems had evoked harsh comment, which depressed his sensitive nature. To relieve his sleeplessness, aggravated by grief for his wife, he was given chloral and gradually acquired a habit for the destructive drug.

Like Spenser and Keats, Rossetti has appealed to the gifted rather than the general reader. The greater the degree of mysticism one possesses, the more likely he is to appreciate an imaginative poet. Regarding this element of mysticism, Brooke says with admirable clarity: "It is difficult to explain mysticism in Rossetti, because it is difficult to define mysticism itself. It shows a different aspect in every man who is affected by it. But generally speaking it is that temper of mind and feeling which considers the apparent world and all its ways as not real, except relatively to our constitution; and the invisible world of the spirit and of life, outside of our world of sense-perception, the real world. And that is Rossetti's position as a poet. It



makes his poetry difficult to that large class of persons who have no mystic tendency, to whom all mysticism appears impossible. . . . On the whole, so widespread through his poetry is this mystic element, that I doubt whether he will ever come to be read extensively until the spiritual view of the universe has conquered the materialistic view. At present, in the midst of the loud yelling of the armies of materialism, Rossetti's voice is not likely to be heard at large."<sup>1</sup>

The *House of Life* is a series of one hundred and one sonnets which record the poet's experience of love. In his longer poems the mystical and wierd elements bring to mind a similar strain in Coleridge, both of whom saw the "light that never was on sea or land." Rich colors scintillate in Rossetti's verses. Both the strange and colorful are found in these few lines cited from *The Bride's Prelude*:

"Within the window's heaped recess  
The light was counterchanged  
In blent reflexes manifold  
From perfume-caskets of wrought gold  
And gems the bride's hair could not hold.

All thrust together: and with these  
A slim-curved lute, which now,  
At Amelotte's sudden passing there,  
Was swept in some wise unaware,  
And shook to music the close air."

The student of Dante must find many a reflection of the great Italian master in his nineteenth-century namesake; nor is this surprising in view of the place the Florentine poet held in the Rossetti household. In *The Blessed Damsel*, where the souls go mounting up to God "like thin flames" one thinks of Paradise and the use of light.

This best known of Rossetti's poems presupposes the simple faith of mediaeval Europe in the age which heaped up great piles of stone known to us as the Gothic cathedrals. A maiden, lately translated to Heaven, leans out of the portals of Paradise seeking her lover; until he comes, even Heaven is not enough and her joy is expectant as she plans

their eternity together; she shall take him by the hand to the Mother of God; they will wander thenceforth in flowery meads of bliss.

*The Burden of Nineveh* was suggested by seeing winged bulls, lately excavated in Mesopotamia, brought into the British Museum, their wrappings still clinging to them.

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<sup>1</sup>Symonds: *Romanticism in English Poetry*, 171.

#### WINTER

How large that thrush looks on the bare thorn-tree!

A swarm 'of such, three little months ago,

Had hidden in the leaves and let none know

Save by the outburst of their minstrelsy.

A white flake here and there—a snow-lily

Of last night's frost—our naked flower-beds hold;

And for a rose-flower on the darkling mould

The hungry redbreast gleams. No bloom, no bee.

The current shudders to its ice-bound sedge:

Nipped in their bath, the stark reeds one by one

Flash each in its clinging diamond in the sun:

'Neath winds which for this Winter's sovereign pledge

Shall curb great king-masts to the ocean's edge

And leave memorial forest-kings o'erthrown.

#### SPRING

Soft-littered is the new-year's lambing-fold,

And in the hollowed haystack at its side

The shepherd lies o' nights now, wakeful-eyed

At the ewes' travailing call through the dark cold.

The young rooks cheep 'mid the thick caw of the old.

And near unpeopled stream-sides, on the ground,

By her spring-cry the moorhen's nest is found,

Where the drained flood-lands flaunt their marigold.

Chill are the gusts to which the pastures cower,

And chill the current where the young reeds stand

As green and close as the young wheat on land:

Yet here the cuckoo and the cuckoo-flower

Plight to the heart Spring's perfect imminent hour

Whose breath shall soothe you like your dear one's hand.



## SUDDEN LIGHT

I have been here before,  
But when or how I cannot tell:  
I know the grass beyond the door,  
The sweet keen smell,  
The sighing sound, the lights around the shore.

You have been mine before—  
How long ago I may not know:  
But just when at that swallow's soar  
Your neck turned so,  
Some veil did fall,—I knew it all of yore.

Has this been thus before?  
And shall not thus time's eddying flight  
Still with our lives our loves restore  
In death's despite,  
And day and night yield one delight once more?

## THE BLESSED DAMOSEL

The blesséd damosel leaned out  
From the gold bar of Heaven;  
Her eyes were deeper than the depth  
Of waters stilled at even;  
She had three lilies in her hand,  
And the stars in her hair were seven.

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,  
No wrought flowers did adorn,  
But a white rose of Mary's gift,  
For service meetly worn;  
Her hair that lay along her back  
Was yellow like ripe corn.

Her seemed she scarce had been a day  
One of God's choristers  
The wonder was not yet quite gone  
From that still look of hers;  
Albeit, to them she left, her day  
Had counted as ten years.

(To one, it is ten years of years.  
    . . . Yet now, and in this place,  
Surely she leaned o'er me—her hair  
    Fell all about my face. . . .  
Nothing: the autumn fall of leaves.  
    The whole year sets apace.)

It was the rampart of God's house  
    That she was standing on;  
By God built over the sheer depth  
    The which is Space begun;  
So high, that looking downward thence  
    She scarce could see the sun.

It lies in Heaven, across the flood  
    Of ether, as a bridge.  
Beneath, the tides of day and night  
    With flames and darkness ridge  
The void, as low as where this earth  
    Spins like a fretful midge.

Around her, lovers, newly met  
    'Mid deathless love's acclaims,  
Spoke evermore among themselves  
    Their heart-remembered names;  
And the souls mounting up to God  
    Went by her like thin flames.

And still she bowed herself and stooped  
    Out of the circling charm;  
Until her bosom must have made  
    The bar she leaned on warm,  
And the lilies lay as if asleep  
    Along her bended arm.

From the fixed place of Heaven she saw  
    Time like a pulse shake fierce  
Through all the world. Her gaze still strove  
    Within the gulf to pierce  
Its path; and now she spoke as when  
    The stars sang in their spheres.

The sun was gone now; the curled moon  
Was like a little feather  
Fluttering far down the gulf; and now  
She spoke through the still weather.  
Her voice was like the voice the stars  
Had when they sang together.

(Ah sweet! Even now, in that bird's song,  
Strove not her accents there,  
Fain to be hearkened? When those bells  
Possessed the mid-day air,  
Strove not her steps to reach my side  
Down all the echoing stair?)

"I wish that he were come to me,  
For he will come," she said.  
"Have I not prayed in Heaven?—on earth;  
Lord, Lord, had he not pray'd?  
Are not two prayers a perfect strength?  
And shall I feel afraid?

"When round his head the aureole clings,  
And he is clothed in white,  
I'll take his hand and go with him  
To the deep wells of light;  
As unto a stream we will step down,  
And bathe there in God's sight.

"We two will stand beside that shrine,  
Occult, withheld, untrod,  
Whose lamps are stirred continually  
With prayer sent up to God;  
And see our old prayers, granted, melt  
Each like a little cloud.

"We two will lie i' the shadow of  
That living mystic tree  
Within whose secret growth the Dove  
Is sometimes felt to be,  
While every leaf that His plumes touch  
Saith His Name audibly.



“And I myself will teach to him,  
I myself, lying so,  
The songs I sing here; which his voice  
Shall pause in, hushed and slow,  
And find some knowledge at each pause,  
Or some new thing to know.”

(Alas! We two, we two, thou say'st!  
Yea, one wast thou with me  
That once of old. But shall God lift  
To endless unity  
The soul whose likeness with thy soul  
Was but its love for thee?)

“We two,” she said, “will seek the groves  
Where the lady Mary is,  
With her five handmaidens, whose names  
Are five sweet symphonies,  
Cecily, Gertrude, Magdalen,  
Margaret and Rosalys.

“Circlewise sit they, with bound locks  
And foreheads garlanded;  
Into the fine cloth white like flame  
Weaving the golden thread,  
To fashion the birth-robcs for them  
Who are just born, being dead.

“He shall fear, haply, and be dumb;  
Then will I lay my cheek  
To his, and tell about our love,  
Not once abashed or weak:  
And the dear Mother will approve  
My pride, and let me speak.

“Herself shall bring us, hand in hand,  
To Him round whom all souls  
Kneel, the clear-ranged unnumbered heads  
Bowed with their aureoles:  
And angels meeting us shall sing  
To their citherns and citoles.

“There will I ask of Christ the Lord  
Thus much for him and me:—  
Only to live as once on earth  
With Love, only to be,  
As then awhile, for ever now  
Together, I and he.”

She gazed and listened and then said,  
Less sad of speech than mild—  
“All this is when he comes.” She ceased.  
The light thrilled towards her, fill’d  
With angels in strong level flight.  
Her eyes prayed, and she smil’d.

(I saw her smile.) But soon their path  
Was vague in distant spheres:  
And then she cast her arms along  
The golden barriers,  
And laid her face between her hands,  
And wept. (I heard her tears.)

## SWINBURNE

Algernon Charles Swinburne was born in 1837, his forebears on either side belonging to ancient, aristocratic families. In youth, his time was divided between an ancestral home in Northumberland and another in the Isle of Wight. When twelve years of age he entered Eton, where his frail body and large head, topped by a shock of red hair, together with his precocity, won him a reputation for being odd and unusual. Sports did not attract him; instead, he preferred to read. As a matter of fact, the assiduous reading done during Eton and Oxford days gave him the basis for his later judgments, or it would be truer to say that during days of immaturity his lasting judgments were formed. This has led critics to say of him that he never grew up, because maturity did not correct the prejudices of youth.

Swinburne belonged to the group of Late Victorian poets, to which Morris and Rossetti were allied. His influence upon contemporary poetry was greater than that

exerted by any other of this circle. However, it is interesting to note that not one of these writers of verse established a school, as did Wordsworth, for example.

Whereas Rossetti was lost in mystical contemplation and Clough had been set adrift by the rapid transition of religious thought, Swinburne reverted to paganism or to pre-Christian doctrines. Although expressed in various ways, there is much repetition of

"The end of all, the poppie sleep."

Such an attitude toward life lends itself easily to

"Gather the rosebuds while ye may."

The broken health of the poet during his last thirty years testifies to his having put his tenets into practice.

Beyond question, Swinburne was a born poet. His poems fascinate by their sensuous music due to the author's facility with metre. Repetition of letters and of words lend a musical quality to his stanzas which is peculiarly Swinburnian. Although imitators sprang up in profusion, his individual flow of melody failed in less gifted hands.

In his *Victorian Age in Literature*, Chesterton has certain pregnant lines regarding those sharing Swinburne's attitude toward life. He says: "The Swinburnian sceptics had nothing to fight for but a frame of mind; and when ordinary English people listened to it, they came to the conclusion that it was a frame of mind they would rather hear about than experience. But these later poets did, so to speak, spread their souls in all the empty spaces; weaker brethren, disappointed artists, unattached individuals, very young people were sapped or swept away by these songs; which, so far as any particular sense in them goes, were almost songs without words."

The last sentence pertains to the lesser singers rather than to Swinburne, but the fact remains that the most serious criticism of much of the latter's verse is that it lacks constructive thought. So far as Swinburne's style is con-



cerned, it has not been surpassed. His lyrical qualities place him with Keats and Shelley.

His first fame followed the publication of *Atalanta in Calydon*. It is doubtful if any subsequent work equalled this attempt to adapt Greek methods in English. The story is concerned with the old legend of a boar-hunt and Meleager's love for Atalanta. The choruses are gems of literature.

*Poems and Ballads* appeared in 1866 and called forth a vigorous protest against what was termed "their immoral tone." The reading public of today has become accustomed to much that was deemed shocking in the late Victorian era; nevertheless, the poet's reputation would have profited by the withdrawal of some of these productions, which the most catholic-minded critic cannot defend as artistic.

Several plays were written by Swinburne, three centering around the life of Mary Queen of Scots; they are interesting for their poetic rather than dramatic qualities. *Tristram of Lyonesse* is a narrative poem given epical treatment.

It is unlikely that the generality of readers will ever take the interest in Swinburne that they do in Tennyson or Browning. Not to know his sonorous melody would be to miss something fine in English poetry. Not to appreciate his hatred of tyranny, his hostility toward oppressors, his love for liberty, would mean failure to understand the strength of his message. There is one poem which should be read and re-read, for it breathes of vigor and force, unlike his poetry of negation and poppied sleep. This is *Hertha*, which the poet himself judged among his most enduring productions.

"A creed is a rod,  
And a crown is of night;  
But this thing is God,  
To be man with thy might,  
To grow straight in the strength of thy spirit, and live out  
thy life as the light.

O children of banishment,  
Souls overcast,

Were the lights ye see vanish meant  
 Always to last,  
 Ye would know not the sun overshadowing the shadows and  
 stars overpast.

I saw where ye trod  
 The dim paths of the night  
 Set the shadow called God  
 In your skies to give light;  
 But the morning of manhood is risen, and the shadowless  
 soul is in sight."

Swinburne lived until 1909, but his later writings added little to his renown. His criticisms of Shakespeare and other English writers are illuminating although not always unbiased. His own contribution to literature, that which will remain so long as English poetry is appreciated, is the highly individual style in which he excelled.

## POEMS OF SWINBURNE

### AN INTERLUDE

In the greenest growth of the Maytime,  
 I rode where the woods were wet,  
 Between the dawn and the daytime;  
 The spring was glad that we met.

There was something the season wanted,  
 Though the ways and the woods smelt sweet;  
 The breath at your lips that panted,  
 The pulse of the grass at your feet.

You came, and the sun came after,  
 And the green grew golden above;  
 And the flag-flowers lightened with laughter,  
 And the meadow sweet shook with love.

Your feet in the full-grown grasses  
 Moved soft as a weak wind blows;  
 You passed me as April passes,  
 With face made out of a rose.

By the stream where the stems were slender,  
Your bright foot paused at the sedge;  
It might be to watch the tender  
Light leaves in the springtime hedge.

On boughs that the sweet month blanches,  
With flowery frost of May;  
It might be a bird in the branches,  
It might be a thorn in the way

I waited to watch you linger  
With foot drawn back from the dew,  
Till a sunbeam straight like a finger  
Struck sharp through the leaves at you.

And a bird overhead sang *Follow*,  
And a bird to the right sang *Here*;  
And the arch of the leaves was hollow,  
And the meaning of May was clear.

I saw where the sun's hand pointed,  
I knew what the bird's note said;  
By the dawn and the dewfall anointed,  
You were queen by the gold on your head.

As the glimpse of a burnt-out ember  
Recalls a regret of the sun,  
I remember, forget, and remember  
What Love saw done and undone.

I remember the way we parted,  
The day and the way we met;  
You hoped we were both broken-hearted,  
And knew we should both forget.

And May with her world in flower  
Seemed still to murmur and smile  
As you murmured and smiled for an hour;  
I saw you turn at the stile.

A hand like a white wood-blossom  
You lifted, and waved, and passed,  
With head hung down to the bosom,  
And pale, as it seemed, at last.



And the best and the worst of this is  
That neither is most to blame  
If you've forgotten my kisses  
And I've forgotten your name.

## BY THE NORTH SEA

A land that is lonelier than ruin;  
A sea that is stranger than death;  
Far fields that a rose never blew in,  
Wan waste where the winds lack breath;  
Waste endless and boundless and flowerless  
But of marsh-blossoms fruitless as free:  
Where earth lies exhausted, as powerless  
To strive with the sea.

Far flickers the flight of the swallows,  
Far flutters the weft of the grass  
Spun dense over desolate hollows  
More pale than the clouds as they pass;  
Thick woven as the weft of a witch is  
Round the heart of a thrall that hath sinned,  
Whose youth and the wrecks of its riches  
Are waifs on the wind.

The pastures are herdless and sheepless  
No pasture or shelter for herds;  
The wind is relentless and sleepless  
And restless and songless the birds;  
Their cries from afar fall breathless,  
Their wings are as lightnings that flee;  
For the land has two lords that are deathless;  
Death's self, and the sea.

These twain, as a king with his fellow,  
Hold converse of desolate speech;  
And her waters are haggard and yellow  
And crass with the scurf of the beach;  
And his garments are grey as the hoary  
Wan sky where the day lies dim;  
And his power is to her, and his glory,  
As hers unto him.

In the pride of his power she rejoices,  
In her glory he glows and is glad;  
In her darkness the sound of his voice is,  
With his breath she dilates and is mad;  
"If thou slay me, O death, and outlive me,  
Yet thy love hath fulfilled me of thee."  
"Shall I give thee not back if thou give me,  
O sister, O sea?"

And year upon year dawns living,  
And age upon age drops dead;  
And his hand is not weary of giving,  
And the thirst of her heart is not fed;  
And the hunger that moans in her passion,  
And the rage in her hunger that roars,  
As a wolf's that the winter lays lash on,  
Still calls and implores.

Her walls have no granite for girder,  
No fortalice fronting her stands;  
But reefs the bloodguiltiest of murder  
Are less than the banks of her sands;  
These number their slain by the thousands;  
For the ship hath no surety to be,  
When the bank is abreast of her bows and  
Afflush with the sea

No surety to stand, and no shelter  
To dawn out of darkness but one,  
Out of waters that hurtle and welter  
No succor to dawn with the sun  
But a rest from the wind as it passes,  
Where, hardly redeemed from the waves,  
Lie thick as the blades of the grasses  
The dead in their graves.

A multitude noteless of numbers,  
As wild weeds cast on an heap;  
And sounder than sleep are their slumbers,  
And softer than song is their sleep;  
And sweeter than all things and stranger  
The sense, if perchance it may be,  
That the wind is divested of danger  
And scatheless the sea.

That the roar of the banks they breasted  
Is hurtless as bellowing of herds,  
And the strength of his wings that invested  
The wind, as the strength of a bird's;  
As the sea-mew's might or the swallow's  
That cry to him back if he cries,  
As over the graves and their hollows  
Days darken and rise.

As the souls of the dead men disburdened  
And clean of the sins that they sinned,  
With a lovelier than man's life guerdoned  
And delight as a wave's in the wind,  
And delight as the wind's in the billow,  
Birds pass, and deride with their glee  
The flesh that has dust for its pillow  
As wrecks have the sea.

When the days of the sun wax dimmer,  
Wings flash through the dusk like beams;  
As the clouds in the lit sky glimmer,  
The bird in the graveyard gleams;  
As the cloud at its wing's edge whitens  
When the clarions of sunrise are heard,  
The graves that the bird's note brightens  
Grow bright for the bird.

As the waves of the numberless waters  
That the wind cannot number who guides  
Are the sons of the shore and the daughters  
Here lulled by the chime of the tides;  
And here in the press of them standing  
We know not if these or if we  
Live truest, or anchored to landing  
Or drifted to sea.

In the valley he named of decision  
No denser were multitudes met  
When the soul of the seer in her vision  
Saw nations for doom of them set;  
Saw darkness in dawn, and the splendor  
Of judgment, the sword and the rod;  
But the doom here of death is more tender  
And gentler the god.



And gentler the wind from the dreary  
Sea-banks by the waves overlapped,  
Being weary, speaks peace to the weary  
From slopes that the tide-stream hath sapped;  
And sweeter than all that we call so  
The seal of their slumber shall be,  
Till the graves that embosom them also,  
Be sapped of the sea.

## A MATCH

If love were what the rose is,  
And I were like the leaf,  
Our lives would grow together  
In sad or singing weather,  
Blown fields or flowerful closes,  
Green pleasure or grey grief;  
If love were what the rose is,  
And I were like the leaf.

If I were what the words are,  
And love were like the tune,  
With double sound and single  
Delight our lips would mingle,  
With kisses glad as birds are  
That get sweet rain at noon;  
If I were what the words are  
And love were like the tune.

If you were life, my darling,  
And I your love were death,  
We'd shine and snow together  
Ere March made sweet the weather  
With daffodil and starling  
And hours of fruitful breath;  
If you were life, my darling,  
And I your love, were death.

If you were thrall to sorrow,  
And I were page to joy,  
We'd play for lives and seasons  
With loving looks and treasons  
And tears of night and morrow  
And laughs of maid and boy;

If you were thrall to sorrow,  
And I were page to joy.

If you were April's lady,  
And I were lord in May,  
We'd throw with leaves for hours  
And draw for days with flowers,  
Till day like night were shady  
And night were bright like day;  
If you were April's lady,  
And I were lord in May.

If you were queen of pleasure,  
And I were king of pain,  
We'd hunt down love together,  
Pluck out his flying-feather,  
And teach his feet a measure,  
And find his mouth a rein;  
If you were queen of pleasure,  
And I were king of pain.

#### THE GARDEN OF PROSERPINE

Here, where the world is quiet.  
Here, where all trouble seems  
Dead winds' and spent waves' riot  
In doubtful dreams of dreams;  
I watch the green field growing  
For reaping folk and sowing,  
For harvest time and mowing,  
A sleepy world of streams.

I am tired of tears and laughter,  
And men that laugh and weep,  
Of what may come hereafter  
For men that sow to reap:  
I am weary of days and hours  
Blown buds of barren flowers,  
Desires and dreams and powers  
And everything but sleep.

Here life has death for neighbor,  
And far from eye or ear  
Wan waves and wet winds labor,  
Weak ships and spirits steer;  
They drive adrift, and whither

They wot not who make thither;  
But no such winds blow hither,  
And no such things grow here.

No growth of moor or coppice,  
No heather-flower or vine,  
But bloomless buds of poppies,  
Green grapes of Proserpine,  
Pale beds of blowing rushes  
Where no leaf blooms or blushes,  
Save this whereout she crushes  
For dead men deadly wine.

Pale, without name or number,  
In fruitless fields of corn,  
They bow themselves and slumber  
All night till light is born;  
And like a soul belated,  
In hell and heaven unmated,  
By cloud and mist abated  
Comes out of darkness morn.

Though one were strong as seven,  
He too with death shall dwell,  
Nor wake with wings in heaven,  
Nor weep for pains in hell;  
Though one were fair as roses,  
His beauty clouds and closes;  
And well though love reposes,  
In the end it is not well.

Pale, beyond porch and portal,  
Crowned with calm leaves, she stands  
Who gathers all things mortal  
With cold, immortal hands;  
Her languid lips are sweeter  
Than love's who fears to greet her  
To men that mix and meet her  
From many times and lands.

She waits for each and other,  
She waits for all men born;  
Forgets the earth her mother,  
The life of fruits and corn;

And spring and seed and swallow  
Take wing for her and follow  
Where summer song rings hollow  
And flowers are put to scorn.

There go the loves that wither,  
The old loves with wearier wings;  
And all dead years draw thither,  
And all disastrous things;  
Dead dreams of days forsaken  
Blind buds that snows have shaken,  
Wild leaves that winds have taken,  
Red strays of ruined springs.

We are not sure of sorrow,  
And joy was never sure;  
To-day will die to-morrow;  
Time stoops to no man's lure;  
And love, grown faint and fretful  
With lips but half regretful  
Sighs, and with eyes forgetful  
Weeps that no loves endure.

From too much love of living,  
From hope and fear set free,  
We thank with brief thanksgiving  
Whatever gods may be  
That no life lives forever;  
That dead men rise up never;  
That even the weariest river  
Winds somewhere safe to sea.

Then star nor sun shall waken,  
Nor any change of light:  
Nor sound of waters shaken  
Nor any sound or sight:  
Nor wintry leaves nor vernal,  
Nor days nor things diurnal;  
Only the spell eternal  
In an eternal night.



## A CHILD'S LAUGHTER

All the bells of heaven may ring,  
All the birds of heaven may sing,  
All the wells on earth may spring,  
All the winds on earth may bring  
All sweet sounds together;  
Sweeter far than all things heard,  
Hand of harper, tone of bird,  
Sound of woods at sundawn stirred,  
Welling water's winsome word,  
Wind in warm wan weather.

One thing yet there is, that none  
Hearing ere its chime be done  
Knows not well the sweetest one  
Heard of man beneath the sun,  
Hoped in heaven hereafter,  
Soft and strong and loud and light,  
Very sound of very light  
Heard from morning's rosiest height,  
When the soul of all delight  
Fills a child's clear laughter.

Golden bells of welcome rolled  
Never forth such notes, nor told  
Hours so blithe in tones so gold,  
As the radiant mouth of gold  
Here that rings forth heaven.  
If the golden-crested wren  
Were a nightingale—why, then,  
Something seen and heard of men  
Might be half as sweet as when  
Laughs a child of ten.

## FITZGERALD

Although Fitzgerald was a friend of Tennyson, it is convenient to speak of him here. It is often pointed out that, like Thomas Gray, he is remembered for a single poem—his so-called translation of the *Rubáiyát*, written originally by a Persian poet of the Twelfth century: Omar Kháyyam. As a matter of fact, only fragments survive from the mediæval poem and the work of Fitzgerald was far more than a translation; truer to call it a creation.

Edward Fitzgerald (1809-1883) lived in an age of confused thought. It is probable that this in part caused him to turn to the Persian solution of life, death and the vast forever, in so far as Omar had voiced it. Despite its strong essence of rose gardens, its women and wine, it is probable that symbolism plays a greater part in the true interpretation of the *Rubáiyát* than is generally supposed. That much of its charm is contributed by its unusual measure is certain. The stanzas remain in the memory and many, little accustomed to memorize poetry, find themselves able to repeat verse after verse of this haunting philosophy garbed in poetry.

*Rubáiyát* is a Persian word signifying *quatrains*. The poem is not a single production but a series of stanzas, often, though not always, disunited. Something is known of Omar the Tentmaker. He was granted his prayer to be allowed to withdraw from public life and give himself over to the study of sciences, especially astronomy. These stanzas, in so far as they are his, record his futile searchings for some solution to the great problem of life. "Having failed of finding any Providence but Destiny, and any World but This, he set about making the most of it; preferring to soothe the Soul through the Senses into Acquiescence with Things as he saw them, than to perplex it with vain disquietude after what they *might* be."

Omar lived and died in Naishapur.

That *wine* is used symbolically in part is evident from the eighth quatrain:

“Whether at Naishapur or Babylon,  
 Whether the Cup with sweet or bitter run,  
 The Wine of Life keeps oozing drop by drop,  
 The Leaves of Life keep falling one by one.”

The futility of pomp, transient vanity, is poignantly expressed in the seventeenth:

“Think, in this batter’d Caravanseraï  
 Whose Portals are alternate Night and Day,  
 How Sultan after Sultan with his Pomp  
 Abode his destined Hour, and went his way.”

Not alone Omar in the Middle Ages, but the young students who gathered at Cambridge to discuss in advance rumors of Darwin’s *Origin of Species* at the mid-nineteenth century, pondered over the mystery of life:

“Myself when young did eagerly frequent  
 Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument  
 About it and about: but evermore  
 Came out by the same door where in I went.

With them the seed of Wisdom did I sow,  
 And with mine own hand wrought to make it grow;  
 And this was all the Harvest that I reap’d—  
 ‘I came like Water, and like Wind I go.’

\* \* \* \* \*

There was a Door to which I found no Key;  
 There was the Veil through which I might not see:  
 Some little talk awhile of ME and THEE  
 There was—and then no more of THEE and ME.

Earth could not answer; nor the Seas that mourn  
 In flowing Purple, of their Lord Forlorn;  
 Nor rolling Heaven, with all his Signs reveal’d  
 And hidden by the sleeve of Night and Morn.”

Omar’s age, the latter part of the eleventh and the early twelfth centuries, like our own, longed for a sign from those who escaped the flesh.

“Strange, is it not? that of the myriads who  
Before us pass’d the door of Darkness through,  
Not one returns to tell us of the Road,  
Which to discover we must travel too.

I sent my Soul through the Invisible,  
Some letter of that After-life to spell:  
And by and by my Soul return’d to me,  
And answer’d ‘I Myself am Heaven and Hell;

Heav’n but the Vision of fulfill’d Desire,  
And Hell the Shadow from a Soul on fire,  
Cast on the Darkness into which Ourselves,  
So late emerges from, shall so soon expire.’ ”

#### MORRIS

The work of William Morris (1834-1896) is to be understood only in the light of his age. By the middle of the nineteenth century, sooty factory towns were sprinkled well over central and northern England. Machine-made articles, turned out by the thousands, superseded those done by patient craftsmen, proud of the work that left their hands. The smug self-satisfaction of the prosperous middle class, the poverty of the lower strata of society, above all, the stultifying effect of mechanical appliances upon factory labor—these unhappy spectacles depressed sensitive souls, whose means of escape depended upon natural temperament. Rossetti habitually lost himself in the contemplations of the mystic; Swinburne was highly eclectic both in companionship and interests; he found the oriental notion of oblivion consoling. Browning was too healthy of mind and body to lose a philosophical poise, seeing each thing in its place to be best.

Morris was precocious as a child; when four years of age, he had read most of Scott’s novels, and throughout life he eagerly followed the way that Scott had pointed: release from the commonplace by losing one’s self in a romantic past. Like Keats, rather than lacerate his feelings in contact with a sordid world, he sought to quit such a world altogether and live again in stirring times of



knight-errantry and ancient story. Not until reflection forced upon him some sense of moral responsibility toward the correction of social abuses did he pull away from his romantic world; even then he continued to drink his daily draught of life from its inspiration.

There is some analogy between Scott's novels and Morris' poetry; neither occupy first place, although either could ill be spared from English literature. Both tell a story admirably; both men wrote prolifically. Employing the vehicle of poetry, Morris yielded sometimes to the temptation to repeat a refrain wearisomely; yet he produced a certain fascination by doing so. While one lives through his tales when reading them, they do not remain with the reader like those told by the masters—nor do Scott's, for the matter of that.

Detesting the ugliness of life about him, when he married, Morris conceived of having every article of furniture and every utensil to be used in his new home made to order after special designs. This experience suggested house decoration to him and he interested artist friends in joining him in such a project. Fabrics for drapes and wall coverings, furniture and various appurtenances for the home were made by hand in shops that he established. Later he undertook the hand illumination of books, fine bindings and, in the end, a printing press was added to his equipment. He lectured upon art and did all in his power to inspire his contemporaries to combine beauty with utility. Beyond doubt his influence in this direction was lasting. Despite the ugliness which abounds today, and needlessly, there are many working for the restoration of fine patterns for the substitution of hand for machine-made articles, and simplicity of decoration for the garish. Numerous crafts were established under the impetus of Morris' teachings and the principles he laid down have prevailed. However, it is with his poetry rather than his handicraft that we are here concerned.

*The Defence of Guenevere; Life and Death of Jason*, and a collection of tales known as *The Earthly Paradise* are most widely known of his writings. *Poems by the Way* include his ballads. He translated old sagas of Norse legend

and his rendering of *Beowulf* is familiar. A prose writing: *News from Nowhere*, Utopian in character, pictured an England more beautiful and ideal than most would deem practical.

In the introduction to the *Earthly Paradise* the poet indicated that, unlike Dante and Milton, he could not sing of the Inferno nor yet of Paradise:

“Of Heaven or Hell I have no power to sing,  
I cannot ease the burden of your fears,  
Or make quick-coming death a little thing,  
Or bring again the pleasure of past years,  
Nor for my words shall ye forget your tears,  
Or hope again for aught that I can say,  
The idle singer of an empty day.

Dreamer of dreams, born out of my due time,  
Why should I strive to set the crooked straight?  
Let it suffice me that my murmuring rime  
Beats with light wing against the ivory gate,  
Telling a tale not too importunate  
To those who in the sleepy region stay,  
Lulled by the singer of an empty day.

Folk say, a wizard to a northern king  
At Christmas-tide such wondrous things did show,  
That through one window men beheld the spring,  
And through another saw the summer glow,  
And through a third the fruited vines arow,  
While still, unheard, but in its wonted way,  
Piped the drear wind of that December day.

So with this Earthly Paradise it is,  
If ye will read aright and pardon me,  
Who strive to build a shadowy isle of bliss  
Midmost the beating of the steely sea,  
Where tossed about all hearts of men must be;  
Whose ravening monsters mighty men shall slay,  
Not the poor singer of an empty day.

## NINETEENTH CENTURY PROSE

NOTWITHSTANDING the remarkable output of poetry during the nineteenth century, prose writings were far more numerous. Fiction is treated elsewhere, so the historical novels of Scott, those by Reade, Kingsley, Disraeli and others directed toward the correction of social abuses; the psychological novels of Eliot and Meredith; the mild satires of Thackeray, the character studies of Dickens—all these must be passed by.

Limitations placed upon our cursory survey make it impossible, likewise, to touch upon the ever-increasing scientific works, although no writing of the cycle exerted a more profound influence on current thought than Darwin's *Origin of Species*, published in 1858. In the field of history the names of Macauley and Froude are prominent, and, ere the century closed, the name of Stubbs, whose monumental work in English constitutional history will long be indispensable to the student of political development.

Beyond question the outstanding name among the prose writers of the first half of the century is that of Thomas Carlyle, born in Scotland on the fourth day of the last month in the year 1795. It may be difficult, as critics insist, properly to appraise the work of this rugged Scot, but his importance to his day and generation cannot be gainsaid.

Carlyle came of simple but upright stock of the Lowlands and throughout his life he manifested the characteristics of his peasant ancestry; his independence and what has been termed his "prickly originality" are traceable to the folk from which he sprang.

Of sensitive nature, his early school days were for the most part unhappy. At the age of fourteen he set out to walk the one hundred miles that separated him from the Edinburgh University, where he read voraciously. Mathematics became a favorite study and he won the approval of his instructors for proficiency in this abstract subject. In later life he minimized the benefit of his University days

but he was ever prone to underestimate the factors that contributed to his mental growth. His comment that "the true university is a collection of books" presupposes the ability to make the most of them.

German philosophy had come to England by way of France; it now awakened the curiosity of Carlyle. Grown weary of "schoolmastering," disinclined to the ministry and likewise to law, he drifted into journalism. Having mastered the German language, he made some English translations of German productions, but not until the appearance of his *Life of Schiller*, published in serial form in the *London Magazine*, did his work attract any attention.

In 1826 he married Jane Welsh. A deal of ink has been expended to prove their matrimonial misery or their happiness. Since this still hangs in abeyance, it were idle to try to settle it here. Mrs. Milton's well-known observation that geniuses are difficult to dwell with has been generally accepted and applies to Carlyle as well as to Milton. If it be true that every individual is made up of two personalities, each striving for ascendancy, surely this dual nature is readily discernible in Carlyle. There was the kindly, tender, sensitive soul, suffering for a harsh word uttered, profoundly interested in his fellow men; there was also the acrid dyspeptic, with a snarl for whatever incurred his displeasure. It is reasonable to assume that Jane Carlyle became intimately acquainted with both.

After some years in comparative isolation in Scotland, the Carlyles removed to London, where the remainder of their lives were spent. Poverty for some time dogged their steps, in spite of the literary occupations of Carlyle. The history of the *French Revolution* brought its author distinct recognition and thenceforward opportunity opened and a constantly widening public became interested in Carlyle.

Scientific historians have said scathing words of his *French Revolution*. It has been called a fantasy, a nightmare and much besides. An impartial exposition of a great social movement it certainly was not; yet it presents a marvelous series of pictures in the drama enacted across the Channel in 1789 and years immediately following.



The student of Carlyle is bound to feel sometimes that in him a painter was spoiled in the making. Lacking the dexterity to set his conceptions in glowing colors on canvas, he delineated them in dramatic prose. He shared the notion common to many men of his day that a revolution was imminent in England; by picturing the horrors of the Reign of Terror in Paris, and by relating the injuries which the lower classes perpetrated during a time of political disorder, he hoped to warn his countrymen against permitting such a state of chaos to arise in England. So many write in a dull argumentative way, search archives and produce laborious and wearisome details, substantiated with endless corroboration, that we may be doubly grateful for this work, which, its author claimed, "came more truly from the heart than any produced in two hundred years."

*Heroes and Hero-Worship*, a series of lectures given in London and afterwards published, set forth Carlyle's conviction that history is to be read in the biographies of great men. Elton says: "The word 'hero' is as good as another, and serves to denote and link together the types of energy which Carlyle, judging by the event, finds to have changed the face of the world for the better. They are incommensurable; they are all embodiments of a divine Idea."

He treats of Odin as illustration of a god; Mahomet is the prophet; Luther, the priest; Cromwell, the ruler. Contrary to the usual belief that the times shape the hero, Carlyle would have us believe that the hero shapes the times.

In 1843 *Past and Present* appeared. Instead of interpreting the present in light of the past, Carlyle sought to interpret the past in view of the present.

Emerson was a warm admirer of Carlyle. He visited him when abroad and unquestionably it was he who directed the attention of Americans to the writings of Carlyle when he was but slightly known, even in England. Shortly after receiving a copy of the new book, *Past and Present*, Emerson wrote: "Here is Carlyle's new poem, his Iliad of English woes, to follow his poem on France. . . . Obviously it is the book of a powerful and accomplished thinker, who has looked with naked eyes at the dreadful

political signs in England for the last few years . . . and the topic of English politics becomes the best vehicle for the expression of his recent thinking. . . . It is a brave and just book, and not a semblance. . . . Mr. Carlyle very fairly finds the calamity of the times not in bad bills of Parliament, nor the remedy in good bills, but the vice in false and superficial aims of the people, and the remedy in honesty and insight." Emerson is compelled to add that "the obtrusion of the whims of the painter" mars the book. "The habitual exaggeration of the tone wearies whilst it stimulates. . . . It is not serene sunshine, but everything is seen in lurid stormlights." Such a criticism may be offered regarding all Carlyle's writings. He felt intensely; he often expressed himself with violence; he had scant patience for viewpoints opposed to his own.

*Cromwell's Letters* and *Frederick the Great* are important among his writings, which have recently been printed in twenty volumes. Criticisms of various English writers make up some considerable part of his complete works. *Sartor Resartus*, one of his best known productions, is somewhat biographical in character.

It is important to note that Carlyle conceived of literary criticism in a way somewhat novel to his day, although now accepted as the only true approach to another's work. The literary reviews had ordinarily regarded efforts of any but established authors from a semi-hostile standpoint, decrying their shortcomings. The scathing reviews of the poems by Keats, Shelley, Byron and various other young writers had, in some cases, almost driven them from their chosen endeavor. Carlyle was one of the first English critics to apprehend that the rôle of the commentator is rather to interpret—to enter sympathetically into the mind of the writer, see his creation as he sees it and make it known to those who need guidance in grasping it as an artistic whole.

The doubts and misgivings of his age harassed Carlyle; the "everlasting nay" pertaining to the negative; the "everlasting yea," to the constructive side. He found the solution of human storm and stress in the sound doctrine of work. Perhaps the most salutary message he left mankind, in *Past and Present*, is his "Gospel of Work."

“The latest Gospel in this world is, Know thy work and do it. ‘Know thyself:’ long enough has that poor self of thine tormented thee; thou wilt never get to ‘know’ it, I believe! Think it not thy business, this of knowing thyself; thou art an unknowable individual: know what thou canst work at; and work at it like a Hercules! That will be thy better plan.”

## THE FLIGHT OF LOUIS XVI\*

On Monday night, the 20th of June, 1791, about eleven o'clock, there is many a hackney coach, and glass coach (*carrosse de remise*), still rumbling, or at rest, on the streets of Paris. But of all glass coaches, we recommend this to thee, O Reader, which stands drawn up in the Rue de l'Echelle hard by the Carrousel and outgate of the Tuileries; in the Rue de l'Echelle that then was; "opposite Ronsin the saddler's door," as if waiting for a fare there! Not long does it wait: a hooded Dame, with two hooded Children, has issued from Villequier's door, where no sentry walks, into the Tuileries Court of Princes; into the Carrousel; into the Rue de l'Echelle; where the Glass Coachman readily admits them; and again waits. Not long; another Dame, likewise hooded or shrouded, leaning on a servant, issues in the same manner; bids the servant good night; and is, in the same manner, by the Glass Coachman, cheerfully admitted. Whither go so many dames? 'Tis his Majesty's Couchée, Majesty just gone to bed, and all the Palace world is retiring home. But the Glass Coachman still waits; his fare seemingly incomplete.

By and by, we note a thickset Individual, in round hat and peruke, arm and arm with some servant, seemingly of the Runner or Courier sort; he also issues through Villequier's door; starts a shoe buckle as he passes one of the sentries, stoops down to clasp it again; is, however, by the Glass Coachman, still more cheerfully admitted. And *now*, is his fare complete? Not yet; the Glass Coachman still waits.—Alas! and the false Chambermaid has warned Gouvion that she thinks the Royal Family will fly this very night; and Gouvion, distrusting his own glazed eyes, has sent express for Lafayette; and Lafayette's Carriage, flaring with lights, rolls this moment through the inner Arch of the Carrousel,—where a Lady shaded in broad gypsy hat, and leaning on the arm of a servant, also of the Runner or Courier sort, stands aside to let it pass, and has even the whim to touch a spoke of it with her badine,—light little magic rod which she calls badine, such as the



Beautiful then wore. The flare of Lafayette's Carriage rolls past: all is found quiet in the Court of Princes; sentries at their post; Majesties' Apartments closed in smooth rest. Your false Chambermaid must have been mistaken? Watch thou, Gouvion, with Argus' vigilance; for, of a truth, treachery is within these walls.

But where is the Lady that stood aside in gypsy hat, and touched the wheel spoke with her badine? O Reader, that Lady that touched the wheel spoke was the Queen of France! She has issued safe through that inner Arch, into the Carrousel itself; but not into the Rue de l'Echelle. Flurried by the rattle and rencounter, she took the right hand not the left; neither she nor her Courier knows Paris; he indeed is no Courier, but a loyal stupid *ci-devant* Body-guard disguised as one. They are off, quite wrong, over the Pont Royal and River; roaming disconsolate in the Rue de Bac; far from the Glass Coachman, who still waits. Waits, with flutter of heart; with thought—which he must button close up, under his jarvey surtout!

Midnight clangs from all the City steeples; one precious hour has been spent so; most mortals are asleep. The Glass Coachman waits; and in what mood! A brother jarvey drives up, enters into conversation; is answered cheerfully in jarvey dialect: the brothers of the whip exchange a pinch of snuff; decline drinking together; and part with good night. Be the heavens blest! here at length is the Queen lady, in gypsy hat; safe after perils; who has had to inquire her way. She too is admitted; her Courier jumps aloft, as the other, who is also a disguised Body-guard, has done: and now, O Glass Coachman of a thousand,—Count Fersen, for the Reader sees it is thou—drive!

Dust shall not stick to the hoofs of Fersen: crack! crack! the Glass Coach rattles, and every soul breathes lighter. But is Fersen on the right road? Northeastward, to the Barrier of Saint-Martin and Metz Highway, thither we bound: and lo, he drives right Northward! The royal Individual, in round hat and peruke, sits astonished; but right or wrong, there is no remedy. Crack, crack, we go incessant, through the slumbering City. Seldom, since Paris rose out of mud, or the Long-haired Kings went in Bullock Carts,

was there such a drive. Mortals on each hand of you, close by, stretched out horizontal, dormant; and we alive and quaking! Crack, crack, through the Rue de Grammont; across the Boulevard; up the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin,—these windows, all silent, of Number 42, were Mirabeau's. Toward the Barrier, not of Saint-Martin, but of Clichy on the utmost North! Patience, ye royal Individuals; Fersen understands what he is about. Passing up the Rue de Clichy, he alights for one moment at Madame Sullivan's: "Did Count Fersen's Coachman get the Baroness de Korff's new Berline?"—"Gone with it an hour and half ago," grumbles responsive the drowsy Porter.—"C'est bien." Yes, it is well;—though had not such hour and half been *lost*, it were still better. Forth therefore, O Fersen, fast, by the Barrier de Clichy; then Eastward along the Outer Boulevard, what horses and whipcord can do!

Thus Fersen drives, through the ambrosial night. Sleeping Paris is now all on the right hand of him; silent except for some snoring hum: and now he is Eastward as far as the Barrier de Saint-Martin: looking earnestly for Baroness de Korff's Berline. This Heaven's Berline he at length does descry, drawn up with its six horses, his own German Coachman waiting on the box. Right, thou good German: now haste, whither thou knowest?—and as for us of the Glass Goach, haste too; O haste; much time is already lost! The august Glass Coach fare, six Insides, hastily packs itself into the new Berline; two Bodyguard Couriers behind. The Glass Coach itself is turned adrift. its head toward the City; to wander whither it lists,—and be found next morning tumbled in a ditch. But Fersen is on the new box, with its brave new hammercloths; flourishing his whip; he bolts forward toward Bondy. There a third and final Bodyguard Courier of ours ought surely to be, with post horses ready ordered. There likewise ought that purchased Chaise, with the two Waiting Maids and their band-boxes, to be; whom also her Majesty could not travel without. Swift, thou deft Fersen, and may the Heavens turn it well!

Once more, by Heaven's blessing, it is all well. Here is the sleeping Hamlet of Bondy; Chaise with Waiting Women; horses all ready, and postilions with their churn

boots, impatient in the dewy dawn. Brief harnessing done, the postilions with their churn boots vault into the saddles; brandish circularly their little noisy whips. Fersen, under his jarvey surtout, bends in lowly silent reverence of adieu; royal hands wave speechless inexpressible response; Baroness de Korff's Berline, with the Royalty of France, bounds off: forever, as it proved. Deft Fersen dashes obliquely Northward, through the country, toward Bougret; gains Bougret, finds his German Coachman and chariot waiting there; cracks off, and drives undiscovered into unknown space. A deft, active man, we say; what he undertook to do is nimbly and successfully done.

And so the Royalty of France is actually fled? This precious night, the shortest of the year, it flies, and drives! Baroness de Korff is, at bottom, Dame de Tourzel, Governess of the Royal Children: she who came hooded with the two hooded little ones; little Dauphine; little Madame Royale, known long afterwards as Duchesse d'Angoulême. Baroness de Korff's *Waiting Maid* is the Queen in gypsy hat. The royal Individual in round hat and peruke, he is *Valet* for the time being. The other hooded Dame, styled *Traveling Companion*, is kind Sister Elizabeth; she had sworn, long since, when the Insurrection of Women was, that only death should part her and them. And so they rush there, not too impetuously, through the Wood of Bondy:—over a Rubicon in their own and France's History.

Great; though the future is all vague! If we reach Bouille? If we do not reach him? O Louis! and this all round thee is the great slumbering Earth (and overhead, the great watchful Heaven); the slumbering Wood of Bondy,—where Long-haired Childeric Donothing was struck through with iron; not unreasonably, in a world like ours. These peaked stone towers are Raincy; towers of wicket D'Orleans. All slumbers save the multiplex rustle of our new Berline. Loose-skirted scarecrow of an Herb Merchant, with his ass and early greens, toilsomely plodding, seems the only creature we meet. But right ahead the great Northeast sends up evermore his gray brindled dawn: from dewy branch, birds here and there, with short deep

warble, salute the coming Sun. Stars fade out, and Galaxies; Street Lamps of the City of God. The Universe, O my brothers, is flinging wide its portals for the Levee of the GREAT HIGH KING. Thou, poor King Louis, fairest nevertheless, as mortals do, toward Orient lands of Hope; and the Tuileries with *its* Levees, and France and the Earth itself, is but a larger kind of dog hutch,—occasionally going rabid.

### THE RETURN

So, then, our grand Royalist Plot, of Flight to Metz, has *executed* itself. Long hovering in the background, as a dread royal *ultimatum*, it has rushed forward in its terrors: verily to some purpose. How many Royalist Plots and Projects, one after another, cunningly devised, that were to explode like powder mines and thunderclaps; not one solitary Plot of which has issued otherwise! Powder mine of a Séance Royale on the 23d of June, 1789, which exploded as we then said, “though the touchhole”; which next, your war god Broglie having reloaded it, brought a Bastille about your ears. Then came fervent Opera Repast, with flourishing of sabers, and *O Richard, O my King*; which aided by Hunger, produces Insurrection of Women, and Pallas Athene in the shape of Demoiselle Théroigne. Valor profits not, neither has fortune smiled on fanfaronade. The Bouille Armament ends as the Broglie one has done. Man after man spends himself in this cause, only to work it quicker ruin; it seems a cause doomed, forsaken of Earth and Heaven.

On the 6th of October gone a year, King Louis, escorted by Demoiselle Théroigne and some two hundred thousand, made a Royal Progress and Entrance into Paris, such as man had never witnessed; we prophesied him Two more such; and accordingly another of them, after this Flight to Metz, is now coming to pass. Théroigne will not escort here; neither does Mirabeau now “sit in one of the accompanying carriages.” Mirabeau lies dead, in the Pantheon of Great Men. Théroigne lies living, in dark Austrian Prison; having gone to Liege, professionally, and been seized there. Bemurmured now by the hoarse-flowing



Danube: the light of her Patriot Supper Parties quite out; so lies Théroigne: she shall speak with the Kaiser face to face, and return. And France lies—how! Fleeting Time shears down the great and the little; and in two years alters many things.

But at all events, here, we say, is a second Ignominious Royal Procession, though much altered; to be witnessed also by its hundreds of thousands. Patience, ye Paris Patriots; the Royal Berline is returning. Not till Saturday: for the Royal Berline travels by slow stages; amid such loud-voiced confluent sea of National Guards, sixty thousand as they count; amid such tumult of all people. Three National Assembly Commissioners, famed Barnave, famed Pétion, generally respectable Latour-Maubourg, have gone to meet it; of whom the two former ride in the Berline itself beside Majesty, day after day. Latour, as a mere respectability, and man of whom all men speak well, can ride in the rear, with Dame de Tourzel and the Soubrettes.

So on Saturday evening, about seven o'clock, Paris by hundreds of thousands, is again drawn up: not now dancing the tricolor dance of hope; nor as yet dancing in fury dance of hate and revenge; but in silence, with vague look of conjecture, and curiosity mostly scientific. A Saint-Antoine Placard has given notice this morning that "whosoever insults Louis shall be caned, whosoever applauds him shall be hanged." Behold then, at last, that wonderful New Berline; encircled by blue National sea with fixed bayonets, which flows slowly, floating it on, through the silent assembled hundreds of thousands. Three yellow Couriers sit atop bound with ropes; Pétion, Barnave, their Majesties, with Sister Elizabeth, and the children of France, are within.

Smile of embarrassment, or cloud of dull sourness, is on the broad phlegmatic face of his Majesty; who keeps declaring to the successive Official persons, what is evident, "Eh bien, me voilà (Well, here you have me)"; and what is not evident, "I do assure you I did not mean to pass the frontiers"; speeches natural for that poor Royal Man; which Decency would veil. Silent is her Majesty, with a look of grief and scorn; natural for that Royal Woman. Thus

lumpers and creeps the ignominious Royal Procession, through many streets, amid a silent gazing people: comparable, Mercier thinks, to some Procession du Roi de Basoche; or say, Procession of King Crispin, with his Dukes of Sutormania and royal blazonry of Cordwainery. Except indeed that this is *not* comic: ah no, it is comico-tragic; with bound Couriers, and a Doom hanging over it; most fantastic, yet most miserably real. Miserablest flebile ludibrium of a Pickle-herring Tragedy! It sweeps along there, in most *ungorgeous* pall, through many streets in the dusty summer evening; gets itself at length wriggled out of sight; vanishing in the Tuileries Palace,—toward its doom, of slow torture *peine forte et dure*.

Populace, it is true, seizes the three rope-bound yellow Couriers; will at least massacre *them*. But our august Assembly, which is sitting at this great moment, sends out Deputation of rescue; and the whole is got huddled up. Barnave, “all dusty,” is already there, in the National Hall; making brief discreet address and report. As indeed, through the whole journey, this Barnave has been most discreet, sympathetic; and has gained the Queen’s trust, whose noble instinct teaches her always who is to be trusted. Very different from the heavy Pétion; who, if Campan speak truth, ate his luncheon, comfortably filled his wine-glass, in the Royal Berline; flung out his chicken bones past the nose of Royalty itself; and, on the King’s saying, “France cannot be a Republic,” answered, “No, it is not ripe yet.” Barnave is henceforth a Queen’s adviser, if advice could profit: and her Majesty astonishes Dame Campan by signifying almost a regard for Barnave, and that, in a day of retribution and Royal triumph, Barnave shall *not* be executed.

On Monday night Royalty went; on Saturday evening it returns: so much, within one short week, has Royalty accomplished for itself. The Pickle-herring Tragedy has vanished in the Tuileries Palace, toward “pain strong and hard.” Watched, fettered and humbled, as Royalty never was. Watched even in its sleeping apartments and inmost recesses: for it has to sleep with the door set ajar, blue National Argus watching, his eye fixed on the Queen’s cur-

tains; nay, on one occasion, as the Queen cannot sleep, he offers to sit by her pillow, and converse a little!

#### THE GOSPEL OF WORK

A High Class without duties to do is like a tree planted on precipices; from the roots of which all the earth has been crumbling. Nature owns no man who is not a Martyr withal. Is there a man who pretends to live luxuriously housed up; screened from all work, from want, danger, hardship, the victory over which is what we name work,—he himself to sit serene, amid down-bolsters and appliances, and have all his work and battling done by other men? And such man calls himself a *noble-man*? His fathers worked for him, he says; or successfully gambled for him: here *he* sits; professes, not in sorrow but in pride, that he and his have done no work, time out of mind. It is the law of the land, and is thought to be the law of the Universe, that he, alone of recorded men, shall have no task laid on him, except that of eating his cooked victuals, and not flinging himself out of window. Once more I will say, there was no stranger spectacle ever shown under this Sun. A veritable fact in our England of the Nineteenth Century. His victuals he does eat: but as for keeping in the inside of the window—have not his friends, like me, enough to do? Truly, looking at his Corn-Laws, Game-Laws, Chandos-Clauses, Bribery-Elections and much else, you do shudder over the tumbling and plunging he makes, held back by the lapels and coat-skirts; only a thin fence of window-glass before him,—and in the streets mere horrid iron spikes! My sick brother, as in hospital-maladies men do, thou dreamest of Paradises and Eldorados, which are far from thee. “Cannot I do what I like with my own?” Gracious Heaven, my brother, this that thou seest with those sick eyes is no firm Eldorado, and Corn-Law Paradise of Do-nothings, but a dream of thy own fevered brain. It is a glass-window, I tell thee, so many stories from the street; where are iron spikes and the law of gravitation!

What is the meaning of nobleness, if this be “noble?” In a valiant suffering for others, not in a slothful making others suffer for us, did nobleness ever lie. The chief of

men is he who stands in the van of men; fronting the peril which frightens back all others; which, if it be not vanquished, will devour the others. Every noble crown is, and on Earth will forever be, a crown of thorns. The Pagan Hercules, why was he accounted a hero? Because he had slain Nemean Lions, cleaned Augean Stables, undergone Twelve Labors only not too heavy for a god. In modern, as in ancient and in all societies, the Aristocracy, doing them or not, have taken the post of honor; which is the post of difficulty, the post of danger,—of death, if the difficulty be not overcome. *Il faut payer de sa vie*. Why was our life given us, if not that we should manfully give it. Descend, O Donothing Pomp; quit thy down-cushions; expose thyself to learn what wretches feel, and how to cure it? The czar of Russia became a dusty toiling shipwright; worked with his axe in the docks of Saardam; and his aim was small to thine. Descend thou: undertake this horrid “living chaos of Ignorance and Hunger” weltering round thy feet; say, “I will heal it, or behold I will die foremost in it.” Such is verily the law. Everywhere and everywhen a man has to “pay with his life”; to do his work, as a soldier does, at the expense of life. In no Pie-powder earthly court can you sue an Aristocracy to do its work, at this moment: but in the Higher Court, which even *it* calls “Court of Honor,” and which is the Court of Necessity withal, and the eternal Court of the Universe, in which all Fact comes to plead, and every Human Soul is an apparitor,—the Aristocracy is answerable, and even now answering, *there*. . . .

For there is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness, in Work. Were he never so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works: in Idleness alone is there perpetual despair. Work, never so mammonish, mean, *is* in communion with Nature: the real desire to get work done will itself lead one more and more to truth, to Nature’s appointments and regulations, which are truth.

The lastest Gospel in this world is, Know thy work and do it. “Know thyself:” long enough has that poor “self” of thine tormented thee; thou wilt never get to “know” it, I believe! Think it not thy business, this of knowing thy-



self; thou art an unknowable individual: know what thou canst work at; and work at it, like a Hercules! That will be thy better plan.

It has been written, "an endless significance lies in Work!" a man perfects himself by working. Foul jungles are cleared away, fair seed-fields rise instead, and stately cities; and withal the man himself first ceases to be a jungle and foul unwholesome desert thereby. Consider how, even in the meanest sorts of Labor, the whole soul of a man is composed into a kind of real harmony, the instant he sets himself to work! Doubt, Desire, Sorrow, Remorse, Indignation, Despair itself, all these like hell-dogs lie beleaguering the soul of the poor day-worker, as of every man: but he bends himself with free valor against his task, and all these are stilled, all these shrink murmuring far off into their caves. The man is now a man. The blessed glow of Labor in him, is it not a purifying fire, wherein all poison is burnt up, and of sour smoke itself there is made bright blessed flame!

Destiny, on the whole, has no other way of cultivating us. A formless Chaos, once set it *revolving*, grows round and ever rounder; ranges itself by mere force of gravity, into strata, spherical courses; is no longer a Chaos, but a round compacted World. What would become of the Earth, did she cease to revolve? In the poor old Earth, so long as she revolves, all inequalities, irregularities, disperse themselves; all irregularities are incessantly becoming regular. Hast thou looked on the Potter's wheel,—one of the venerablest objects; old as the Prophet Ezekiel and far older? Rude lumps of clay, how they spin themselves up, by mere quick whirling, into beautiful circular dishes. And fancy the most assiduous Potter, but without his wheel; reduced to making dishes, or rather amorphous blotches, by mere kneading and baking! Even such a Potter were Destiny, with a human soul that would rest and lie at ease; that would not work and spin! Of an idle unrevolving man the kindest Destiny, like the most assiduous Potter without wheel, can bake and knead nothing other than a botch; let her spend on him what expensive coloring, what gilding and enamelling she will, he is but a botch. Not a

dish; no, a bulging, kneaded, crooked, shambling, squint-cornered, amorphous botch,—a mere enamelled vessel of dishonor! Let the idle think of this.

Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life-purpose; he has found it, and will follow it! How, as a free-flowing channel, dug and torn by noble force through the sour mud-swamp of one's existence, like an ever-deepening river there, it runs and flows;—draining off the sour festering water, gradually from the root of the remotest grass-blade; making, instead of a pestilential swamp, a green fruitful meadow itself, let the stream and *its* value be great or small! Labor is Life: from the inmost heart of the Worker rises his god-given Force, the sacred celestial life-essence breathed into him by Almighty God; from his inmost heart awakens him to all nobleness,—to all knowledge, “self-knowledge” and much else, so soon as Work fitly begins. Knowledge? The knowledge that will hold good in working, cleave thou to that; for Nature herself accredits that, says Yea to that. Properly thou hast no other knowledge but what thou hast got by working: the rest is yet all a hypothesis of knowledge; a thing to be argued of in schools, a thing floating in the clouds, in endless logic-vortices, till we try and fix it. “Doubt, of whatever kind, can be ended by Action alone.”

### JOHN RUSKIN

Born in 1819, dying in 1900, Ruskin's life spanned four-fifths of the nineteenth century. There is some reason to believe that, a hundred years from now, he may be regarded more as an educator than a literary genius.

He is sometimes spoken of as a disciple of Carlyle; yet, apart from both having Scotch inheritances and both being prominent in the realm of letters, there are fewer similarities than differences between them.

John Ruskin was an only child; his parents were Scotch, his father, a wine merchant, who had settled in London. His mother was a very capable but stern and austere woman and when but five years of age the little fellow was set to read the Bible through each year, no portion of Scrip-

ture being deemed too difficult for his understanding. This custom of reading the Bible aloud and memorizing one chapter daily was observed until he went away to college. To such rigorous discipline Ruskin afterwards attributed his love for dignified prose.

From infancy the boy travelled every summer with his parents, in this way becoming familiar with Scotland and Western Europe. He was taught privately and received instruction in drawing from his tender years.

In advanced life, Ruskin wrote *Praeterita*, a rambling autobiography. Having enumerated the advantages of his childhood, he mentions a few drawbacks, the first being: "I had nothing to love." This is very illuminating to one who gazes upon his portrait.

He continues: "My parents were—in a sort—visible powers of nature to me, no more loved than the sun and moon: only I should have been annoyed and puzzled if either of them had gone out; still less did I love God; not that I had any quarrel with Him, or fear of Him; but simply found what people told me was His Service, disagreeable; and what people told me was His Book, not entertaining. I had no companions to quarrel with, neither; nobody to assist, and nobody to thank. Not a servant was ever allowed to do anything for me but what it was their duty to do; and why should I be grateful to the cook for cooking, or the gardener for gardening—when the one dared not give me a baked potato without asking leave, and the other would not let my ants' nests alone, because they made the walks untidy? The evil consequence of all this was not, however, what might perhaps have been expected, that I grew up selfish and unaffectionate; but that, when affection did come, it came with violence utterly rampant and unmanageable, at least by me, who never before had anything to manage."

The fourth "calamity" in this intimate exposition of early years was: "My judgment of right and wrong, and powers of independent action, were left entirely undeveloped; because the bridle and blinkers were never taken off me."

Whatever the opportunities for study and travel, one must grant that the disadvantages of such a childhood were far reaching.

It is doubtful whether Ruskin could remember a time

when he was not engaged in literary pursuits; at the age of seven he was engrossed upon a poem which was designed to treat broadly of the universe. Before twenty, his articles had appeared in print. From childhood, mountains had profoundly impressed his sensitive mind and the Alps made him rapturous. He continually sketched whatever he saw that interested him and his drawings appeared in some of his works as engravings.

Turner's experiments in light were arousing bitter controversy when the young Ruskin appeared as his champion. The first volume of *Modern Painters* was published in 1843, Ruskin attempting to prove that landscapes were treated more faithfully by modern than by earlier artists. It was natural that his arguments should provoke antagonism. By the time the second volume was completed, two years later, the author had lost sight of his original premise and was occupied in setting forth his views on Italian painters.

In April of 1848 he was married to one Euphemia Gray. The match seems to have been made by his efficient mother; so unsuited to one another were these two that in 1856 his wife left him, presently to marry the artist, John Millais. Ruskin being absorbed in his studies, his wife accustomed to social activity, there seems to have been little that bound them together.

From painting, Ruskin turned to the art of building, the *Seven Lamps of Architecture* being his first work on the subject.

In 1851 the first portion of the *Stones of Venice* made its appearance, the work not being completed until somewhat later.

Ruskin believed that the architecture and art of a people reveal their ideals, moral, social and religious. He attempted to prove this by means of Venetian architectural remains and paintings.

The year 1860 brought an end to his exclusive concern with the fine arts. Thenceforward he occupied himself no less with social problems. He gave many series of lectures designed to awaken the love of the public for beauty, and his articles, letters and talks on moral and educational



themes fill thirty out of some fifty volumes which comprise his complete works. In 1868 he delivered in Dublin the famous lecture known by the alluring title: *Sesame and Lilies*. His views of the proper position of women were enunciated in this discourse.

Apart from his treatment of painting and architecture, Ruskin's *Ethics of the Dust*, *Crown of Wild Olives*, and *Queen of the Air* are probably best known and most often read today. The last has to do with Greek myths of air and sky.

In 1870 his reputation as an art critic being firmly established, he was offered the professorship of Art at Oxford, a position which he held intermittently until 1884.

It would be expected that so devoted a lover of the beautiful would find the utilitarian age in which he lived as depressing as it had proved to William Morris and to the many poets and artists who felt themselves born out of time. Like Morris and unlike Swinburne, Ruskin set to work to meliorate the unhappy condition of the poor. His father had bequeathed him a fortune of a million dollars and this he employed in various experimental ways to demonstrate the needlessness of ugliness even though people were poor. He equipped lodgings for those of limited means, started a tea-room, delivered lectures to working people and in numerous other ways sought to promulgate the gospel of beauty in daily life and surroundings. A costly experiment was undertaken to demonstrate how a factory could be handled on a co-operative basis.

Much that Ruskin labored to impart to a somewhat indifferent age,—such as the necessity of studying nature and portraying her moods on canvas with truth and earnestness, and the possibility of holding to the beautiful even though lacking riches—has already been generally accepted. Not but that some painters still seem unaware of nature and her teachings; not that ugliness has vanished; yet, such principles as he announced would today scarcely arouse opposition. During his lifetime, many of his enunciations elicited fierce attack. Both the *Cornhill Magazine* and *Fraser's* were obliged abruptly to terminate series of

articles by his pen, so persistent was the animosity aroused among their subscribers.

In his mature years Ruskin acknowledged many early errors. For example, he had opposed political economy as a "dismal study"; he had attacked the work of scientists, not in the least comprehending what it was they were trying to demonstrate. He may be said to have resembled his Scotch contemporary, Carlyle, in the intensity of his prejudices and opinions. The most ardent admirer of either would find himself in sore perplexity should he venture to uphold their teachings in entirety.

Ruskin's books are not full of "musical wind," as one lusty critic maintains, though the rhythmical beauty of his diction cannot be disputed. It grieved him to know that he was more often read for his mastery of prose than for content; it is often said that in his happiest moments, his prose may be scanned like poetry. The real fault, and it is fundamental, was that in years of immaturity, nay, all his life, Ruskin was ready to express himself on subjects upon which he was but partially informed. As a result, his verdicts can in no wise be accepted without scrutiny. He fed upon pictures and the beauty of nature until his own standards were formed and his delight in the beautiful was contagious. He stimulated those previously indifferent to the glory of clouds and mountains, to become observant; especially did he direct the mind from the commonplace to the inspiring—and this was his great mission.

This explains why the future may peruse his work for quite a different reason than the one he had in mind when he penned his articles and delivered his lectures. He sought to instruct, to guide his hearers as to the true principles of art, the proper solution of social problems, the just appraisal of this artist or that. Time has either rendered his social solutions void or made them trite; few artists would agree to much that he said regarding art. Notwithstanding all this, he holds as important place today as fifty years ago, because he opens the eyes of his readers, making them impatient of ugliness, and deepening their devotion to the fine arts. This were surely enough, but it is not all; for despite his faults, despite a conscious or unconscious

imitation of Carlyle, despite his lengthy sentences that sometimes fill whole pages, Ruskin was a master of English prose, one whom every aspirant writer would do well to study.

#### THE MYSTERY OF LIFE AND ITS ARTS\*

When I accepted the privilege of addressing you today, I was not aware of a restriction with respect to the topics of discussion which may be brought before this society—a restriction which, though entirely wise and right under the circumstances contemplated in its introduction, would necessarily have disabled me, thinking as I think, from preparing any lecture for you on the subject of art in a form which might be permanently useful. Pardon me, therefore, in so far as I must transgress such limitation; for indeed my infringement will be of the letter—not of the spirit—of your commands. In whatever I may say touching religion which has been the foundation of art, or the policy which has contributed to its power, if I offend one, I shall offend all; for I shall take no note of any separations in creeds, or antagonisms in parties: neither do I fear that ultimately I shall offend any, by proving—or at least stating as capable of positive proof—the connection of all that is best in the crafts and arts of man, with the simplicity of his faith, and the sincerity of his patriotism.

But I speak to you under another disadvantage, by which I am checked in frankness of utterance, not here only, but everywhere; namely, that I am never fully aware how far my audiences are disposed to give me credit for real knowledge of my subject, or how far they grant me attention only because I have sometimes been thought an ingenious or pleasant essayist upon it. For I have had what, in many respects, I boldly called the misfortune, to set my words sometimes prettily together; not without a foolish vanity in the poor knack that I had of doing so; until I was heavily punished for this pride, by finding that many people thought of the words only, and cared nothing for their meaning. Happily, therefore, the power of using such pleasant language—if it were ever mine—is passing away from me; and whatever I am now able to say at all, I find

myself forced to say with great plainness. For my thoughts have changed also, as my words have; and whereas in earlier life, what little influence I obtained was due perhaps chiefly to the enthusiasm with which I was able to dwell on the beauty of the physical clouds, and of their colors in the sky; so all the influence I now desire to retain must be due to the earnestness with which I am endeavoring to trace the form and beauty of another kind of clouds than those; the bright cloud, of which it is written—

“What is your life? It is even as a vapor that appear-eth for a little time, and then vanisheth away.”

I suppose few people reach the middle or latter period of their age, without having, at some moment of change or disappointment, felt the truth of those bitter words; and been startled by the fading of the sunshine from the cloud of their life, into the sudden agony of the knowledge that the fabric of it was as fragile as a dream, and the endurance of it as transient as the dew. But it is not always that, even at such times of melancholy surprise, we can enter into any true perception that this human life shares, in the nature of it, not only the evanescence, but the mystery of the cloud; that its avenues are wreathed in darkness, and its forms and courses no less fantastic, than spectral and obscure; so that not only in the vanity which we cannot grasp, but in the shadow which we cannot pierce, it is true of this cloudy life of ours, that “man walketh in a vain shadow, and disquieteth himself in vain.”

And least of all, whatever may have been the eagerness of our passions, or the height of our pride, are we able to understand in its depth the third and most solemn character in which our life is like those clouds of heaven; that to it belongs not only their transience, not only their mystery, but also their power; that in the cloud of the human soul there is a fire stronger than the lightning, and a grace more precious than the rain; and that though of the good and evil it shall one day be said alike, that the place that knew them knows them no more, there is an infinite separation between those whose brief presence had there been a blessing, like the mist of Eden that went up from the earth to water the garden, and those whose place knew them only as a



drifting and changeful shade, of whom the heavenly sentence is, that they are "wells without water; clouds that are carried with a tempest, to whom the mist of darkness is reserved forever?"

To those among us, however, who have lived long enough to form some just estimate of the rate of the changes which are, hour by hour in accelerating catastrophe, manifesting themselves in the laws, the arts, and the creeds of men, it seems to me, that now at least, if never at any former time, the thoughts of the true nature of our life, and of its powers and responsibilities, should present themselves with absolute sadness and sternness.

And although I know that this feeling is much deepened in my own mind by disappointment, which, by chance, has attended the greater number of my cherished purposes, I do not for that reason distrust the feeling itself, though I am on my guard against an exaggerated degree of it: nay, I rather believe that in periods of new effort and violent change, disappointment is a wholesome medicine; and that in the secret of it, as in the twilight so beloved by Titian, we may see the colors of things with deeper truth than in the most dazzling sunshine. And because these truths about the works of men, which I want to bring today before you, are most of them sad ones, though at the same time helpful; and because also I believe that your kind Irish hearts will answer more gladly to the truthful expressions of a personal feeling, than to the exposition of an abstract principle, I will permit myself so much unreserved speaking of my own causes of regret, as may enable you to make just allowance for what, according to your sympathies, you will call either bitterness, or the insight, of a mind which has surrendered its best hopes, and been foiled in its favorite aims.

I spent the ten strongest years of my life (from twenty to thirty), in endeavoring to show the excellence of the work of the man whom I believed, and rightly believed, to be the greatest painter of the schools of England since Reynolds. I had then perfect faith in the power of every great truth or beauty to prevail ultimately, and take its right place in usefulness and honor; and I strove to bring the painter's

work into this due place, while the painter was yet alive. But he knew, better than I, the uselessness of talking about what people could not see for themselves. He always discouraged me scornfully, even when he thanked me—and he died before even the superficial effect of my work was visible. I went on, however, thinking I could at least be of use to the public, if not to him, in proving his power. My books got talked about a little. The prices of modern pictures, generally rose, and I was beginning to take some pleasure in a sense of gradual victory, when fortunately, or unfortunately, an opportunity of perfect trial undeceived me at once, and forever. The Trustees of the National Gallery commissioned me to arrange the Turner drawings there, and permitted me to prepare three hundred examples of his studies from nature, for exhibition at Kensington. At Kensington they were and are, placed for exhibition; but they are not exhibited, for the room in which they hang is always empty.

Well—this showed me at once, that those ten years of my life had been, in their chief purpose, lost. For that, I did not so much care; I had, at least, learned my own business thoroughly, and should be able, as I fondly supposed, after such a lesson, now to use my knowledge with better effect. But what I did care for, was the—to me frightful—discovery, that the most splendid genius in the arts might be permitted by Providence to labor and perish uselessly; that in the very fineness of it there might be something rendering it invisible to the ordinary eyes; but, that with this strange excellence, faults might be mingled which would be as deadly as its virtues were vain; that the glory of it was perishable, as well as invisible, and the gift and grace of it might be to us, as snow in summer, and as rain in harvest.

That was the first mystery of life to me. . . .

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This intense apathy in all of us is the first great mystery of life; it stands in the way of every perception, every virtue. There is no making ourselves feel enough astonishment at it. That the occupations or pastimes of life should

have no motive, is understandable; but—That life itself should have no motive—that we neither care to find out what it may lead to, nor to guard against its being forever taken away from us—here is a mystery indeed. For, just suppose I were able to call at this moment to any one in this audience by name, and to tell him positively that I knew a large estate had been lately left to him on some curious conditions; but that, though I knew it was large, I did not know how large, nor even where it was—whether in the East Indies or the West, or in England, or at the Antipodes. I only knew it was a vast estate, and that there was a chance of his losing it altogether if he did not soon find out on what terms it had been left to him. Suppose I were able to say this positively to any single man in this audience, and he knew that I did not speak without warrant, do you think that he would rest content with that vague knowledge if it were anywise possible to obtain more? Would he not give every energy to find some trace of the facts, and never rest till he had ascertained where this place was, and what it was like? And suppose he were a young man, and all he could discover by his best endeavor was that the estate was never to be his at all, unless he persevered, during certain years of probation, in an orderly and industrious life; but that, according to the rightness of his conduct, the portion of the estate assigned to him would be greater or less, so that it literally depended on his behavior from day to day whether he got ten thousand a year, or thirty thousand a year, or nothing whatever—would you not think it strange if the youth never troubled himself to satisfy the conditions in any way, nor even to know what was required of him, but lived exactly as he chose, and never inquired whether his chances of the estate were increasing or passing away? Well, you know that this is actually and literally so with the greater number of educated persons now living in Christian countries. Nearly every man and woman in any company such as this outwardly professes to believe—and a large number unquestionably think they believe—much more than this, not only that a quite unlimited estate is in prospect for them if they please the Holder of it, but that the infinite contrary of such

a possession—an estate of perpetual misery, is in store for them if they displease this great Land-Holder, this great Heaven-Holder. And yet there is not one in a thousand of these human souls that cares to think, for ten minutes of the day, where this estate is, or how beautiful it is, or what kind of life they are to lead in it, or what kind of life they must lead to obtain it.

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You sent for me to talk to you of art; and I have obeyed you in coming. But the main thing I have to tell you is,—that art must not be talked about. The fact that there is talk about it at all, signifies that it is ill done, or cannot be done. No true painter ever speaks, or ever has spoken, much of his art. The greatest speak nothing. Even Reynolds is no exception, for he wrote of all that he could not himself do, and was utterly silent respecting all that he himself did.

The moment a man can really do his work, he becomes speechless about it. All words become idle to him—all theories.

Does a bird need to theorize about building its nest, or boast of it when built? All good work is essentially done that way—without hesitation, without difficulty, without boasting; and in the doers of the best, there is an inner and involuntary power which approximates literally to the instincts of an animal—nay, I am certain that in the most perfect human artists, reason does *not* supersede instinct, but is added to an instinct as much more divine than that of the lower animals as the human body is more beautiful than theirs; that a great singer sings not with less instinct than the nightingale, but with more—only more various, applicable, and governable; that a great architect does not build with less instinct than the beaver or the bee, but with more—with an innate cunning of proportion that embraces all beauty, and a divine ingenuity of skill that improvises all construction. But be that as it may—be the instinct less or more than that of inferior animals—like or unlike theirs, still the human art is dependent on that first, and then upon an amount of practice, of science,—and of imagination disciplined by thought, which the true possessor of it knows



to be incommunicable, and the true critic of it, inexplicable, except through long process of laborious years. That journey of life's conquest, in which hills over hills, and Alps on Alps arose, and sank,—do you think you can make another trace it painlessly, by talking? Why, you cannot even carry us up an Alp, by talking. You can guide us up it, step by step, no otherwise—even so, best silently. You girls, who have been among the hills, know how the bad guide chatters and gesticulates, and it is “put your foot here,” and “mind how you balance yourself there”; but the good guide walks on quietly, without a word, only with his eyes on you when need is, and his arm like an iron bar, if need be.

In that slow way, also, art can be taught—if you have faith in your guide, and will let his arm be to you as an iron bar when need is. But in what teacher of art have you such faith? Certainly not in me; for, as I told you at first, I knew well enough it is only because you think I can talk, not because you think I know my business, that you let me speak to you at all. If I were to tell you anything that seemed to you strange, you would not believe it, and yet it would only be in telling you strange things that I could be of use to you. I could be of great use to you—infinite use, with brief saying, if you would believe it; but you would not, just because the thing that would be of real use would displease you. You are all wild, for instance, with admiration of Gustave Dore. Well, suppose I were to tell you, in the strongest terms I could use, that Gustave Dore's art was bad—bad, not in weakness,—not in failure,—but bad with dreadful power—the power of the Furies and the Harpies mingled, enraging, and polluting; that so long as you looked at it, no perception of pure or beautiful art was possible for you. Suppose I were to tell you that! What would be the use? Would you look at Gustave Dore less? Rather, more, I fancy. On the other hand, I could soon put you into good humor with me, if I chose. I know well enough what you like, and how to praise it to your better liking. I could talk to you about moonlight, and twilight, and spring flowers, and autumn leaves, and the Madonnas of Raphael—how motherly! and the Sibyls of Michael

Angelo—how majestic! and the Saints of Angelico—how pious! and the Cherubs of Correggio—how delicious! Old as I am, I could play you a tune on the harp yet, that you would dance to. But neither you nor I should be a bit the better or wiser; or, if we were, our increased wisdom could be of no practical effect. For, indeed, the arts, as regards teachableness, differ from the sciences also in this, that their power is founded not merely on facts which can be communicated, but on dispositions which require to be created. Art is neither to be achieved by effort of thinking, nor explained by accuracy of speaking. It is the instinctive and necessary result of powers which can only be developed through the mind of successive generations, and which finally burst into life under social conditions as slow of growth as the faculties they regulate. Whole eras of mighty history are summed, and the passions of dead myriads are concentrated, in the existence of a noble art; and if that noble art were among us, we should feel it and rejoice; not caring in the least to hear lectures on it; and since it is not among us, be assured we have to go back to the root of it, or, at least, to the place where the stock of it is yet alive, and the branches began to die.

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“Do it with thy might.” There have been myraids upon myraids of human creatures who have obeyed this law—who have put every breath and nerve of their being into its toil—who have devoted every hour, and exhausted every faculty—who have bequeathed their unaccomplished thoughts at death—who being dead, have yet spoken, by majesty of memory, and strength of example. And, at last, what has all this “Might” of humanity accomplished, in six thousand years of labor and sorrow? What has it *done*? Take the three chief occupations and arts of men, one by one, and count their achievements. Begin with the first—the lord of them all—agriculture. Six thousand years have passed since we were set to till the ground, from which we were taken. How much of it is tilled? How much of that which is, wisely or well? In the very centre and chief garden of Europe—where the two forms of parent Christianity

have had their fortresses—where the noble Catholics of the Forest Cantons, and the noble Protestants of the Vaudois valleys, have maintained, for dateless ages, their faiths and liberties—there the unchecked Alpine rivers yet run wild in devastation: and the marshes, which a few hundred men could redeem with a year's labor, still blast their helpless inhabitants into fevered idiotism. That is so, in the centre of Europe! While, on the near coast of Africa, once the Garden of the Hesperides, an Arab woman, but a few sunsets since, ate her child, for famine. And, with all the treasures of the East at our feet, we, in our own dominion, could not find a few grains of rice, for a people that asked of us no more; but stood by, and saw five hundred thousand of them perish of hunger.

Then, after agriculture, the art of kings, take the next head of human art—weaving; the art of queens, honored of all noble Heathen women, in the person of their virgin goddess—honored of all Hebrew women, by the word of their wisest king—"She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff; she stretcheth out her hand to the poor. She is not afraid of the snow for her household, for all her household are clothed with scarlet. She maketh herself covering of tapestry; her clothing is silk and purple. She maketh fine linen and selleth it, and delivereth girdles to the merchant." What have we done in all these thousands of years with this bright art of Greek maid and Christian matron? Six thousand years of weaving, and have we learned to weave? Might not every naked wall have been purple with tapestry, and every feeble breast fenced with sweet colors from the cold? What have we done? Our fingers are too few, it seems, to twist together some poor covering for our bodies. We set our streams to work for us, and choke the air with fire, to turn our spinning-wheels—and,—*are we yet clothed?* Are not the streets of the capitals of Europe foul with sale of cast clouts and rotten rags? Is not the beauty of your sweet children left in wretchedness of disgrace, while, with better honor, nature clothes the brood of the bird in its nest, and the suckling of the wolf in her den? And does not every winter's snow robe what you have not robed, and shroud

what you have not shrouded; and every winter's wind bear up to heaven its wasted souls, to witness against you hereafter, by the voice of their Christ,—“I was naked, and ye clothed me not?”

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\* Lecture delivered in the theatre of the Royal College of Science, Dublin, 1868.

† That no reference should be made to religious questions.

### THE ESSAYISTS

The essay, not unknown to the ancient Hebrews, adopted by Cicero and by certain other classical writers, was made popular in modern times by Montaigne, and developed further by Francis Bacon. This form of prose was forthcoming in considerable quantity during the nineteenth century.

It is impossible to think of the English essay without calling to mind the delightful contributions of Charles Lamb, the penetrating comments of Hazlitt, the polished lines of Pater. To lose the modern essay and essayist from our literature would mean a serious privation. No other literary form so nearly approaches the intimate fireside chat. Desultory the essayist often is; but so is the visitor at the hearth. One observation suggests another and it is accounted no crime to wander from the main highway into the alluring bypaths in these rambling discourses.

The essay is suggestive rather than conclusive. It yields to the moods of writer and reader. No proposition is to be demonstrated, no argument proved. Nor is the length sufficient to weary one. The thoughts of the reflective are worthy to be pondered; like begets like; fertilized by the richness of mental communion, our own minds grow more agile. Not alone are new ideas borne in upon us but more particularly, familiar objects assume new proportions in our horizons.

Over an ancient library were inscribed words which might be rendered: *Remedies for the dis-eases of the mind*. A volume filled with well selected essays from the best English writers might safely bear the foreword: Those who



daily read and ponder these human reflections will find themselves safeguarded against over-wrought nerves and will be able to preserve a well-balanced perspective in a tumultuous world.

### 1. LAMB

Charles Lamb is one of the inimitable personalities of English literature. If we stop to ask why is it that he should be loved of all the world, probably we shall find the explanation not more in his whimsical essays than in the moral fibre of the man, who made the best of a sorry situation.

John, Mary and Charles were the three children born to John and Elizabeth Lamb who survived infancy. Charles was born in London in 1775. His father was clerk to a Benchman of the Inner Temple. This advocate aided the family to send Charles to school at Christ's Hospital when ten years of age, where he remained until fourteen. Among his few pleasant memories of these years was his friendship with Coleridge, his classmate.

On leaving school he obtained a clerkship at the South Sea House, where his brother John was already employed. He afterwards went to the East India House, where he remained over thirty years.

Insanity hung like a pall over the family. At one time in his life Charles had to be placed under restraint for several months. The dread malady affected him no more but hovered intermittently over his sister Mary throughout life. When her mother became aged and feeble, Mary attended her. One day, seized with madness, she stabbed her mother to death. Charles returned home to snatch the knife from her hand. This tragedy was ineffaceable but everything that affectionate brother could do to mitigate the sorrow of the stricken girl when reason returned was done. When attacks of mental unrest were known to be approaching, Charles would lead Mary over the way to the asylum; upon her recovery, he welcomed her home. Waiving aside the argument of his elder brother John that the institution was the suitable place for Mary, he abandoned all thought of assuming the usual obligations of life and

gave himself up to providing a home for his unfortunate sister.

However, during her lucid periods, which lasted for years together during earlier life, Mary Lamb was as good company as one might wish. It will be remembered that together they prepared the *Tales from Shakespeare*, by which every generation since has been initiated into the immortal plays.

Lamb spent his leisure for several years inscribing verses; this discipline has been cited to explain his ultimate mastery of prose. He wrote at least one play, which failed the first night it was produced on the stage. To the generality of readers he is now known as the writer of *Essays by Elia*, which appeared in two series. From them, as from the verses of certain poets, it is possible to follow the author's progress, from infancy to old age. A sentence here, a paragraph there, a stifled regret, a whimsical fancy—these may be culled by the devotee for the reconstruction of that tragic-comedy which was Lamb's life.

In the essay of the old *Benchers of the Inner Temple*, he remarks: "I was born, and passed the first seven years of my life, in the Temple. Its church, its halls, its gardens, its fountains, its river, I had almost said—for in those young years, what was this king of rivers to me but a stream that watered our pleasant places? these are of my oldest recollection." In the reminiscences of *Christ's Hospital*, the wretched fare and cheerless life of the young lads at school is revealed with painful clarity. When writing of *Oxford in Vacation*, who can fail to read between the lines the abiding sense of loss at not having been able to spend student days in its venerable halls?

"To such a one as myself, who has been defrauded in his young years of the sweet food of academic institution, nowhere is so pleasant to while away a few idle weeks at as one or other of the Universities. Their vacation, too, at this time of the year, falls in so pat with *ours*. Here I can take my walks unmolested, and fancy myself of what degree or standing I please. I fetch up past opportunities. I can rise at the chapel bell, and dream that it rings for *me*."



FOUNTAIN COURT, THE TEMPLE, LONDON  
A favorite resort of Lamb, Dickens, and other authors.





*The South-Sea House* pictures for us the atmosphere of the place where he first learned to take his place as a breadwinner; while in *The Superannuated Man* he is to be seen, free at last from the desk which had absorbed the greater portion of his waking hours since boyhood.

“For the first day or two I felt stunned, overwhelmed. I could only appreciate my felicity, I was too confused to taste it sincerely. I wandered about, thinking I was happy, and knowing that I was not. I was in the condition of a prisoner in the old Bastille, suddenly let loose after a forty years’ confinement. I could scarce trust myself with myself. It was like passing out of Time into Eternity—for it is a sort of Eternity for a man to have all his Time to himself. It seemed to me that I had more time on my hands than I could ever manage. From a poor man, poor in Time, I was suddenly lifted up into a vast revenue; I could see no end of my possessions; I wanted some steward or judicious bailiff to manage my estates in Time for me.”

Although always in straitened circumstances, Lamb was rich in friends. All the famous men of letters in England were known to him. His humorous way of commenting upon matters, his inevitable puns, his harmless jests, endeared him to his acquaintances.

Lamb’s prose partakes of his personal peculiarities. It is quaint, old-fashioned, pungent, apt. To read aloud a few pages from his essays occasionally broadens one’s vocabulary and leads to facile expression. If one inclines to that deadly habit of self-pity, what could be more wholesome than a frequent hour with one whose years were encompassed with sorrow, yet who never complained to his friends—even if he often humorously complains to an impersonal world. In his reverie of *Dream Children*, to whom he tells stories, what baffled hopes are glimpsed in those closing words: “‘We are nothing, less than nothing, and dreams. We are only what might have been, and must wait upon the tedious shores of Lethe millions of ages before we have existence and a name’—and immediately awaking, I found myself quietly seated in my bachelor arm-chair, where I had fallen asleep.”

## THE SOUTH-SEA HOUSE

Reader, in thy passage from the Bank—where thou hast been receiving thy half-yearly dividends (supposing that thou art a lean annuitant like myself)—to the Flower Pot, to secure a place for Dalston, or Shacklewell, or some other thy suburban retreat northerly, didst thou never observe a melancholy-looking, handsome brick and stone edifice to the left, where Threadneedle Street abuts upon Bishopsgate? I dare say thou hast often admired its magnificent portals ever gaping wide, and disclosing to view a grave court, with cloisters and pillars, with few or no traces of goers-in or comers-out—a desolation something like Balclutha's.\*

This was once a house of trade, a center of busy interests. The throng of merchants was here—the quick pulse of gain—and here some forms of business are still kept up, though the soul be long since fled. Here are still to be seen stately porticos; imposing staircases, offices roomy as the state apartments in palaces—deserted, or thinly peopled with a few straggling clerks; the still more sacred interiors of court and committee rooms, with venerable faces of beadles, door-keepers—directors seated in form on solemn days (to proclaim a dead dividend) at long worm-eaten tables, that have been mahogany, with tarnished gilt-leather coverings, supporting massy silver inkstands long since dry; the oaken wainscots hung with pictures of deceased governors and sub-governors, of Queen Anne, and the two first monarchs of the Brunswick dynasty; huge charts, which subsequent discoveries have antiquated; dusty maps of Mexico, dim as dreams, and soundings of the Bay of Panama! The long passages hung with buckets, appended in idle row, to walls, whose substance might defy any, short of the last, conflagration; with vast ranges of cellerage under all, where dollars and pieces of eight once lay, an “unsunned heap,” for Mammon to have solaced his ‘solitary heart withal—long since disipated, or scattered into air at the blast of the breaking of that famous BUBBLE.

Such is the SOUTH-SEA HOUSE. At least such it was forty years ago, when I knew it—a magnificent relic! What alterations may have been made in it since, I have had no opportunities of verifying. Time, I take it for granted, has not freshened it. No wind has resuscitated the face of the sleeping waters. A thicker crust by this time stagnates upon it. The moths, that were then battenning upon its obsolete ledgers and day-books, have rested from their depredations, but other light generations have succeeded, making fine fretwork among their single and double entries. Layers of dust have accumulated (a superfoetation of dirt) upon the old layers, that seldom used to be disturbed, save by some curious finger, now and then, inquisitive to explore the mode of book-keeping in Queen Anne's reign, or with less hallowed curiosity, seeking to unveil some of the mysteries of that tremendous HOAX, whose extent the petty speculators of our day look back upon with the same expression of incredulous admiration and hopeless ambition of rivalry as would become the puny face of modern conspiracy contemplating the Titan size of Vaux's superhuman plot.

Peace to the manes of the BUBBLE! Silence and destitution are upon thy walls, proud house, for a memorial!

Situated, as thou art, in the very heart of stirring and living commerce, amid the fret and fever of speculation, with the Bank and the 'Change, and the India House about thee, in the heyday of present prosperity, with their important faces, as it were, insulting thee, their *poor neighbor out of business*—to the idle and merely contemplative—to such as me, old house! there is a charm in thy quiet—a cessation, a coolness from business, an indolence almost cloistral, which is delightful! With what reverence have I paced thy great bare rooms and courts at eventide! They spoke of the past—the shade of some dead accountant, with visionary pen in ear, would flit by me, stiff as in life. Living accounts and accountants puzzle me. I have no skill in figuring. But thy great dead tomes, which scarce three degenerate clerks of the present day could lift from their enshrining shelves, with their old fantastic flourishes and decorative rubric interlacings; their sums in triple columni-

ations, set down with formal superfluity of ciphers; with pious sentences at the beginning, without which our religious ancestors never ventured to open a book of business or bill of lading; the costly vellum covers of some of them almost persuading us that we are got into some *better library*, are very agreeable and edifying spectacles. I can look upon these defunct dragons with complacency. Thy heavy odd-shaped ivory-handled penknives (our ancestors had everything on a larger scale than we have hearts for) are as good as anything from Herculaneum. The pounce-boxes of our days have gone retrograde.

The very clerks which I remember in the South-Sea House—I speak of forty years back—had an air very different from those in the public offices that I have had to do with since. They partook of the genius of the place!

They were mostly (for the establishment did not admit of superfluous salaries) bachelors. Generally (for they had not much to do) persons of a curious and speculative turn of mind. Old-fashioned, for a reason mentioned before; humorists, for they were of all descriptions, and, not having been brought together in early life (which has a tendency to assimilate the members of corporate bodies to each other), but, for the most part, placed in this house in ripe or middle age, they necessarily carried into it their separate habits and oddities, unqualified, if I may so speak, as into a common stock. Hence they formed a sort of Noah's ark. Odd fishes. A lay-monastery. Domestic retainers in a great house, kept more for show than use. Yet pleasant fellows, full of chat, and not a few among them had arrived at considerable proficiency on the German flute.

The cashier at that time was one Evans, a Cambro-Briton. He had something of the choleric complexion of his countrymen stamped on his visage, but was a worthy, sensible man at bottom. He wore his hair, to the last, powdered and frizzed out, in the fashion which I remember to have seen in caricatures of what were termed, in my younger days, *Maccaronies*. He was the last of that race of beaux. Melancholy as a gib-cat over his counter all the forenoon, I think I see him making up his cash (as they call it) with tremulous fingers, as if he feared every one



about him was a defaulter; in his hyphochondry, ready to imagine himself one; haunted, at least, with the idea of the possibility of his becoming one: his tristful visage clearing up a little over his roast neck of veal at Anderton's at two (where his picture still hangs, taken a little before his death by desire of the master of the coffee house which he had frequented for the last five-and-twenty years), but not attaining the meridian of its animation till evening brought on the hour of tea and visiting. The simultaneous sound of his well-known rap at the door with the stroke of the clock announcing six, was a topic of never-failing mirth in the families which this dear old bachelor gladdened by his presence. Then was his *forte*, his glorified hour! How would he chirp and expand over a muffin! How would he dilate into secret history! His countryman, Pennant himself, in particular, could not be more eloquent than he in relation to old and new London—the site of old theaters, churches, streets gone to decay, where Rosamond's pond stood, the Mulberry-gardens, and the Conduit in Cheap, with many a pleasant anecdote, derived from paternal tradition, of those grotesque figures which Hogarth has immortalized in his picture of *Noon*—the worthy descendants of those heroic confessors, who, flying to this country from the wrath of Louis the Fourteenth and his dragons, kept alive the flame of pure religion in the sheltering obscurities of Hog Lane and the vicinity of Seven Dials!

Deputy, under Evans, was Thomas Tame. He had the air and stoop of a nobleman. You would have taken him for one, had you met him in one of the passages leading to Westminster Hall. By stoop, I mean that gentle bending of the body forward, which, in great men, must be supposed to be the effect of an habitual condescending attention to the applications of their inferiors. While he held you in converse, you felt strained to the height in the colloquy. The conference over, you were at leisure to smile at the comparative insignificance of the pretensions which had just awed you. His intellect was of the shallowest order. It did not reach to a saw or a proverb. His mind was in its original state of white paper. A sucking babe might have posed him. What was it then? Was he rich? Alas, no!

Thomas Tame was very poor. Both he and his wife looked outwardly gentlefolks, when I fear all was not well at all times within. She had a neat meager person, which it was evident she had not sinned in over-pampering; but in its veins was noble blood. She traced her descent, by some labyrinth of relationship, which I never thoroughly understood, much less can explain with any heraldic certainty at this time of day, to the illustrious but unfortunate house of Derwentwater. This was the secret of Thomas' stoop. This was the thought, the sentiment, the bright solitary star of your lives, ye mild and happy pair, which cheered you in the night of intellect, and in the obscurity of your station! This was to you instead of riches, instead of rank, instead of glittering attainments: and it was worth them all together. You insulted none with it; but, while you wore it as a piece of defensive armor only, no insult likewise could reach you through it. *Decus et solamen.*

Of quite another stamp was the then accountant, John Tipp. He neither pretended to high blood, nor in good truth cared one fig about the matter. He "thought an accountant the greatest character in the world, and himself the greatest accountant in it." Yet John was not without his hobby. The fiddle relieved his vacant hours. He sang, certainly with other notes than to the Orphean lyre. He did, indeed, scream and scrape most abominably. His fine suite of official rooms in Threadneedle Street, which, without anything very substantial appended to them, were enough to enlarge a man's notions of himself that lived in them (I knew not who is the occupier of them now), resounded fortnightly to the notes of a concert of "sweet breasts," as our ancestors would have called them, culled from club-rooms and orchestras, chorus singers, first and second violincellos, double basses, and clarionets, who ate his cold mutton and drank his punch and praised his ear. He sat like Lord Midas among them. But at the desk Tipp was quite another sort of creature. Thence all ideas that were purely ornamental were banished. You could not speak of anything romantic without rebuke. Politics were excluded. A newspaper was thought too refined and abstracted. The whole duty of man consisted in writing off

dividend warrants. The striking of the annual balance in the company's books (which, perhaps, differed from the balance of last year in the sum of £25:1:6) occupied his days and nights for a month previous. Not that Tipp was blind to the deadness of *things* (as they called them in the city) in his beloved house, or did not sigh for a return of the old stirring days when South-Sea hopes were young (he was indeed equal to the wielding of any of the most intricate accounts of the most flourishing company in these or those days): but to a genuine accountant the difference of proceeds is as nothing. The fractional farthing is as dear to his heart as the thousands which stand before it. He is the true actor, who, whether his part be a prince or a peasant, must act it with like intensity. With Tipp form was everything. His life was formal. His actions seemed ruled with a ruler. His pen was not less erring than his heart. He made the best executor in the world: he was plagued with incessant executorships accordingly, which excited his spleen and soothed his vanity in equal ratios. He would swear (for Tipp swore) at the little orphans, whose rights he would guard with a tenacity like the grasp of the dying hand that commended their interests to his protection. With all this there was about him a sort of timidity (his few enemies used to give it a worse name)—a something which, in reverence to the dead, we will place, if you please, a little on the side of the heroic. Nature certainly had been pleased to endow John Tipp with a sufficient measure of the principle of self-preservation. There is a cowardice which we do not despise, because it has nothing base or treacherous in its elements; it betrays itself, not you; it is mere temperament; the absence of the romantic and the enterprising; it sees a lion in the way, and will not, with Fortinbras, “greatly find quarrel in a straw,” when some supposed honor is at stake. Tipp never mounted the box of a stage-coach in his life; or leaned against the rails of a balcony; or walked upon the ridge of a parapet; or looked down a precipice; or let off a gun; or went upon a water-party; or would willingly let you go if he could have helped it: neither was it recorded of him, that for lucre, or for intimidation, he ever forsook friend or principle.

Whom next shall we summon from the dusty dead, in whom common qualities become uncommon? Can I forget thee, Henry Man, the wit, the polished man of letters, the *author*, of the South-Sea House? who never enterest thy office in a morning or quittedst it in midday (what didst *thou* in an office?) without some quirk that left a sting! Thy gibes and thy jokes are now extinct, or survive but in two forgotten volumes, which I had the good fortune to rescue from a stall in Barbican, not three days ago, and found these terse, fresh, epigrammatic, as alive. Thy wit is a little gone by in these fastidious days—thy topics are staled by the “new-born gauds” of the time: but great thou used to be in Public Ledgers, and in Chronicles, upon Chatham, and Shelburne, and Rockingham, and Howe, and Burgoyne, and Clinton, and the war which ended in the tearing from Great Britain her rebellious colonies, and Keppel, and Wilkes, and Sawbridge, and Bull, and Dunning, and Pratt, and Richmond—and such small politics.

A little less facetious, and a great deal more obstreperous, was fine rattling, rattleheaded Plumer. He was descended, not in a right line, reader (for his lineal pretensions, like his personal, favored a little of the sinister bend)—from the Plumers of Hertfordshire. So tradition gave him out; and certain family features not a little sanctioned the opinion. Certainly old Walter Plumer (his reputed author) had been a rake in his days, and visited much in Italy, and had seen the world. He was uncle, bachelor-uncle, to the fine old whig still living, who has represented the county in so many successive parliaments, and has a fine old mansion near Ware. Walter flourished in George the Second’s days, and was the same who was summoned before the House of Commons about a business of franks, with the old Duchess of Marlborough. You may have read of it in Johnson’s *Life of Cave*. Cave came off cleverly in that business. It is certain our Plumer did nothing to discountenance the rumor. He rather seemed pleased whenever it was, with all gentleness, insinuated. But besides his family pretensions, Plumer was an engaging fellow, and sang gloriously.



Not so sweetly sang Plumer as thou sangest, mild, child-like, pastoral M——; a flute's breathing less divinely whispering than thy Arcadian melodies, when, in tones worthy of Arden, thou didst chant that song sung by Amiens to the banished duke, which proclaims the winter wind more lenient than for a man to be ungrateful. Thy sire was old surly M——, the unapproachable church warden of Bishopsgate. He knew not what he did, when he begat thee, like spring, gentle offspring of blustering winter—only unfortunate in thy ending, which should have been mild, conciliatory, swan-like.

Much remains to sing. Many fantastic shapes rise up, but they must be mine in private: already I have fooled the reader to the top of his bent; else could I omit that strange creature Woollet, who existed in trying the question, and *bought litigations!*—and still stranger, inimitable, solemn Hepworth, from whose gravity Newton might have deduced the law of gravitation. How profoundly would he nib a pen, with what deliberation would he wet a wafer!"

But it is time to close—night's wheels are rattling fast over me—it is proper to have done with this solemn mockery.

Reader, what if I have been playing with thee all this while; peradventure the very *names*, which I have summoned up before thee, are fantastic, insubstantial, like Henry Pimpernel, and old John Naps of Greece!

Be satisfied that something answering to them has had a being. Their importance is from the past.

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\* I passed by the walls of Balclutha, and they were desolate—*Ossian*.

## 2. HAZLITT

William Hazlitt (1778-1830) was born three years later than Lamb and died four years sooner. He came of a line of dissenters and the spirit of the "otherwise-minded" was as natural to him as the breath of life.

His father, whose name he bore, came to America when the boy was five years old, lectured in Boston and founded the first Unitarian church there. He later returned to England where his son remained in close acquaintanceship with him until reaching his majority. John Hazlitt, older

than William, was a painter in London, a disciple of Reynolds. William met his wide circle of friends and for some time believed that he should choose art as his profession. He did some portrait work but having become acquainted with Coleridge, was encouraged to devote himself to letters.

Through the Lambs, Hazlitt met Sarah Stoddart, Mary's friend, and they were presently married. The union was unfortunate and ended in a separation. A second marriage, sometime later, proved of slight importance to Hazlitt, who was regarded by his friends as ill suited to matrimonial life. For he loved solitude and from boyhood days found it imperative to walk alone and ponder upon the subjects that engrossed him.

Although he exclaimed before his death that his life had been happy, it has been difficult for his biographers to reconcile this with what is otherwise known of him. Lamb alone was successful in maintaining his perpetual friendship and was with him when he died.

Although as ardent in his dislikes as in his likings, Hazlitt's criticisms of English authors are highly instructive. He reached his own conclusions and was little influenced by the opinions of others. A constant contributor to literary periodicals, he was a pioneer in dramatic criticism. His understanding of the painter's art enabled him to pass discriminating judgment upon pictures.

No quality is more characteristic of Hazlitt than his warm enthusiasm—his "gusto," some have called it. This defies cold print and lays hold of the reader. His vividness and clarity, his deep love for nature and gift for setting her fleeting splendour into permanent pictures, all are apparent in his essays.

He is still the reader's surest guide in a study of Shakespeare if, instead of trusting to personal impressions, one desires an experienced critic to point the way.

### ON READING OLD BOOKS

I hate to read new books. There are twenty or thirty volumes that I have read over and over again, and these are the only ones that I have any desire ever to read at all. It was a long time before I could bring myself to sit down

to the *Tales of My Landlord*, but now that author's works have made a considerable addition to my scanty library. I am told that some of Lady Morgan's are good, and have been recommended to look into *Anastasius*; but I have not yet ventured upon that task. A lady the other day, could not refrain from expressing her surprise to a friend, who said he had been reading *Delphine*:—she asked,—If it had not been published some time back? Women judge of books as they do of fashions or complexions, which are admired only “in their newest gloss.” That is not my way. I am not one of those who trouble the circulating libraries much, or pester the booksellers for mail-coach copies of standard periodical publications. I cannot say that I am greatly addicted to black-letter, but I profess myself well versed in the marble bindings of Andrew Millar, in the middle of the last century; nor does my taste revolt at *Thurloe's State Papers*, in Russia leather; or an ample impression of *Sir William Temple's Essays*, with a portrait after *Sir Godfrey Kneller* in front. I do not think altogether the worse of a book for having survived the author a generation or two. I have more confidence in the dead than the living. Contemporary writers may generally be divided into two classes—one's friends or one's foes. Of the first we are compelled to think too well, and of the last we are disposed to think too ill, to receive much genuine pleasure from the perusal, or to judge fairly of the merits of either. One candidate for literary fame, who happens to be of our acquaintance, writes finely, and like a man of genius; but unfortunately has a foolish face, which spoils a delicate passage:—another inspires us with the highest respect for his personal talents and character, but does not quite come up to our expectations in print. All these contradictions and petty details interrupt the calm current of our reflections. If you want to know what any of the authors were who lived before our time, and are still objects of anxious inquiry, you have only to look into their works. But the dust and smoke and noise of modern literature have nothing in common with the pure, silent air of immortality.

When I take up a work that I have read before (the oftener the better) I know what I have to expect. The

satisfaction is not lessened by being anticipated. When the entertainment is altogether new, I sit down to it as I should to a strange dish,—turn and pick out a bit here and there, and am in doubt what to think of the composition. There is a want of confidence and security to second appetite. New-fangled books are also like made-dishes in this respect, that they are generally little else than hashes and *rifaccimentos* of what has been served up entire and in a more natural state other times. Besides, in thus turning to a well-known author, there is not only an assurance that my time will not be thrown away, or my palate nauseated with the most insipid or vilest trash,—but I shake hands with, and look an old, tried, and valued friend in the face,—compare notes, and chat the hours away. It is true, we form dear friendships with such ideal guests—dearer, alas! and more lasting, than those with our most intimate acquaintance. In reading a book which is an old favourite with me (say the first novel I ever read) I not only have the pleasure of imagination and of a critical relish of the work, but the pleasures of memory added to it. It recalls the same feelings and associations which I had in first reading it, and which I can never have again in any other way. Standard productions of this kind are links in the chain of our conscious being. They bind together the different scattered divisions of our personal identity. They are landmarks and guides in our journey through life. They are pegs and loops on which we can hang up, or from which we can take down, at pleasure, the wardrobe of a moral imagination, the relics of our best affections, the tokens and records of our happiest hours. They are “for thoughts and for remembrance!” They are like Fortunatus’ Wishing-Cap—they give us the best riches—those of Fancy; and transport us, not over half the globe, but (which is better) over half our lives, at a word’s notice!

My father Shandy solaced himself with *Bruscamille*. Give me for this purpose a volume of *Peregrine Pickle* or *Tom Jones*. Open either of them anywhere—at the *Memoirs of Lady Vane*, or the adventures at the masquerade with *Lady Bellaston*, or the disputes between *Thwackum* and *Square*, or the escape of *Molly Seagrim*,



Molly or the incident of Sophia and her muff, or the edifying prolixity of her aunt's lecture—and there I find the same delightful, busy, bustling scene as ever, and feel myself the same as when I was first introduced into the midst of it. Nay, sometimes the sight of an odd volume of these good old English authors on a stall, or the name lettered on the back among others on the shelves of a library, answers the purpose, revives the whole train of ideas, and sets “the puppets dallying.” Twenty years are struck off the list, and I am a child again. A sage philosopher, who was not a very wise man, said, that he should like very well to be young again, if he could take his experience along with him. This ingenious person did not seem to be aware, by the gravity of his remark, that the great advantage of being young is to be without this weight of experience, which he would fain place upon the shoulders of youth, and which never comes too late with years. Oh! what a privilege to be able to let this hump, like Christian's burthen, drop from off one's back, and transport one's-self, by the help of a little musty duodecimo, to the time when “ignorance was bliss,” and when we first got a peep at the raree-show of the world, through the glass of fiction—gazing at mankind, as we do at wild beasts in a menagerie, through the bars of their cages,—or at curiosities in a museum, that we must not touch! For myself, not only are the old ideas of the contents of the work brought back to my mind in all their vividness, but the old associations of the faces and persons of those I then knew, as they were in their lifetime—the place where I sat to read the volume, the day when I got it, the feeling of the air, the fields, the sky—return, and all my early impressions with them. This is better to me—those places, those times, those persons, and those feelings that come across me as I retrace the story and devour the page, are to me better far than the wet sheets of the last new novel from the Ballantyne press, to say nothing of the Minerva press in Leadenhall-street. It is like visiting the scenes of early youth. I think of the time “when I was in my father's house, and my path ran down with butter and honey,”—when I was a little, thoughtless child, and had no other wish or care but to

con my daily task, and be happy!—Tom Jones, I remember, was the first work that broke the spell. It came down in numbers once a fortnight, in Cooke's pocket-edition, embellished with cuts. I had hitherto read only in school-books, and a tiresome ecclesiastical history (with the exception of Mrs. Radcliffe's *Romance of the Forest*): but this had a different relish with it,—“sweet in the mouth,” though not “bitter in the belly.” It smacked of the world I lived in, and in which I was to live—and shewed me groups, “gay creatures” not “of the element,” but of the earth; not “living in the clouds,” but traveling the same road that I did;—some that had passed on before me, and others that might soon overtake me. My heart had palpitated at the thoughts of a boarding-school ball, or a gala-day at Midsummer or Christmas: but the world I had found out in a Cooke's edition of the *British Novelists* was to me a dance through life, a perpetual gala-day. The six-penny numbers of this work regularly contrived to leave off just in the middle of a sentence, and in the nick of a story, where Tom Jones discovers Square behind the blanket; or where Parson Adams, in the inextricable confusion of events, very undesignedly gets to bed to Mrs. Slip-slop. Let me caution the reader against this impression of Joseph Andrews; for there is a picture of Fanny in it which he should not set his heart on, lest he should never meet with anything like it; or if he should, it would, perhaps, be better for him that he had not. It was just like ————! With what eagerness I used to look forward to the next number, and open the prints! Ah! never again shall I feel the enthusiastic delight with which I gazed at the figures, and anticipated the story and adventures of Major Bath and Commodore Trunnion, of Trim and my Uncle Toby, of Don Quixote and Sancho and Dapple, of Gil Blas and Dame Lorenza Sephora, of Laura and the fair Lucretia, whose lips open and shut like buds of roses. To what nameless ideas did they give rise,—with what airy delights I filled up the outlines, as I hung in silence over the page!—Let me recall them, that they may breathe fresh life into me, and that I may live that birthday of thought and romantic pleasure over again! Talk of the *ideal*! This is

the only true ideal—the heavenly tints of Fancy reflected in the bubbles that float upon the spring-tide of human life.

Oh! Memory! shield me from the world's poor strife,  
And give those scenes thine everlasting life!

The paradox with which I set out is, I hope, less startling than it was; the reader will, by this time, have been let into my secret. Much about the same time, or I believe rather earlier, I took a particular satisfaction in reading Chubb's Tracts, and I often think I will get them again to wade through. There is a high gusto of polemical divinity in them; and you fancy that you hear a club of shoemakers at Salisbury, debating a disputable text from one of St. Paul's Epistles in a workmanlike style, with equal shrewdness and pertinacity. I cannot say much for my metaphysical studies, into which I launched shortly after with great ardour, so as to make a toil of a pleasure. I was presently entangled in the briers and thorns of subtle distinctions,—of "fate, free-will, fore-knowledge absolute," though I cannot add that "in their wandering mazes I found no end;" for I did arrive at some very satisfactory and potent conclusions; nor will I go so far, however ungrateful the subject may seem, as to exclaim with Marlowe's Faustus—"Would I had never seen Wittenberg, never read book"—that is, never studied such authors as Hartley, Hume, Berkeley, &c. Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding is, however, a work from which I never derived either pleasure or profit; and Hobbes, dry and powerful as he is, I did not read till long afterwards. I read a few poets, which did not much hit my taste,—for I would have the reader understand, I am deficient in the faculty of imagination; but I fell early upon French romances and philosophy, and devoured them tooth-and-nail. Many a dainty repast have I made of the New Eloise;—the description of the kiss; the excursion on the water; the letter of St. Preux, recalling the time of their first loves; and the account of Julia's death; these I read over and over again with unspeakable delight and wonder. Some years after, when I met with this work again, I found I had lost nearly my

whole relish for it (except some few parts) and was, I remember, very much mortified with the change in my taste, which I sought to attribute to the smallness and gilt edges of the edition I had bought, and its being perfumed with rose-leaves. Nothing could exceed the gravity, the solemnity with which I carried home and read the Dedication to the Social Contract, with some other pieces of the same author, which I had picked up at a stall in a coarse leathern cover. Of the Confessions I have spoken elsewhere, and may repeat what I have said—"Sweet is the dew of their memory, and pleasant the balm of their recollection!" Their beauties are not "scattered like stray-gifts o'er the earth," but sown thick on the page, rich and rare. I wish I had never read the Emilius, or read it with less implicit faith. I had no occasion to pamper my natural aversion to affectation or pretense, by romantic and artificial means. I had better have formed myself on the model of Sir Fopling Flutter. There is a class of persons whose virtues and most shining qualities sink in, and are concealed by, an absorbent ground of modesty and reserve; and such a one I do, without vanity, profess myself.\* Now these are the very persons who are likely to attach themselves to the character of Emilius, and of whom it is sure to be the bane. This dull, phlegmatic, retiring humour is not in a fair way to be corrected, but confirmed and rendered desperate, by being in that work held up as an object of imitation, as an example of simplicity and magnanimity—by coming upon us with all the recommendations of novelty, surprise, and superiority to the prejudices of the world—by being stuck upon a pedestal, made amiable, dazzling, a *leurre de dupe*! The reliance on solid worth which it inculcates, the preference of sober truth to gaudy tinsel, hangs like a millstone round the neck of the imagination—"a load to sink a navy" impedes our progress, and blocks up every prospect in life. A man, to get on, to be successful, conspicuous, applauded, should not retire upon the center of his conscious resources, but be always at the circumference of appearances. He must envelop himself in a halo of mystery—he must ride in an equipage of opinion—he must walk with a train of self-conceit follow-



ing him—he must not strip himself to a buff-jerkin, to the doublet and hose of his real merits, but must surround himself with a *cortege* of prejudices, like the signs of the Zodiac—he must seem any thing but what he is, and then he may pass for any thing he pleases. The world loves to be amused by hollow professions, to be deceived by flattering appearances, to live in a state of hallucinations; and can forgive every thing but the plain, downright, simple honest truth—such as we see it chalked out in the character of Emilius.—To return from this digression, which is a little out of place here.

Books have in a great measure lost their power over me; nor can I revive the same interest in them as formerly. I perceive when a thing is good, rather than feel it. It is true, “*Marcian Colonna* is a dainty book;” and the reading of Mr. Keat’s *Eve of St. Agnes* lately made me regret that I was not young again. The beautiful and tender images there conjured up, “come like shadows—so depart.” The “tiger-moth’s wings,” which he has spread over his rich poetic blazonry, just flit across my fancy; the gorgeous twilight window which he has painted over again in his verse, to me “blushes” almost in vain “with blood of queens and kings.” I know how I should have felt at one time in reading such passages; and that is all. The sharp luscious flavour, the fine *aroma* is fled, and nothing but the stalk, the bran, the husk of literature is left. If any one were to ask me what I read now, I might answer with my Lord Hamlet in the play—“Words, words, words.”—“What is the matter?”—“*Nothing!*”—They have scarce a meaning. But it was not always so. There was a time when to my thinking, every word was a flower or a pearl, like those which dropped from the mouth of the little peasant-girl in the Fairy tale, or like those that fall from the great preacher in the Caledonian Chapel! I drank of the stream of knowledge that tempted, but did not mock my lips, as of the river of life, freely. How eagerly I slaked my thirst of German sentiment, “as the hart that panteth for the water-springs;” how I bathed and revelled, and added my floods of tears to Goethe’s Sorrows of Werter, and to Schiller’s Robbers—

Giving my stock of more to that which had too much!

I read, and assented with all my soul to Coleridge's fine Sonnet, beginning—

Schiller! that hour I would have wish'd to die,  
If through the shuddering midnight I had sent,  
From the dark dungeon of the tow'r time-rent,  
That fearful voice, a famish'd father's cry!

I believe I may date my insight into the mysteries of poetry from the commencement of my acquaintance with the authors of the Lyrical Ballads; at least, my discrimination of the higher sorts—not my predilection for such writers as Goldsmith or Pope; nor do I imagine they will say I got my liking for the Novelists, or the comic writers,—for the characters of Valentine, Tattle, or Miss Prue, from them. If so, I must have got from them what they never had themselves. In points where poetic diction and conception are concerned, I may be at a loss, and liable to be imposed upon: but in forming an estimate of passages relating to common life and manners, I cannot think I am a plagiarist from any man. I there “know my cue without a prompter.” I may say of such studies—*Intus et in cute*. I am just able to admire those literal touches of observation and description, which persons of loftier pretensions overlook and despise. I think I comprehend something of the characteristic part of Shakespeare; and in him indeed, all is characteristic, even the nonsense and poetry. I believe it was the celebrated Sir Humphrey Davy who used to say, that Shakespeare was rather a metaphysician than a poet. At any rate it was not ill said. I wish that I had sooner known the dramatic writers contemporary with Shakespeare; for in looking them over about a year ago, I almost revived my old passion for reading, and my old delight in books, though they were very nearly new to me. The Periodical Essayists I read long ago. The Spectator I liked extremely: but the Tatler took my fancy most. I read the others soon after, the Rambler, the Adventurer, the World, the Connoisseur: I was not sorry to get to the end of them, and have no desire

to go regularly through them again. I consider myself a thorough adept in Richardson. I like the longest of his novels best, and think no part of them tedious; nor should I ask to have any thing better to do than to read them from beginning to end, to take them up when I chose, and lay them down when I was tired, in some old family mansion in the country, till every word and syllable relating to the bright *Clarissa*, the divine *Clementina*, the beautiful *Pamela*, "with every trick and line of their sweet favour," were once more "graven in my heart's table." I have a sneaking kindness for Mackenzie's *Julia de Roubigne*—for the deserted mansion, and straggling gilliflowers on the mouldering garden-wall; and still more for his *Man of Feeling*; not that it is better, nor so good; but at the time I read it, I sometimes thought of the heroine, *Miss Walton*, and of *Miss* ——— together, and "that ligament, fine as it was, was never broken!"—One of the poets that I have always read with most pleasure, and can wander about in for ever with a sort of voluptuous indolence, is *Spenser*; and I like *Chaucer* even better. The only writer among the Italians I can pretend to any knowledge of, is *Boccaccio*, and of him I cannot express half my admiration. His story of the *Hawk* I could read and think of from day to day, just as I would look at a picture of *Titian's*!

I remember, as long ago as the year 1798, going to a neighbouring town (*Shrewsbury*, where *Farquhar* has laid the plot of his *Recruiting Officer*) and bringing home with me, "at one proud swoop," a copy of *Milton's Paradise Lost*, and another of *Burke's Reflections on the French Revolution*—both which I have still; and I still recollect, when I see the covers, the pleasure with which I dipped into them as I returned with my double prize. I was set up for one while. That time is past "with all its giddy raptures:" "but I am still anxious to preserve its memory, "embalmed with odours."—With respect to the first of these works, I would be permitted to remark here in passing, that it is a sufficient answer to the German criticism which has since been started against the character of *Satan* (*viz.* that it is not one of disgusting deformity, or pure, defecated malice) to say that *Milton* has there drawn, not the abstract princi-

ple of evil, not a devil incarnate, but a fallen angel. This is the scriptural account, and the poet has followed it. We may safely retain such passages as that well-known one—

——— His form had not yet lost  
All her original brightness; nor appear'd  
Less than archangel ruin'd; and the excess  
Of Glory obscur'd—

for the theory, which is opposed to them “falls flat upon the grunsel edge, and shames its worshippers.” Let us hear no more then of this monkish cant, and bigoted outcry for the restoration of the horns and tail of the devil!—Again, as to the other work, Burke’s *Reflections*, I took a particular pride and pleasure in it, and read it to myself and others for months afterwards. I had reason for my prejudice in favour of this author. To understand an adversary is some praise: to admire him is more. I thought I did both: I knew I did one. From the first time I ever cast my eyes on any thing of Burke’s (which was an extract from his Letter to a Noble Lord in a three-times a week paper, *The St. James Chronicle*, in 1796), I said to myself, “This is true eloquence: this is a man pouring out his mind on paper.” All other style seemed pedantic and impertinent. Dr. Johnson’s was walking on stilts; and even Junius’s (who was at that time a favourite with me) with all his terseness, shrunk up into little antithetic points and well-trimmed sentences. But Burke’s style was forked and playful as the lightning, crested like the serpent. He delivered plain things on a plain ground; but when he arose, there was no end of his flights and circumgyrations—and in this very Letter, “he, like an eagle in a dove-cot, fluttered *his* Volscians” (the Duke of Bedford and the Earl of Lauderdale)‡ “in Corioli.” I did not care for his doctrines. I was then, and am still, proof against their contagion; but I admire the author, and was considered as not a very staunch partisan of the opposite side, though I thought myself that an abstract proposition was one thing—a masterly transition, a brilliant metaphor, another. I conceived too that he might be wrong in his main argument, and yet deliver fifty



truths in arriving at a false conclusion. I remember Coleridge assuring me, as a poetical and political set-off to my sceptical admiration, that Wordsworth had written an *Essay on Marriage*, which, for manly thought and nervous expression, he deemed incomparably superior. As I had not, at that time, seen any specimens of Mr. Wordsworth's prose style, I could not express my doubts on the subject. If there are greater prose-writers than Burke, they either lie out of my course of study, or are beyond my sphere of comprehension. I am too old to be a convert to a new mythology of genius. The niches are occupied, the tables full. If such is still my admiration of this man's misapplied powers, what must it have been at a time when I myself was in vain trying, year after year, to write a single *Essay*, nay, a single page or sentence; when I regarded the wonders of his pen with the longing eyes of one who was dumb and a changeling; and when, to be able to convey the slightest conception of my meaning to others in words, was the height of an almost hopeless ambition! But I never measured others' excellences by my own defects: though a sense of my own incapacity, and of the steep, impassable ascent from me to them, made me regard them with greater awe and fondness. I have thus run through most of my early studies and favourite authors, some of whom I have since criticised more at large. Whether those observations will survive me, I neither know nor do I much care: but to the works themselves, "worthy of all acceptance," and to the feelings they have always excited in me since I could distinguish a meaning in language, nothing shall ever prevent me from looking back with gratitude and triumph. To have lived in the cultivation of an intimacy with such works, and to have familiarly relished such names, is not to have lived quite in vain.

There are other authors whom I have never read, and yet whom I have frequently had a great desire to read, from some circumstance relating to them. Among these, is Lord Clarendon's *History of the Grand Rebellion*, after which I have had a hankering, from hearing it spoken of by good judges—from my interest in the events, and knowledge of the characters from other sources, and from having seen fine portraits of most of them. I like to read a well-penned

character, and Clarendon is said to have been a master in this way. I should like to read Froissart's *Chronicles*, *Hollingshed* and *Stowe*, and *Fuller's Worthies*. I intend, whenever I can, to read *Beaumont and Fletcher* all through. There are fifty-two of their plays, and I have only read a dozen or fourteen of them. *A Wife for a Month*, and *Thierry and Theodoret*, are, I am told, delicious, and I can believe it. I should like to read the speeches in *Thucydides*, and in *Guicciardini's History of Florence*, and *Don Quixote* in the original. I have often thought of reading the *Loves of Persiles and Sigismunda*, and the *Galatea* of the same author. But I somehow reserve them like "another *Yarrow*." I should also like to read the last new novel (if I could be sure it was so) of the author of *Waverley*:—no one would be more glad than I to find it the best!—

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<sup>1</sup> Nearly the same sentiment was wittily and happily expressed by a friend, who had some lottery puffs, which he had been employed to write, returned on his hands for their too great severity of thought and classical terseness of style, and who observed on that occasion, that "Modest merit never can succeed!"

†During the peace of Amiens, a young English officer, of the name of *Lovelace*, was presented at Buonaparte's levee. Instead of the usual question, "Where have you served, Sir?" the First Consul immediately addressed him, "I perceive your name, Sir, is the same as that of the hero of *Richardson's Romance*!" Here was a Consul. The young man's uncle, who was called *Lovelace*, told me this anecdote while we were stopping together at Calais. I had also been thinking that his was the same name as that of the hero of *Richardson's Romance*. This is one of my reasons for liking Buonaparte.

‡He is there called "Citizen *Lauderdale*." Is this the present Earl?

## POST-VICTORIAN POETS

### 1. RUDYARD KIPLING

THE spirit of romanticism gave way before realism, with now and then a blending of the two. Kipling's poetry and prose bear evidence of such union. Although best known as a short-story writer, his Barrack-room Ballads alone would have brought him renown; they have made Tommy Atkins, the British soldier, familiar to literature.

Kipling was born in Bombay, in 1865, his father being an English official in residence there. Educated in England, he returned to India and was occupied some time on a newspaper. He traveled in America, where he married and lived for some years. Latterly his home has been in England.

Kipling's poems sing of the sea, the source of British greatness; of India, as familiar to him as the island home of his ancestors. Limited to a special field, within it the poet is preëminent.

The vision of Great Britain's future strength in her colonies, grasped first perhaps by Disraeli, broke at length upon the English people and has been made known to all the world by Kipling's verse. Only in his *Recessional*, written on the occasion of Queen Victoria's second Jubilee, has he touched upon the more sobering aspect of empire.

Travel made the four-quarters of the earth familiar to him, as he indicates in *The Fires*:

“Men make them fires on the hearth  
Each under his roof-tree,  
And the Four Winds that rule the earth  
They blow the smokes to me.

. . .

How can I answer which is best  
Of all the fires that burn?  
I have been too often host or guest  
At every fire in turn.

How can I turn from any fire,  
 On any man's hearthstone?  
 I know the wonder and desire  
 That went to build my own!

Oh, you Four Winds that blow so strong  
 And know that this is true,  
 Stoop for a little and carry my song  
 To all the men I knew!

Where there are fires against the cold,  
 Or roofs against the rain—  
 With love fourfold and joy fourfold,  
 Take them my songs again."

It is natural that one born in the peninsula of India, two-thirds as large as the United States, should continually sense the greatness of the empire and the smallness of the governing island.

"Winds of the world, give answer! They are whimpering to and fro—

And what should they know of England who only England know?—

The poor little street-bred people that vapour and fume and brag,  
 They are lifting their heads in the stillness to yelp at the English flag! . . .

What is the Flag of England? Winds of the world, declare!

'The lean white bear hath seen it in the long, long Arctic night,  
 The musk-ox knows the standard that flouts the Northern Light:

What is the Flag of England? Ye have but my bergs to dare,  
 Ye have but my drifts to conquer. Go forth, for it is there!'

'My basking sunfish know it, and wheeling albatross,  
 Where the lone wave fills with fire beneath the Southern Cross.

What is the Flag of England? Ye have but my reefs to dare.  
 Ye have but my seas to furrow. Go forth, for it is there!'"

The homesickness of the Briton, set by the Indian ocean at the holiday season, reminiscent of home, breathes through the *Christmas in India*:

"Dim dawn behind the tamarisks—the sky is saffron-yellow—  
 As the women in the village grind the corn,



And the parrots seek the river-side, each calling to his fellow  
 That the Day, the staring Eastern Day, is born.  
 Oh the white dust on the highway! Oh the stench in the  
 byway!  
 Oh the clammy fog that hovers over earth!  
 And at home they're making merry 'neath the white and scarlet  
 berry—  
 What part have India's exiles in their mirth?

High noon behind the tamarisks—the sun is hot above us—  
 As at home the Christmas Day is breaking wan.  
 They will drink our healths at dinner—those who tell us how  
 they love us,  
 And forget us till another year be gone!  
 Oh the toil that knows no breaking! Oh the heimweh, ceaseless  
 aching!  
 Oh the deep dividing sea and alien Plain!  
 Youth was cheap—wherefore we sold it. Gold was good—we  
 hoped to hold it,  
 And today we know the fulness of our gain."

Ditties of the Army, songs of the seasoned salts, ships  
 o' the line, the merchantmen and the packets—all these are  
 found in Kipling's verse:

"Coastwise—cross-seas—round the world and back again,  
 Whither flaw shall fail us or the Trades drive down:  
 Plain-sail—storm-sail—lay your board and tack again—  
 And all to bring a cargo up to London Town!"

#### THE BALLAD OF THE KING'S JEST

When spring time flushes the desert grass,  
 Our kafilas wind through the Khyber Pass.  
 Lean are the camels but fat the frails,  
 Light are the purses but heavy the bales,  
 As the snowbound trade of the North comes down  
 To the market-square of the Peshawur town

In a turquoise twilight, crisp and chill,  
 A kafila camped at the foot of the hill.  
 Then blue smoke-haze of the cooking rose,  
 And tent-peg answered to hammer-nose;

And the picketed ponies, shag and wild,  
Strained at their ropes as the feed was piled;  
And the bubbling camels beside the load  
Sprawled for a furlong adown the road;  
And the Persian pussy-cats, brought for sale,  
Spat at the dogs from the camel-bale;  
And the tribesmen bellowed to hasten the food;  
And the camp-fires twinkled by Fort Jumrood;  
And there fled on the wings of the gathering dusk  
A savour of camels and carpets and musk,  
A murmur of voices, a reek of smoke,  
To tell us the trade of the Khyber woke.

The lid of the flesh-pot chattered high,  
The knives were whetted and—then came I  
To Mahbub Ali the muleteer,  
Patching his bridles and counting his gear,  
Crammed with the gossip of half a year.  
But Mahbub Ali the kindly said,  
“Better is speech when the belly is fed.”  
So we plunged the hand to the mid-wrist deep  
In a cinnamon stew of the fat-tailed sheep,  
And he who never hath tasted the food,  
By Allah! he knoweth not bad from good.

We cleansed our beards of the mutton-grease,  
We lay on the mats and were filled with peace,  
And the talk slid north, and the talk slid south,  
With the sliding puffs from the hookah-mouth.  
Four things greater than all things are,—  
Women and Horses and Power and War.  
We spake of them all, but the last the most,  
For I sought a word of the Russian post,  
Of a shifty promise, an unsheathed sword  
And a gray-coat guard on the Helmund ford  
Then Mahbub Ali lowered his eyes  
In the fashion of one who is weaving lies.  
Quoth he: “Of the Russians who can say?  
When the night is gathering all is gray.  
But we look that the gloom of the night shall die  
In the morning flush of a blood-red sky.  
Friend of my heart, is it meet or wise  
To warn a King of his enemies?”

We know what Heaven or Hell may bring,  
But no man knoweth the mind of the King.  
That unsought counsel is cursed of God  
Attesteth the story of Wali Dad.

“His sire was leaky of tongue and pen,  
His dam was a clucking Khuttuck hen;  
And the colt bred close to the vice of each,  
For he carried the curse of an unstanch'd speech.  
Therewith madness—so that he sought  
The favour of kings at the Kabul court;  
And travelled, in hope of honour, far  
To the line where the gray-coat squadrons are.  
There have I journeyed too—but I  
Saw naught, said naught, and—did not die!  
He heark'd to rumour, and snatch'd at a breath  
Of ‘this one knoweth’ and ‘that one saith,’—  
Legends that ran from mouth to mouth  
Of a gray-coat coming, and sack of the South.  
These have I also heard—they pass  
With each new spring and the winter grass.

“Hot-foot southward, forgotten of God,  
Back to the city ran Wali Dad,  
Even to Kabul—in full durbar  
The King held talk with his Chief in War.  
Into the press of the crowd he broke,  
And what he had heard of the coming spoke.

“Then Gholam Hyder, the Red Chief, smiled,  
As a mother might on a babbling child;  
But those who would laugh restrained their breath,  
When the face of the King showed dark as death.  
Evil it is in full durbar  
To cry to a ruler of gathering war!  
Slowly he led to a peach-tree small,  
That grew by a cleft of the city wall.  
And he said to the boy: “They shall praise thy zeal  
So long as the red spurt follows the steel.  
And the Russ is upon us even now?  
Great is thy prudence—await them, thou.  
Watch from the tree. Thou art young and strong,  
Surely thy vigil is not for long.

The Russ is upon us, thy clamour ran?  
 Surely an hour shall bring their van.  
 Wait and watch. When the host is near,  
 Shout aloud that my men may hear."  
 "Friend of my heart, is it meet or wise  
 To warn a King of his enemies?  
 A guard was set that he might not flee—  
 A score of bayonets ringed the tree.

The peach-bloom fell in showers of snow,  
 When he shook at his death as he looked below.  
 By the power of God, who alone is great,  
 Till the seventh day he fought with his fate.  
 Then madness took him, and men declare  
 He mowed in the branches as ape and bear,  
 And last as a sloth, ere his body failed,  
 And he hung as a bat in the forks, and wailed,  
 And sleep the cord of his hands untied,  
 And he fell, and was caught on the points and died.

"Heart of my heart, is it meet or wise  
 To warn a King of his enemies?  
 We know what Heaven or Hell may bring,  
 But no man knoweth the mind of the King.  
 Of the gray-coat coming who can say?  
 When the night is gathering all is gray.  
 Two things greater than all things are,  
 The first is love, and the second is War.  
 And since we know not how War may prove,  
 Heart of my heart, let us talk of Love!"

#### THE SEA AND THE HILLS

Who hath desired the Sea?—the sight of salt water unbounded—  
 The heave and the halt and the hurl and the crash of the comber  
 wind-hounded?  
 The sleek-barrelled swell before storm, gray, foamless, enormous,  
 and growing—  
 Stark calm on the lap of the Line or the crazy-eyed hurricane  
 blowing—  
 His Sea in no showing the same—his Sea and the same 'neath  
 each showing—  
 His Sea as she slackens or thrills?



So and no otherwise—so and no otherwise hillmen desire their  
Hills!

Who hath desired the Sea?—the immense and contemptuous  
surges?

The shudder, the stumble, the swerve, as the star-stabbing bow-  
sprit emerges?

The orderly clouds of the Trades, and the ridged, roaring sap-  
phire thereunder—

Unheralded cliff-haunting flaws and the headsails' low-volleying  
thunder

His Sea in no wonder the same— His Sea and the same through  
each wonder:

His Sea as she rages or stills?

So and no otherwise—so and no otherwise hillmen desire their  
Hills.

Who hath desired the Sea? Her menaces swift as her mercies?  
The in-rolling walls of the fog and the silver-winged breeze that  
disperses?

The unstable mined berg going South and the calvings and groans  
that declare it—

White water half-guessed overside and the moon breaking timely  
to bear it;

His Sea as his fathers have dared—his Sea as his children shall  
dare it—

His Sea as she swerves him or kills?

So and no otherwise—so and no otherwise hillmen desire their  
Hills.

Who hath desired the Sea? Her excellent loneliness rather  
Than forecourts of kings, and her outermost pits than the streets  
where men gather

Inland, among dust, under trees—inland where the slayer may  
slay him;

Inland, out of reach of her arms, and the bosom whereon he must  
lay him—

His Sea at the first that betrayed—at the last that shall never  
betray him—

His Sea that his being fulfills?

So and no otherwise—so and no otherwise hillmen desire their  
Hills.

## RECESSIONAL

God of our fathers, known of old,  
 Lord of our far-flung battle-line,  
 Beneath whose awful Hand we hold  
 Dominion over palm and pine—  
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
 Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies;  
 The captains and the kings depart:  
 Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,  
 An humble and a contrite heart.  
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
 Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away;  
 On dune and headland sinks the fire:  
 Lo, all our pomp of yesterday  
 Is one with Ninevah and Tyre!  
 Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,  
 Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose  
 Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,  
 Such boastings as the Gentiles use,  
 Or lesser breeds without the Law—  
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
 Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust  
 In reeking tube and iron shard,  
 All valiant dust that builds on dust,  
 And guarding, calls not Thee to guard,  
 For frantic boast and foolish word—  
 Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord!

Amen.

## L'ENVOI

When Earth's last picture is painted and the tubes are twisted  
 and dried,  
 When the oldest colours are faded, and the youngest critic has  
 died,

We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it—lie down for an aeon  
or two,  
Till the Master of All Good Workmen shall put us to work anew!

And those that were good shall be happy: they shall sit in a golden  
chair;  
They shall splash at a ten-league canvas with brushes of comets'  
hair;  
They shall find real saints to draw from—Magdalene, Peter, and  
Paul;  
They shall work for an age at a sitting and never be tired at all!

And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall  
blame;  
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for  
fame,  
But each for the joy of the working, and each, in his separate star,  
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It for the God of Things as They  
Are!

## 2. HENLEY

William Ernest Henley was born in Gloucester, in 1849. He died in 1903. Although a magazine writer of note and, at the time of his death, editor-in-chief of the *Tudor Translations*, it is for his poetry that he holds a permanent place in English literature.

In 1874 he was obliged to spend a protracted period in a hospital. Here it was that those graphic poems in irregular meter appeared, on the clinic, house surgeon and hospital staff in general. At the time they aroused slight interest.

It was during his period at the infirmary that he became acquainted with Robert Louis Stevenson, then a contributor for the Cornhill Magazine which had published Henley's hospital pictures. Later, they worked together on three plays which are little read today.

In 1877 Henley became the editor for a journal called *London*; being of a critical literary character, it was read by a select few. Four years later he took charge of the *Magazine of Art*.

Henley was a strong admirer of Heine and the influence

of the German poet is discernible in some of his writings.

Like many another journalist, Henley was somewhat combative and of all his criticisms the hardest to condone is the attack he made on Stevenson who had been his friend.

His verse inadvertently disclosed that life had been a struggle. The saddest blow to befall him was the loss of his little six-year old Margaret, whom he shortly followed. This cherished child was the "little, exquisite Ghost, smiling with serenest eyes" of the Epilogue in his volume of poems.

The generality of readers will love Henley, not for his verses in unusual meter about hospital wards and surgery, but for some of his musical lyrics, such for example as the following:

"The wind on the wold,  
With sea-scents and sea-dreams attended,  
Is wine!

The air is gold  
In elixir—it takes so the splendid  
Sunshine!

O, the larks in the blue!  
How the song of them glitters, and glances,  
And gleams!

The old music sounds new—  
And it's O, the wild Spring, and its chances  
And dreams!

There's a lift in the blood—  
O, this gracious, and thirsting, and aching  
Unrest!  
All life's at the bud,  
And my heart, full of April, is breaking  
My breast."



## BALLADE

(Double refrain)

## OF YOUTH AND AGE

I. M.

Thomas Edward Brown

(1829-1896)

Spring at her height on a morn at prime,  
 Sails that laugh from a flying squall,  
 Pomp of harmony, rapture of rhyme—  
 Youth is the sign of them, one and all.  
 Winter sunsets and leaves that fall,  
 An empty flagon, a folded page,  
 A tumble-down wheel, a tattered ball—  
 These are a type of the world of Age.

Bells that clash in a gaudy chime,  
 Swords that clatter in onsets tall,  
 The words that ring and the fames that climb—  
 Youth is the sign of them, one and all.  
 Hymnals old in a dusty stall,  
 A bald, blind bird in a crazy cage,  
 The scene of a faded festival—  
 These are a type of the world of Age.

Hours that strut as the heirs of time,  
 Deeds whose rumour's a clarion-call,  
 Songs where the singers their souls sublime—  
 Youth is the sign of them, one and all.  
 A staff that rests in a nook of wall,  
 A reeling battle, a rusted gage,  
 The chant of a nearing funeral—  
 These are a type of the world of Age.

*Envoy*

Struggle and turmoil, revel and brawl—  
 Youth is the sign of them, one and all.  
 A smouldering hearth and a silent stage—  
 These are a type of the world of Age.

I. M.

R. T. HAMILTON BRUCE

(1846-1899)

Out of the night that covers me,  
Black as the Pit from pole to pole,  
I thank whatever gods may be  
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance  
I have not winced nor cried aloud.  
Under the bludgeonings of chance  
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears  
Looms but the Horror of the shade,  
And yet the menace of the years  
Finds, and shall find, me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,  
How charged with punishments the scroll,  
I am the master of my fate:  
I am the captain of my soul.

I. M.

MARGARITAE SORORI

(1886)

A late lark twitters from the quiet skies;  
And from the west,  
Where the sun, his day's work ended,  
Lingers as in content,  
There falls on the old, grey city  
An influence luminous and serene,  
A shining peace.

The smoke ascends  
In a rosy-and-golden haze. The spires  
Shine, and are changed. In the valley  
Shadows rise. The larks sing on. The sun,  
Closing his benediction,

Sinks, and the darkening air  
 Thrills with a sense of the triumphing night—  
 Night with her train of stars  
 And her great gift of sleep.

So be my passing!  
 My task accomplished and the long day done,  
 My wages taken, and in my heart  
 Some late lark singing,  
 Let me be gathered to the quiet west,  
 The sundown splendid and serene,  
 Death.

\* \* \* \* \*

Friends . . . old friends . . .  
 One sees how it ends.  
 A woman looks  
 Or a man tells lies,  
 And the pleasant brooks  
 And the quiet skies,  
 Ruined with brawling  
 And caterwauling,  
 Enchant no more,  
 As they did before,  
 And so it ends  
 With friends.

Friends . . . old friends . . .  
 And what if it ends?  
 Shall we dare to shirk  
 What we live to learn?  
 It has done its work,  
 It has served its turn;  
 And, forgive and forget  
 Or hanker and fret,  
 We can be no more  
 As we were before.  
 When it ends, it ends  
 With friends.

Friends . . . old friends . . .  
 So it breaks, so it ends.  
 There let it rest!

It has fought and won,  
And is still the best  
That either has done.  
Each as he stands  
The work of his hands  
Which shall be more  
As he was before? . . .  
What is it ends  
With friends?

*To H. B. M. W.*

Where forlorn sunsets flare and fade  
On desolate sea and lonely sand,  
Out of the silence and the shade  
What is the voice of strange command  
Calling you still, as friend calls friend  
With love that cannot brook delay  
To rise and follow the ways that wend  
Over the hills and far away?

Hark in the city, street on street  
A roaring reach of death and life,  
Of vortices that clash and fleet  
And ruin in appointed strife,  
Hark to it calling, calling clear,  
Calling until you cannot stay  
From dearer things than your own most dear  
Over the hills and far away?  
Out of the sound of the ebb-and-flow,  
Out of the sight of lamp and star,  
It calls you where the good winds blow,  
And the unchanging meadows are:  
From faded hopes and hopes a gleam,  
It calls you, calls you night and day  
Beyond the dark into the dream  
Over the hills and far away.



I. M.

R. L. S.

(1850-1894)

O, Time and Change, they range and range  
 From sunshine round to thunder!—  
 They glance and go as the great winds blow,  
 And the best of our dreams drive under:  
 For Time and Change estrange, estrange—  
 And, now they have looked and seen us,  
 O, we that were dear, we are all-too near  
 With the thick of the world between us.

O, Death and Time, they chime and chime,  
 Like bells at sunset falling!—  
 They end the song, they right the wrong,  
 They set the old echoes calling:  
 For Death and Time bring on the prime  
 Of God's own chosen weather,  
 And we lie in the peace of the Great Release  
 As once in the grass together.

## 3. MASEFIELD

John Masefield was born in Ledburg, in 1875. When fourteen years old, moved by the spirit of adventure which has aroused many a lad to fare forth into the world, after the manner of knights of old, Masefield slipped away from home to enlist as a sailor. His voyages carried him far and wide; he spent some time in the United States. In later years he has lived in England.

In 1912 he attracted the attention of many hitherto unaware of him by capturing the Polignac prize with the poem: *The Everlasting Mercy*. *Daffodil Fields* appeared the following year, then *The Widow in the Bye-Street*.

Although he is the author of several plays, the public generally know Masefield for his salt-water ballads. The sea was so long his home that he seems happiest when singing of masts and spars and all the paraphernalia so strange to the land lubber, so simple and natural to the old salt.

"I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,  
 And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by."

The *Yarn of the 'Lock Achray'* is a fair specimen of the vigorous narrative Masfield writes. The old conceit that the sea-birds are souls of the mariners, lost in the deep, who still hover around the ships with fluttering wings:

"When a ship comes by, they fly to look at the ship  
To see how the nowadays mariners manage things—"

such a fancy is worthy of "Billy the Dane."

If not of the sea, Masfield sings of the dusty roads, where the knights of the road, called "tramps" by the unknowing, find sufficient adventure to make settled life intolerable.

"Dunno a heap about the what and why,  
Cant say's I ever knowed.  
Heaven to me's a fair blue stretch of sky,  
Earth's just a dusty road.

Dunno the names o' things, nor what they are,  
Cant say's I ever will.  
Dunno about God—he's just the noddin' star  
Atop the windy hill.  
And why I live, an' why the old world spins,  
Are things I never knowed;  
My mark's the gypsy fires, the lonely inns,  
An' jest the dusty road."

The reflections upon the passing pageant of life, the why, the wherefore, these are hinted in the Sonnets.

"Roses are beauty, but I never see  
Those blood drops from the burning heart of June  
Glowing like thought upon the living tree,  
Without a pity that they die so soon,  
Die into petals, like those roses old,  
Those women, who were summer in men's hearts  
Before the smile upon the Sphinx was cold,  
Or sand had hid the Syrian and his arts.  
O myriad dust of beauty that lies thick  
Under our feet that not a single grain  
But stirred and moved in beauty and was quick  
For one brief moon and died nor lived again;  
But when the moon rose lay upon the grass  
Pasture to living beauty, life that was."

## SEA CHANGE

“Goneys aand gullies an’ all o’ the birds o’ the sea,  
 They ain’t no birds, not really,” said Billy the Dane.  
 “Not mollies, nor gullies, nor goneys at all,” said he,  
 “But simply the sperrits of mariners livin’ again.

“Them birds goin’ fishin’ is nothin’ but souls o’ the drowned,  
 Souls o’ the drowned an’ the kicked as are never no more;  
 An’ that there haughty old albatross cruisin’ around,  
 Belike he’s Admiral Nelson or Admiral Noah,

“An’ merry’s the life they are living. They settle and dip,  
 They fishes, they never stands watches, they waggle their  
 wings;  
 When a ship comes by, they fly to look at the ship  
 To see how the nowadays mariners manages things.

“When freezing aloft in a snorter, I tell you I wish—  
 (Though maybe it ain’t like a Christian)—I wish I could be  
 A haughty old copper-bound albatross dipping for fish  
 And coming the proud over all o’ the birds o’ the sea.

## HARBOUR-BAR

All in the feathered palm-tree tops the bright green parrots screech,  
 The white line of the running surf goes booming down the beach,  
 But I shall never see them, though the land lies close aboard,  
 I’ve shaped the last long silent tack as takes one to the Lord.

Give me the Scripters, Jakey, ’n’ my pipe atween my lips,  
 I’m bound for somewhere south and far beyond the track of ships;  
 I’ve run my rags of colours up and clinched them to the stay,  
 And God the pilot’s come aboard to bring me up the bay.

You’ll mainsail-haul my bits o’ things when Christ has took my  
 soul,  
 ’N’ you’ll lay me quiet somewhere at the landward end of Mole,  
 Where I shall hear the steamers’ sterns-a-squatter from the  
 heave,  
 And the topsail blocks a-piping when a rope-yarn fouls the sheave.

Give me a sup of lime-juice; Lord, I'm drifting into port,  
 The landfall lies to windward and the wind comes light and short,  
 And I'm for signing off and out to take my watch below,  
 And—prop a fellow, Jakey—Lord, it's time for me to go!

## SEA-FEVER

I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,  
 And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by,  
 And the wheel's kick and wind's song and the white sail's shaking,  
 And a grey mist on the sea's face and a grey dawn breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide  
 Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;  
 And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,  
 And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the sea-gulls crying.

I must go down to the seas again to the vagrant gypsy life,  
 To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's like a  
     whetted knife;  
 And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,  
 And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.

## D'AVALOS' PRAYER

When the last sea is sailed and the last shallow charted,  
 When the last field is reaped and the last harvest stored,  
 When the last fire is out and the last guest departed,  
     Grant the last prayer that I shall pray, Be good to me, O Lord!

And let me pass in a night at sea, a night of storm and thunder,  
 In the loud crying of the wind through sail and rope and spar;  
 Send me a ninth great peaceful wave to drown and roll me under  
     To the cold tunny-fishes' home where the drowned galleons are.

And in the dim green quiet place far out of sight and hearing,  
 Grant I may hear at whiles the wash and thresh of the sea-foam  
 About the fine keen bows of the stately clippers steering  
     Towards the lone northern star and the fair ports of home.

## ROADWAYS

One road leads to London,  
 One road runs to Wales,  
 My road leads me seawards  
     To the white dipping sails.



One road leads to the river,  
As it goes singing slow;  
My road leads to shipping,  
Where the bronzed sailors go.

Leads me, lures me, calls me  
To salt green tossing sea;  
A road without earth's road-dust  
Is the right road for me.

A wet road heaving, shining,  
And wild with seagull's cries,  
A mad salt sea-wind blowing  
The salt spray in my eyes.

My road calls me, lures me  
West, east, south, and north;  
Most roads lead men homewards,  
My road leads me forth.

To add more miles to the tally  
Of grey miles left behind,  
In quest of that one beauty  
God put me here to find.

#### A CREED

I hold that when a person dies  
His soul returns again to earth;  
Arrayed in some new flesh-disguise  
Another mother gives him birth.  
With sturdier limbs and brighter brain  
The old soul takes the roads again.

Such is my own belief and trust;  
This hand, this hand that holds the pen,  
Has many a hundred times been dust  
And turned, as dust, to dust again;  
These eyes of mine have blinked and shone  
In Thebes, in Troy, and Babylon.

All that I rightly think or do,  
Or make, or spoil, or bless, or blast,

Is curse or blessing justly due  
For sloth or effort in the past.  
My life's a statement of the sum  
Of vice indulged, or overcome.

I know that in my lives to be  
My sorry heart will ache and burn,  
And worship, unavailingly,  
The woman whom I used to spurn,  
And shake to see another have  
The love I spurned, the love she gave.

And I shall know, in angry words,  
In gibes, and mocks, and many a tear  
A carrion flock of homing-birds,  
The gibes and scorns I uttered here.  
The brave word that I failed to speak  
Will brand me dastard on the cheek.

And as I wander on the roads  
I shall be helped and healed and blessed;  
Dear words shall cheer and be as goads  
To urge to heights before unguessed.  
My road shall be the road I made;  
All that I gave shall be repaid.

So shall I fight, so shall I tread,  
In this long war beneath the stars;  
So shall a glory wreath my head,  
So shall I faint and show the scars,  
Until this case, this clogging mould,  
Be smithied all to kingly gold.

#### 4. BRIDGES

Upon the death of Austin, in 1913, Robert Bridges was made Poet Laureate. Courts are so little like those of earlier times, when a certain adulation necessarily attached to kings and royalty that the position of Laureate shines with a somewhat diminished luster.

Robert Bridges was born in 1844. He studied at Eton, then at Oxford. The medical profession attracted him and he practiced in hospitals until 1882, subsequently devoting himself to letters, producing poetry and plays. His *Prometheus* and *Eros and Psyche* are best known of his poems.

## ODE TO MUSIC

Open for me the gates of delight,  
 The gates of the garden of man's desire;  
 Where spirits touch'd by heavenly fire  
 Have planted the trees of life.—  
 Their branches in beauty are spread,  
     Their fruit divine  
 To the nations is given for bread,  
     And crush'd into wine.

To thee, O man, the sun his truth hath given,  
 The moon hath whisper'd in love her silvery dreams;  
 Night hath unlockt the starry heaven,  
 The sea the trust of his streams:  
 And the rupture of woodland spring  
     Is stay'd in its flying;  
     And Death cannot sting  
     Its beauty undying.

Fear and Pity disentwine  
 Their aching beams in colours fine;  
 Pain and woe forgo their might.  
 After darkness thy leaping sight,  
 After dumbness thy dancing sound,  
 After fainting thy heavenly flight,  
 After sorrow thy pleasures crown'd:  
 O enter the garden of thy delight,  
     Thy solace is found.

## NIGHTINGALES

Beautiful must be the mountains whence ye come,  
 And bright in the fruitful valleys the streams, wherefrom  
     Ye learn your song:  
 Where are those starry woods? O might I wander there,  
 Among the flowers, which in that heavenly air  
     Bloom the year long!

Nay, barren are those mountains and spent the streams:  
 Our song is the voice of desire, that haunts our dreams,  
     A throe of the heart,  
 Whose pining visions dim, forbidden hopes profound,  
 No dying cadence nor long sigh can sound,  
     For all our art.

Alone, aloud in the raptured ear of men  
We pour our dark nocturnal secret, and then,  
    As night is withdrawn  
From these sweet-springing meads and bursting boughs of May,  
Dream, while the innumerable choir of day  
    Welcome the dawn.



## WHY RUSSIA?

ONE reason why we should want to know Russia is the fact that as a state it occupies the largest contiguous territory in the world, namely 8,200,000 square miles. By January, 1925, its population was estimated at 138,781,150, while the census of 1920 gave the figure of 131,000,000. For sheer bulk and numbers, then, Russia presents such a commanding unit that only a mentally purblind person can afford to overlook it. Its area extends all the way from the Asiatic coast of the Pacific ocean to the shores of the Baltic in Central Europe, and from the Arctic Sea to the borders of China, Persia and the Black Sea. By its geographical position and by the conditions of its historical development, Russia has served as a mediator between Europe and Asia, assimilating and combining certain essential traits of the Orient and Occident.

The reconstruction of Europe and, indeed, of the world cannot be accomplished without the participation of Russia. Occupying more than one-half of Europe and more than one-third of Asia, Russia possesses an incomputed wealth of natural resources, and a tremendous potential capacity for the export of raw material and cereals for the war exhausted world. At the same time Russia, which is bound to remain for an indefinite time a prevaillingly agricultural country, presents an enormous market for imported manufactures, and thus a solution for the menace of industrial crises and unemployment hovering over post war Europe. Needless to say, the United States, the world's chief creditor, is vitally concerned about the reconstruction of its debtor states, that is, of practically the whole of Europe.

Aside from these practical reasons, we ought to know Russia because of its contributions to the spiritual growth of humanity. In nearly every field of intellectual and artistic activity the Russians have played a noble part which cannot be ignored by the world. No student of literature to-day can overlook the effect produced on writers of western nations by Gogol, Turgenev, Tolstoy, Dostoyevsky, and

other Russian giants of the pen. The leading writers of fiction in contemporary America show unmistakably the beneficial influence of Chekhov, Gorky, Andreyev, and others. The same is true about England and the Continent. Modern playwrights and stage directors the world over are indebted to the Russian repertoire and to the methods of the Moscow Art Theatre, Meyerhold, Tairov, Yevreinov, and others. Scenery and stage decoration have been raised to an art, and since universally emulated, by such Russians as Bakst, Goncharova, Larionov, Roerich, Anisfeld, Remizov, Sudeykin, Somov . . . Russian painters and sculptors occupy an honorable place in the world galleries, while Russian music and musicians are becoming everywhere more and more predominating. Rarely does a musical program fail to contain numbers by Glinka, Tchaikovsky, Mussorgsky, Rimsky-Korsakov, Borodin, Glazunov, or by the more modern Scriabin, Stravinsky, Prokofiev. One hardly needs to mention the influence of the Russian ballet and the growing popularity of the Russian folk dance.

The general public is less aware of Russia's contributions to science, and it is only scholars and students who recall with reverence such names as Mendeleyev, in chemistry, Lobachevsky, in mathematics, Lebedev, in physics, Mechnikov, in biology, Pavlov, in physiology (he received the Nobel prize), Timiryazev and Vinogradsky, in botany, Pirogov, in anatomy, Bekhterev, in neurology, Kluchevsky, in history, Ostrogorsky, in political science, Kovalevsky, in sociology, Tugan-Baranovsky and Struve, in political economy, Soloviev and Lossky, in philosophy—to mention only a few names of the list of internationally known Russian savants.

Lastly, it behooves us to try and understand Russia in view of the stupendous experience it has been going through since 1917. History seldom offers such an opportunity for observing a large state and a composite nation in the process of destruction and construction. The vicissitudes of the Russian people, their sufferings and privations, their ardent hopes and black disenchantments, their prolonged struggle against terrific odds, present a tragedy on a cosmic scale, a spectacle for the gods, which it seldom falls to the lot of

mortals to witness. Russia has been going through an unheard of experiment in a complete reversal of social, political, and economic relations. Numerous mistakes have been committed by the present rulers, many excesses, much bloodshed and waste. But it is too early for us, contemporaries, to judge the results of the Russian experiment. We have the good fortune of being in a position to watch the interesting process, to learn valuable lessons from Russia's errors and achievements, without having to pay the fearful price that the Russians are forced to pay for the privilege of being among the actors rather than among the spectators. Let us try, then, to be attentive, and if possible, impartial observers.

#### NATIONAL TRAITS

Within the last decade states have fallen, institutions have perished, and many apparently stable and solid edifices have crumbled into dust. The great Russian empire has gone through disintegration, disruption, the throes of death and the travail of birth, and is still groping its way out of chaos. For an understanding of Russia, free from bigoted intolerance and from purblind worship, it behooves us to observe certain essential traits of the Russian people which have existed in the past and are extant today, regardless of political and economic changes.

The empire, in itself, is a characteristic trait of Russia. It did not come into being as a result of military conquest, primarily, but resembled the growth of a tree, naturally branching out and spreading its roots. After the revolution of 1917, the empire fell to pieces and melted into numerous independent states and statelets, but today it is once more a gigantic unit, diminished only by Finland, Esthonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Poland, and Bessarabia, borderlands in great need of Russia's friendship and intercourse, and therefore its present or future allies. Today Russia still occupies about one-seventh of the globe, with a population of over one hundred and thirty millions, composed of some sixty-five different races speaking more than one hundred tongues, and professing a variety of creeds, from heathenism to the most advanced religious cults. These numerous

units, after a momentary centrifugal tendency, have reassembled and formed a more or less voluntary cohesion, a federation of internally autonomous republics presenting a unified front to the outside world. One may compare them to a many voiced organ emitting a complex yet harmonious music. They are bound by common historical traditions, by interdependent economic interests, and by a common cultural heritage, an all national art and literature which existed despite and alongside of local linguistic expressions.

The spirit of cooperation is highly developed among the Russians, as evidenced by such ancient folk institutions as workers' *artels* (pools) and the *mir*, the village commune, in which mutual responsibility and joint ownership have been practiced from times immemorial. The *mir* has reflected the average Russian's conception of land as being a gift of God, like air and sunshine, which may be used but neither owned nor hoarded. It has also shown his inclination to think and act collectively, as a "world" (the word *mir* means also "world" and "peace"). Again, in no country has the cooperative movement made such big strides as in Russia, where nearly every family has members in consumers', producers', or credit societies.

One may ask, then: Why has Communism failed in Russia? Why does it count among its adherents less than one per cent. of the population, despite the national trait of communal life and action? The reason for this lies in the coercive and violent methods which the Bolsheviki employed during the first years of their rule. For strangely enough, the average Russian combines with the spirit of cooperation a decided individualism which does not submit (except on the surface) to imposition and coercion. I speak of the individualism which means not that *my* own individual self is the centre of the universe, the rest of humanity being of secondary importance, but that *the* individual, as such, whether myself or my neighbor, is to command the highest regard. It is the individualism which follows the revolutionizing maxim of Kant: man is an aim in himself, not a means for the state, or society, or Communism, or for however lofty a goal. The average Russian peasant is precisely such an individualist, however illiterate and ignorant of philo-



sophical theories he may be. He displays this trait in his broad-mindedness and toleration, in his lack of national and religious conceit, in his respect for man under all circumstances and conditions. It has been observed that the peasant does not presume to judge or condemn, and that when convicts are led through his village he regards them as "unfortunates," pities them, and helps them with food and a few coppers. Consequently the peasant does not approve of presumption and violence on the part of others either, be they agents of the tsar or of the Bolsheviki.

I said that the average Russian is a Kantian individualist, though ignorant of philosophy. In fact the Russians have produced but few philosophers in proportion to their writers, composers, painters, and creative minds in other fields. One may say that they are a philosophical people, in the sense of being profoundly concerned about the meaning and value of life, but not a people of philosophers. To be a philosopher, to set forth a logically constructed system, with neatly formulated definitions and precepts, one must detach oneself from every day life and soar in the clouds of speculation. The Russian seldom divorces himself from reality, he is too closely bound to this vale of tears for a detached point of view, for a philosophical system; he is too busy *living* the teachings of great philosophers to aspire to becoming one. Truly Russia has had more actual followers of the basic views of, let us say, Kant, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, than the nation which produced them. The Russian professes and practices his convictions not according to a system, but—and this is another national trait—spontaneously, as spontaneously as he sings. Song is his inseparable companion, from cradle to coffin, at work and at play, in sorrow and in joy. Come to a Russian village, and you will be amazed at the infallible harmony of the choruses made up by untutored lads and lasses. But try to organize them into singing societies, fetter them with formalities and the spontaneity will fly, and with it all pristine delight.

The Russian's broad-mindedness and freedom from insularity and conceit are due among other reasons to factors of geography and history. A gigantic plane stretch-

ing from the Baltic Sea to the Pacific Ocean, and from the Arctic to the Black Sea and the border of China, Russia has been naturally unprotected and open to invasions on every side. Russia has been invaded by nearly every race on earth, but it has also been pervaded by a great multitude of ideas, has been the receptacle of a variety of cultures and civilizations, creeds and schools, which were amalgamated, assimilated, and Russianized. Hence the *universal* quality of the national mind of Russia in its every expression, in its thought or action, literature or music, painting or sculpture, drama or dance. The universal appeal of these expressions is due to the fact that they express nothing purely local and temporary, but all human eternal values which have for ages fallen upon the receptive level soil of Russia, there to become intensified and synthesized.

Another trait of the Russians is their fanaticism, if by this we understand blind, unreserved devotion to a cause or idea, whether right or wrong from our point of view. One of the signs of a civilized person is his faculty to compromise, to make allowances and adjustments, to regard things relatively. In this respect the Russians are quite primitive. Once they adopt an idea, they must go to the end, to the root; they want all or nothing, rejecting all half ways, half measures, half truths. While tolerant toward others, they are ruthlessly exacting and uncompromising with themselves. The numerous religious sects, consisting mostly of illiterate peasants, refused to conform with the official church, in face of harsh persecutions, exile and prison, even death. During the reign of Peter the Great, dissenting sects would burn themselves alive to the singing of hymns rather than submit to the decree of the tsar, whom they regarded as the Antichrist. Canada, California and other parts of the Western Hemisphere have considerable colonies of Russian sectarians, who forsook their beloved native fields for foreign lands and strange environments, in order that they might observe their humble Christianity. How many thousands of their coreligionists have perished in Russian prisons and places of exile, under the whip and the bayonet! Or to cite another case, that of the revolu-

tionary *intelligentsia*, those men and women who gave up their personal interests and the interests of their privileged class, and sacrificed their freedom and life for the common people. The large majority of the Russian revolutionists for the last one hundred years belonged to the nobility, yet they struggled and died for a cause that was primarily directed against that class. Finally, one may illustrate this fanaticism by the recent experience of the Russian people, when surrounded on every side by hostile armies, bled white by foreign and civil wars, by blockade, famine, and pestilence, they nevertheless persisted in spurning the offer to sell their birthright for a mess of pottage.

These are some of the salient national traits of Russia. A consideration of them may help us approach this enigmatic country with a clearer understanding and a broader vision.

## A HISTORICAL SKETCH OF PRE-REVOLUTIONARY RUSSIA

**I**S Russia East or West? This question has been debated for many generations both in Russia and abroad, and it is still causing a good deal of speculation on the part of historians and sociologists. The question is, on the whole, quite futile, because Russia is neither East nor West but a combination of both. Geographically and historically Russia is as much Europe as it is Asia, while its cultural development manifests an attempt at synthesizing the two. Though predominantly European in race and traditions, Russia has served, not always willingly, as a bridge between the two continents, or rather as a welder of the two into one—Eurasia.

Among the reasons for Russia's distinct place among nations, not the least one is to be found in her prevalent religion. In 988 A.D. the Russian state, then a little more than one hundred years old, officially accepted the Greek Orthodox branch of Christianity. The Norse rulers of the Russian Slavs of Novgorod and Kiev had carried on lively commerce with Constantinople, which lies just across the Black Sea, the terminal of Russia's southward-flowing waterways. Economic intercourse and occasional warfare brought the two peoples together, with the result that the more civilized neighbor, Byzantium, effected the conversion of the savage trade and warriors to its culture. Thus it happened that, while western Europe presented a united front as papal Christendom, Russia (and the virtually isolated Balkan Christians) marched alone, and alone faced the Heathenish and Islamic East. Russian religion and art bear the indelible stamp of Byzantium, a land which in its turn formed a link between the Orient and Occident.

Another cause for Russia's protracted isolation from European progress was the so-called "Tartar Yoke." From about 1237 to 1480, Russia was in the grip of Asiatic invaders, known as Tartars or Mongols, who had no difficulty in subjugating the country, a net of small principalities for



the most part disunited and at loggerheads with one another. Russia performed the ungrateful task of a rear guard, detaining and actually checking the impetuous westward march of the Asiatics. For nearly two and a half centuries Russia had to struggle for its national existence, deprived of all intercourse with the West and taking no part in the momentous upheavals of European civilization. Russia's backwardness is thus easily explained.

This struggle for national existence culminated in the efforts of the Moscow princes to overthrow the foreign yoke through a consolidation of the separate principalities into one powerful state. Moscow succeeded in becoming the centre of a rapidly growing empire ruled by an unlimited monarch, the autocratic tsar. The two features—the empire and the autocracy—appeared interdependent. The swift expansion of Russia was chiefly due to the colonizing efforts of the people who spread in every direction, occupying ever vaster tracts of land in the south and east, across the Urals, in Siberia. While the growth was natural in its tendency, it was abnormally feverish in its tempo. As a result the spread of the imperial eagle's wings was out of proportion to the solidity of the population. The state faced the difficult task of defending a rapidly increasing, sparsely populated territory against hostile neighbors on every side, and at the same time the task of assimilating and holding together the centrifugal and variegated races and tribes which were gradually forming the composite Russian nation. Only the iron hand of an absolute monarch could rule the country during such a period of flux and formation. The growth of the empire under those conditions necessitated the harnessing of all national forces to the vehicle of the state. The overwhelming majority of the people, the peasants, had been gradually bound to their soil, and by the eighteenth century they had lost all freedom and right, becoming virtually the chattels of their masters and the state.

These three historical features—autocracy, imperial expansion, and the bondage of the masses—reached the climax under the reign of Peter the Great (1689-1725). In his effort to destroy Russia's isolation, to make his country

a commanding Power, and to bring it in close contact with the West, Peter employed methods as violent as those of the Bolsheviki during their early rule. As an autocrat he suffered no rival authority, secular or ecclesiastic, and as a devoted servant of the state he demanded of all his subjects a similar unreserved devotion and sacrifice of liberty and life. How could one expect his regard for the sentiments and preferences of the people, when he had his own son and heir, Alexis, executed for his suspected disagreement with his father's policy! Impatient with the slow process of evolution, Peter spared neither himself nor his subjects in his endeavor to spur Russia onward, in a mad leap across three centuries of backwardness.

Peter's ideal had been apparently achieved by the latter part of the eighteenth century, under Catherine II. The once formidable neighbors of Russia to the west and south—Sweden, Poland and Turkey—had been beaten and reduced to victims; the southeastern and eastern Asiatic hordes had been assimilated and transformed into loyal subjects of the empire. Instead of a small inland principality harrassed on all frontiers, Russia had become a Great Power in the European concert, in control of the Baltic Sea in the west, of the Black Sea in the south, and rapidly approaching the coast of the Pacific in the east. The empire was safely established, and it no longer required for its existence the support of the other two institutions—autocracy and serfdom. Indeed, at her accession Catherine planned the release of the nation from political and economic bondage, but she soon discovered the strong opposition of the nobility to the liberation of the serfs and, as she owed her enthronment to the nobles, she confined her generosity to the latter, recanting her liberal intentions as far as the common people were concerned. Under Catherine serfdom was extended to all Russia, affecting even the hitherto free peasants, and it became more thorough and rigid than ever. A poorly organized revolt of the dispossessed and disgruntled was ruthlessly suppressed; the masses were delivered body and soul to their masters for another century.

The success of Peter's reform was but partial. Only the

facade of Russia was westernized, the official circles and the nobility. The people proper remained unchanged, stagnating in their bondage and clinging to their old customs and beliefs. Thus a gulf began to form between the two Russias, the upper crust which was growing more and more Europeanized and cultured, and the bulk of the nation untouched by the new spirit. The one group, an insignificant minority, enjoyed all the favors and privileges granted by the autocracy which it supported in return. The other portion, the overwhelming majority of the people, was deprived of all rights and was regarded merely as a source of revenue. This abnormal state of affairs could exist only as long as the autocratic regime succeeded in keeping the masses ignorant and blindly submissive. The inevitable clash between the two elements came in 1917, with all the horrors and excesses that should have been expected.

Westernization meant, however, not only externals, such as technical advancement, a better military organization, a more efficient government machine, and the veneer of customs and costumes. Together with these importations came also ideas, invited or uninvited. The more intelligent and receptive portion of Russian society was deeply affected by French thought, before and during the Great Revolution. The Napoleonic wars which kept the Russian armies for years in foreign lands and brought them in close contact with western institutions and views, made them realize concretely their native shortcomings. Thus took place the formation of the *intelligentsia*, the high-minded individuals whose disinterested and heroic efforts on behalf of the common people have filled one of the most noble pages in the history of Russia and of the human race in general. That very limited group of educated persons who cogitated and articulated their thoughts, who created literature and other expressions of the mind, who were capable of analysis and criticism, boldly raised the banner of revolt against the existing order of gross inequality and injustice, and slowly but decidedly helped to shake the pillars of this order, at the risk of perishing, like Samson, under the ruins. From the latter part of the reign of Catherine to the revolution of 1917, the *intelligentsia* was the chief contributor to



whatever made Russian life noble and brilliant culturally and socially.

Westernization also meant that, as a European Power, official Russia had to introduce progressive measures, however reluctantly and in however small doses. In 1861 the serfs were freed both for economic reasons and because, in the words of Alexander II, it was better "to liberate the peasants from above than to wait till they obtain freedom from below." The Crimean Campaign revealed the backwardness of Russia and the obsolescence of her institutions, and it dictated the removal of the chief national evil—serfdom. Had this reform been carried out wholeheartedly and thoroughly, Russia would have become an equal member of civilized Christendom, and might have avoided great trials and revolutions. But autocracy could exist only through the support of groups favored at the expense of the common people. Though liberating the peasants legally, it gave them so little and such poor land, and burdened them with such intolerable direct and indirect taxes, that the wretches, reluctant to exercise their newly-won freedom to starve, were obliged to fall upon the mercy of their former masters, and become their economic slaves. As time went on the rapidly multiplying peasantry found itself less and less in a position to cope with the situation of a per capita diminished, physically exhausted, and hopelessly indebted land. Hunger for soil was one of the main factors in the revolution.

Membership in civilized Christendom meant, among other things, the ability to maintain a strong army and navy. Russia could not keep out of the militaristic race which obsessed Europe through the latter part of the nineteenth century. But militarism is a costly game, and in order to meet its requirements the autocratic government began to encourage and artificially foster the development of capitalism and industry. During the nineties Russian industrial plants and commercial undertakings flourished and grew at an unprecedented scale. A new class appeared on the stage, the factory workers who were for the most part impoverished peasants forced to migrate to the city. The "boom" was of a short duration, however. The arti-



ficially nursed and highly protected industry required a market, while the bulk of consumers, the peasants, lacked purchasing power for the expensive home products. A severe crisis came, which helped to revolutionize the workers, on the one hand, and prompted the government to plunge into imperialistic adventures in the quest of foreign markets, on the other hand. The war with Japan broke out (1904-1905), due to the provocative, mendacious, and greedy policy of Nicolas II, with the result that Russia was utterly defeated on land and on sea. This costly and disgraceful adventure brought about the revolution of 1905, that extraordinary spectacle of a nation going on strike, without organization or preliminary preparation discontinuing all private and public functions, in this characteristically Russian method of "passive resistance" bringing the autocrat to bay. Nicolas was forced to relinquish his absolute power by a decree for the convocation of a legislative Duma elected from all classes and ranks of the people. Again, as in 1861, Russia was on the verge of becoming a normal, constitutional state, and again the government distorted a promising reform, and reduced it to a farce. The electoral rights were curbed and so manipulated that the Duma represented largely the big land-owners instead of the people, and played the part of an instrument of the government.

The revolution of 1905 proved abortive chiefly because the mass of the army, though consisting of more than eighty per cent. of peasants, remained stolidly obedient to the commands of their officers, and attacked their friends, the workers and the *intelligentsia*. But 1905 must be regarded as the prelude to 1917. The intervening twelve years served to educate the masses politically. However imperfect an institution the Duma was, it served as the only rostrum from which liberal and radical deputies could address the nation with a certain freedom, clarifying issues and pillorying autocracy's misdeeds. This period helped to dispel the stolidity and apathy of the masses, to stimulate their consciousness and quicken their intelligence. In the Great War the soldiery was sufficiently alert and sober (prohibition was enforced) to observe and draw conclusions

from the inefficiency, mismanagement, criminal irresponsibility and corruption of the authorities. In 1916 I wrote: "One need not be a prophet to foretell that the present order of things will have to disappear. The only citadel of the autocracy in 1905-1906—the army—has learned in this war an unforgettable lesson of the crimes of their rulers in Petrograd. And one may hope that in the last conflict between the people and the autocracy the army will prove to be the people's army."\* In March, 1917, the army *was* the people, and with a brusque shrug of the shoulders it swept off the obsolete autocracy, which was so rotten and isolated that it fell without showing any resistance. With its fall serfdom, or social inequality, broke down, while the third concomitant institution, the empire, also disintegrated for a while but reassembled most of its parts eventually. We are at the close of a thousand years of Russian history, and at the opening of a new and unknown page.

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\* *Russia under Nicolas II*, p. 352, v. II of Kornilov's *Modern Russian History*.

## THE TWILIGHT OF AUTOCRACY

THE inevitability of the Russian revolution and the reasons for its violence and extreme nature, may be better understood once we realize the fatal perniciousness of the tsaristic regime. It is worth while therefore to make an impartial study of the last emperor of the Romanov dynasy, who presents a historic personification of autocracy.

“That unfortunate, entangled young man, recognized as the leader of 130,000,000 of people, continually deceived and compelled to contradict himself” . . . Such was the portrait of Emperor Nicolas II, drawn during the Russo-Japanese war by Leo Tolstoy, the one Russian who could speak the truth unmolested. These terse words epitomize the tragedy of the last of the Romanov rulers. There were hundreds of millions of such “unfortunate and entangled” individuals in the world, but it fell upon only one of these to be the anointed master over one-sixth of the globe peopled by one-twelfth of the human race. As a private citizen, Nicolas Romanov would have presented an inoffensive mediocrity. Both he and his wife were endowed with the virtues of a bourgeoisie family, in their mutual devotion and love for their children, in the frugality of their mode of living, in the rather indifferent standard of their intellectual and artistic tastes, in their piety. But grim chance placed these innocents at the helm of a complex empire at a most critical moment of its history, narrowed their dim vision, blinded their limited reason, and hurled them to the bottom of sheol, into which they wellnigh dragged their country, too. Thus the insignificant personalities of Nicolas and Alexandra Romanov acquire a historical value, symbolizing the autocratic régime and its doom.

A sketch, if not a final study, of this fatal couple is made possible by the abundance of material recently rendered accessible. Eschewing all testimony by liberal and radical writers as unavoidably biased, we may confine ourselves to the memoirs of avowed monarchists, the tsar’s loyal

ministers, diplomats, generals, courtiers. Our main information, however, is drawn from the testimonies of the hero and heroine themselves, that is to say, from the diaries of Nicolas and from the letters of the tsar and tsaritsa to one another. These latter documents are so intimate in places, with their bed chamber endearments and details, as to be embarrassing to one who does not fancy this sort of literature. Yet precisely because these utterances had not been intended for outsiders, they possess extremely valuable information, which, were it not for the Revolution, would have probably remained unknown to the world, at any rate for many generations.

Those who came in contact with Nicolas II invariably testified to the charm of his manner and conversation. In fact, some regarded him as a "charmer" whose soft voice, guileless gentleness and gazelle eyes made him irresistible. In this respect, as in many others, he presented a total contrast to his father, Alexander III, who was coarse, blunt, overbearing, and who produced the impression of "being on the point of striking you," according to General Batyanov. Nicolas lacked the temerity to voice his displeasure openly and face to face, a trait which Count Witte, Minister under both tsars, bitterly regretted. A Minister would learn of his dismissal, in the majority of cases, suddenly, incidentally, in a roundabout way (Foreign Minister Sazonov was surprised to read of his discharge in the newspapers, shortly after an amiable talk with the tsar). When Nicolas became impatient with Witte's criticisms of the Far Eastern adventure and with his reluctance to finance indiscriminately the grand dukes and duchesses with their numerous protégés, he asked him to bring to the Palace his assistant, Pleske, and without warning announced that Pleske was appointed in his place. General Kuropatkin records in his diary that Madame Witte spoke with tears in her eyes: "How can one treat so a Minister after eleven years of service! Even footmen are not treated in such a manner; even they are given notice of dismissal beforehand."

This gentle disposition of the tsar may be ascribed to his inherent weakness of character. It was generally known



among his kinsmen and Ministers that he agreed with the opinion of the person who spoke to him last. The letters of the tsaritsa abound in references to this trait of his, and that most devoted and admiring friend of theirs, M. Pierre Gilliard, who as tutor to the tsarevich had extraordinary opportunities for studying the characters of the sovereigns, states: "Nicolas II was modest and timid; he had not enough self-confidence. . . . The tsaritsa knew the tsar's irresolute character." So did Wilhelm II, and he made excellent use of his blatant eloquence to bring the timid cousin to his point of view. When a particularly questionable decision was involved, the kaiser did not depend on correspondence, but sought to have a personal interview with gentle Nicolas. We know of at least two such fatal interviews, the one when Wilhelm wrested from Nicolas the consent to Germany's occupation of Kiao Chau, and the other of the Björke treaty fame, of which more presently.

As is often the case with weak individuals, especially when they are aware of their failing, Nicolas displayed mulish obstinacy with opponents whom he could dodge meeting face to face, such as the Russian liberals and constitutionalists. Another concomitant trait of his weak character was the jealous suspicion he showed for any strong personality within the range of his vision. Minister of Interior Plehve, that faithful dog of Autocracy who was blown up by a bomb of a revolutionist, remarked to Kuropatkin that "the trait of mistrust in their ministers . . . was common to all tsars, from Alexander I down. This trait harmonized with the basic principle of autocracy. On the surface the autocrats listen to their ministers, agree with them, but nearly always there are persons from the outside who easily find access to their hearts and instil into them a suspicion towards the ministers, presenting them as assailants against the absolute rights of the monarch. Hence the duality of their actions." Bewildered by this "duality" in the tsar's Far Eastern policy, Minister of War Kuropatkin requested to be dismissed, expressing his hope that the monarch's confidence in him would increase when he was no longer minister. In an impulse of frankness Nicolas exclaimed: "Do you know, however

strange this may seem, what you say is perhaps psychologically true." The hostility of Nicolas for Count Witte, the most brilliant statesman of the last two Romanovs, was notorious. Reluctantly he called upon Witte's services at the most critical moments of his rule—for the conclusion of the Portsmouth treaty with Japan, the pacification of the country by the constitutional manifesto of October, 1905, and the negotiation of a foreign loan in 1906. After these achievements the tsar and tsaritsa treated him with open and ostentatious contempt. The death of Witte was greeted by Nicholas with expressions of joy in conversation and in a letter to his wife.<sup>1</sup> The other outstanding statesman of the last period, Premier Stolypin, who succeeded in crushing the revolution and saving the throne for another decade, also displeased the tsar in the end with his growing power. When Stolypin was shot in the presence of Nicolas, the latter conspicuously displayed his indifference for the dying servant. We are told by various persons, among them by Ambassador Paleologue of France, who quotes Premier Kokovtsev, that Nicolas was jealous of Stolypin's authority, actually saying that the minister threatened to eclipse his monarch.<sup>2</sup> The autocrat felt more at ease with such nonentities as Goremykin and Golitsyn, whose only virtue was blind obedience to their master.<sup>3</sup>

It is evident that the charming gentleness of Nicolas' disposition did not preclude his display of indifference toward the sentiments and sufferings of other people. On the evening of his coronation the tsar danced at the ball given by the French ambassador, notwithstanding the fact that the festivities of the day had been marred by a catastrophe: several thousand men, women, and children were crushed to death owing to the mismanagement of the city administration headed by the tsar's uncle. The tsar did not find it necessary to postpone the ball. He warmly approved of the persecution of non-Orthodox subjects, not even hesitating to commit perjury (in the case of Finland). The Kishinev massacre of Jews, which aroused the indignation of the whole civilized world, brought the tsar's remark (to Kuropatkin) that the Jews deserved a lesson.<sup>4</sup> The punitive expeditions after the revolution of 1905, which

devastated whole villages and executed thousands of innocent citizens, received his hearty approval. The German barons in the Baltic provinces were particularly notorious for their excessive cruelty. When the Baltic governor-general wired to the tsar a request to bridle the zeal of Captain Richter, who "arbitrarily executed non-resisting persons without any trial," Nicolas gleefully inscribed a barrack expression on the telegram: "Ai da molodets!" that is, "Ah, what a fine fellow!" In his callousness, bordering sometimes on sadism, he resembled his ancestor, Paul I, the madman who was stifled to death by his courtiers, to the general relief of the country. "How much the profile of your husband looks like the profile of Paul I," remarked Edward VII, then Prince of Wales, to the young tsaritsa, in the presence of her husband. We are told by Count Witte that the Britisher's undiplomatic remark pleased neither of the newlyweds. In his lumbering, equivocal style Witte comments on this anecdote: "Of course, Nicolas II is not Paul I, but his character has many of the latter's traits, and even some of Alexander I's (mysticism, cunning, aye—perfidy), though to be sure none of Alexander's culture. . . . Nicolas possesses the average education of a Colonel of the Guards."

"Colonel Romanov," as the deposed tsar was addressed after the revolution, did not shine with brilliance of intellect or eloquence of expression. Shortly after the uprising of 1905 the authorities confiscated a booklet entitled *The Speeches of Nicolas II*. The material was perfectly authentic, and precisely for this reason it demonstrated an alarming poverty of brains. The longest speech in the collection was the one prepared by Pobyedonostsev (the lay head of the church) and read by Nicolas soon after his accession to the delegates of various classes of the nation. It contained the celebrated phrase "senseless dreams," applied to the courteous petition of the liberal groups for granting the people a share in the government of the country. The majority of the "speeches," addressed to regimental officers or to crowned visitors, consisted of the stereotyped greeting: "I drink to the health of . . ." Nicolas was strikingly laconic in his public utterances, and



also in his diary, which he kept with meticulous punctuality to the very end of his life. This document makes exceedingly dreary reading—a monotonous cataloguing of the weather, the parties and receptions, the regimental inspections and other petty deeds and diversions which filled the existence of the crowned Babbit; the significant events of his reign are either ignored or barely mentioned.

As heir to the throne Nicolas typified the gilded youth of Russia, of the military circles in particular, in the scanty instruction he had received, in the narrow range of his interests, and in the kind of amusements he preferred. His diary of that period records rare visits to the State Council at the request of his father, but his enthusiasm at this sort of "work" can be seen from such entries as this: "Today there was no session of the State Council, a fact which I did not lament." On the other hand he records with obvious satisfaction and in barrack slang the numerous jolly dinners with gypsies, songs, frolics, and the "regular wines." We grow dizzy of such terse phrases as "got stewed," "we drank gloriously," "tasted six sorts of port, and got a bit soused," "we wallowed on the grass and drank," "felt owlsh," "the officers carried me out," and the very next day—"we drank an hundred and twenty-five bottles of champagne." He is also careful about registering each game of cards, or billiards, or on the roulette, never failing to inform posterity whether he lost four rubles or won seventeen. To complete the portrait of a "regular fellow," the diary mentions here and there the heir's celebrated infatuation with the balerina Krzsiesinski, whose palace subsequently became the headquarters of Lenin and his staff. We read also of his talk with "papa" on this delicate subject, as a result of which talk Nicolas had to take a long journey to Asia. It was on that trip that he made his first acquaintance with Japan, which did not augur much good: he received a sabre cut on the head from a native for some sacrilegious action in a temple.

In 1894 the diary assumes a more serious tone, in consequence of two events which took place during that year: the heir's marriage to Princess Alex of Hesse Darmstadt, and the death of Alexander III. The wooing was ardent,



and its successful consummation recorded in terms of delirious bliss. The notes of joy in the diary mingled, however, with those of genuine grief over the mysterious illness of the father, which wrought swift havoc on the physical giant and felled him like an oak struck by lightning. Mentally immature and utterly unprepared for the enormous task, the young monarch was bewildered by the suddenness with which the new burden had descended on him, and he found no easier way than to "follow in the footsteps of his lamented father," for whom he had always felt a respect mixed with awe. This meant that Russia continued to be ruled by the evil genius of Pobyedonostsev, who virtually dictated the internal policy of the government from 1881 to 1905. For some time the bereaved tsar reverently listened also to the opinions of the dowager empress and his numerous uncles, provoking a caricature from the pen of his wife, which presented the little father as a petulant baby reprimanded by his mama. Gradually, however, Nicolas "learned the ropes," as he later said to Kuropatkin, and refused to tolerate the slightest encroachment on his autocratic prerogatives. To be sure he fell under many and various influences to the very end, but these were of the subtle, "back porch" variety, in the expression of Witte, which emanated most often from his wife and her esoteric friends.

The laconic character of Nicolas' diary remains unchanged after his accession, and is at times quite vexing to one who expects to find the author's reaction to events of importance. Here is, for example, the memorial day in January, 1895, when the young tsar definitely cut himself off from all liberal Russia, by rebuking the Zemstvo (country boards) deputies for their "senseless dreams." What were his feelings on such a fateful day? The diary reads: "A tiresome day! After a short stroll listened to the reports of Vannovsky and Shishkin. Lunched with Xenia and Sandro. Was terribly excited before entering the Nicolas Hall, where I read my speech to deputations from the gentry, the Zemstvo, and the municipalities. Then I received the deputations, each one separately, in the Concert Hall. Came home at four o'clock. Walked in the

garden with Uncle Sergius. Dined at eight with Shakhovskoy." This is a typical entry, except for its omission of the weather conditions. The diary fails to record that his gruff speech brought high praise from Kaiser Wilhelm, who like his grandfather had persistently urged the Romanovs to oppose all constitutional leanings in Russian society. "In short," wrote Wilhelm, "the 'principe de la monarchie' will have to manifest itself everywhere in its full power. This is why I rejoice at the magnificent speech you read to the deputies in answer to certain requests for reforms. It has hit the mark, and has produced everywhere a strong impression." On this point Nicolas was especially loyal to the memory of his "lamented father," who staunchly upheld the sanctity of the monarch's absolute rights. "Never and in no case," wrote Nicolas to Witte, "shall I consent to a representative form of government, for I regard it pernicious for the nation entrusted me by God." Yet in October, 1905, a national uprising compelled the tsar to issue a constitutional manifesto, and though subsequently he withdrew or distorted most of his solemn promises, the principle of autocracy was shattered irretrievably. In vain will you seek in the diary for an elucidation of the extraordinary events which caused such a change of opinion on the part of Nicolas in regard to the erstwhile "senseless dreams." The disastrous war with Japan (1904-1905), during which Russia won not a single victory on land or on sea, finds brief mention in the diary side by side with such careful observations as "it was snowing, but the air was not cold," "had a stroll and killed a crow," "had a long stroll and killed two crows," "rode on my bicycle and killed two crows; yesterday one," "had a long, good sleep and rose at nine," "slept long and fast," "killed a rabbit." On the day of the assassination of his faithful minister, Plehve, the tsar records along with this unpleasantness that aunt Marusya had lunch with them, that he walked with "mama," had a ride with brother Misha, and that dinner was served on the balcony; "the evening was wonderful." Neither does the murder of his uncle, Grand Duke Sergius, perturb the stoical calm of the entry. On the day of the destruction of Rozhdestvensky's fleet at Tsushima, "the

weather was fine . . . Rode on horseback," and such and such persons were present at lunch and dinner. In October, while the country was in the grip of a gigantic national strike which finally broke the back of autocracy, the "unfortunate, entangled young man" continued to watch the weather, to state the exact number of pheasants and partridges he killed, and to record such significant events as playing billiards with the marker of the Yacht Club, with the result of winning one out of four parties! His unique stoicism is substantiated by Prince Lvov, who called on him after the Tsushima disaster: "I had expected to find the tsar oppressed with grief, suffering for his country and nation. Instead I faced a jolly, sprightly chap in loose breeches and a raspberry blouse tied with a cord."

It would be a mistake to ascribe this temperamental bliss of Nicolas to his ignorance of the facts, as certain dubious friends of his memory would wish us to do. He regarded Russia as his private estate,<sup>5</sup> and as a jealous master he endeavored to be conversant with its ins and outs. At any rate, no outstanding circumstance about the state escaped his attention. In Russia's foreign affairs, in particular, the responsibility lay entirely on the shoulders of the monarch. Both under Alexander III and Nicholas II the foreign ministers were impersonal nonentities carrying out the tsar's instructions (Sazonov excepted). Nicolas displayed in this field of action an aggressive pugnacity, a plausible reason for which was his inherent sense of weakness and inferiority. The notion that he was eager for peace owes its origin to the notorious "peace proposal" he announced in 1898, with the Hague conference as its result. It has been clearly established by this time that the proposal for a temporary cessation of further increase of armaments (not for peace) was prompted by a desire to prevent Austria from carrying out her plan of augmenting and rejuvenating her artillery. Russia was then financially embarrassed and could not emulate her western neighbor. Moreover, during the same year the peace-loving tsar designated at a secret conference ninety millions for the Far Eastern fleet! Even as early as 1896 he approved of a plan to send troops for the occupation of the upper Bosphorus. This adventure,

which was to take Turkey by surprise and might have precipitated an all-European war, came perilously near consummation, but for some unaccountable reason it was discarded at the eleventh hour. Witte has no other reason to offer for this happy ending than the kindness of Providence. Be this as it may, we now know beyond doubt that Kaiser Wilhelm had a notable effect on directing the attention of Nicolas toward the Far East and away from the Near East, where the Berlin-Bagdad mess was brewing. In 1897 Wilhelm obtained in a personal interview the consent of Nicolas for the occupation of Kiao-Chau by Germany, on his side promising complete support to Russia's advance in Asia for the protection of "Christian civilization" against the "yellow peril." Russia occupied Port Arthur and Darien, built a railroad across Manchuria and, as it now becomes evident from official memoranda and instructions, began to regard even Korea as "a future integral part of the Russian empire." Nicolas played an emphatic personal rôle in these undertakings which brought about the war with Japan, and a rôle that was neither disinterested nor honorable. A certain Bezobrazov, a mixture of Maniac and charlatan, warmly supported by the Kaiser, inveigled the credulous Nicolas and some of the grand dukes into a project for the private exploitation of Korea's natural resources, alleged to be fabulous. The emperor of all the Russias was tempted, and he gave his sanction to a number of questionable stratagems suggested by Bezobrazov and company, including such steps as flooding Korea with Russian troops disguised as clerks and workmen, and attempts at inciting native bandits to attack foreign (especially English and American) investors, in order to clear the field for the Romanov enterprise. In his diary for January 14, 1903, we read: "Received two Don Kalmucks, the officer Ulanov and the lama Ulyanov, who are on their way to Tibet." This laconic and cryptic sentence is made clear in the diary of General Kuropatkin of a synchronous date: "Have reported to the tsar about sending the Kalmuck Ulanov to Tibet, for the purpose of learning how the situation is there, and in particular what the English are up to. The emperor deigned to order that this trip



be private, at his personal risk and expense. He further ordered to instruct Ulanov 'to incite the Tibetans against the English.' The emperor requested me not to speak of this order to Lamsdorf."\* Nicolas shared Wilhelm's misgivings about English and American intentions in Asia, and instructed his Far Eastern representatives accordingly. To Wilhelm he confided in September, 1901, that Russia was getting ready to fight Japan; in September, 1902, he repeated this confidential information, setting the date of hostilities for 1904. At their meeting in 1903, Nicholas told Wilhelm that the war would not take place in 1904, since Russia was not ready. To his surprise and indignation, "perfidious" Japan refused to wait till 1905, when Russia's fleet would have increased twofold, and her army would have amounted to four and a half million as against Japan's six hundred and forty thousand.

Such were the peace-loving intentions of Nicolas II. In his diary for February, 1903, Kuropatkin writes: "Our emperor has grandiose plans in his head: to take Manchuria and to attempt the annexation of Korea. He dreams of extending his protectorate even over Tibet. It is his desire to possess Persia, and to occupy not only the Bosphorus but the Dardanelles as well. We, his ministers, are disappointing to him, because we try to restrain him from carrying out his dreams. He always considers himself in the right, certain that he understands better than we the questions involving Russia's glory and prosperity. For this reason any Bezobrazov who sings in unison with him appeals to the emperor as one who comprehends his schemes better than we, his ministers." That the tsar had cause to complain against his ministers for occasionally frustrating his schemes, can be seen from the remarkable Bjorke incident. In July, 1905, the two emperors met "privately" in the Finnish waters off Bjorke, and signed a treaty of which the first article read: "If any European state shall attack either of the two empires, the allied party engages to aid his co-contractor with all his forces on land and sea." In order to allay Nicolas' scruples about his obligations to Russia's ally, France, the fourth article of the treaty provided that "when this treaty goes into

effect, Russia will take the necessary steps to make its terms known to France and invite her to subscribe to it as an ally." Wilhelm expressed his conviction that France *would have* to join them, once the treaty became an accomplished fact. This act of perfidy toward France was ultimately annulled owing to the joint efforts of Witte, Lamsdorf, and the Grand Duke Nicolas, the indignant chagrin of Wilhelm notwithstanding. Former Ambassador and Minister Izvolsky makes a gallant attempt in his *Memoirs* to shield his unfortunate sovereign and to throw blame for that treaty on "the impetuous personality of the German emperor [who] had always dominated the weaker and more refined nature of Nicolas II." One can hardly doubt, however, the perfect agreement on this point between the two rulers, which precluded coercion on either side. On October 16, 1904, "Nicky" wrote to "Willy": "I fully agree with your complaints about England's behavior. . . It is certainly high time to put a stop to this. The only way, as you say, would be that Germany, Russia, and France should at once unite upon an arrangement to abolish Anglo-Japanese arrogance and insolence. Would you like to lay down and frame the outlines of such a treaty and let me know it? As soon as accepted by us France is bound to join her ally. This combination has often come to my mind." Thus Nicolas was not caught unawares at the Bjorke meeting, though it is highly probable that were it not for the personal insistence of Wilhelm, Nicolas would have continued, in the Romanov fashion, to vacillate indefinitely before actually signing that infamous document. The tsar was very pleased with the meeting, as one can see from his laconic entry in the diary: "Have returned home under the finest impression of the hours spent with Wilhelm."

It is worth citing here another example which illustrates, on the one hand, Wilhelm's influence on Nicolas, and on the other, the occasional impotence of the Russian autocrat in face of a determined servant. On the evening of July 29, 1914, the tsar ordered a general mobilization. Thereupon a telegram arrived from Wilhelm, reiterating his appeal to the traditional friendship between the two dynasties, and expressing his belief that there was still a

chance for an understanding between Russia and Austria. So deeply was Nicolas impressed by this message that he immediately called up the minister of war, General Sukhomlinov, and the chief of the staff, General Yanushkevich, ordering them to countermand the general mobilization and categorically insisting on it, despite their protests. Yet his command was disobeyed. In his diary Sukhomlinov admits that when Yanushkevich telephoned to him on the night of July 29, asking what to do in view of the emperor's order, he told him "to do nothing till morning." For July 30 his diary reads: "The mobilization has not been stopped. A message from our ambassador at Berlin advises of Germany's mobilization at one p. m." The lid of Pandora's box was off.

General Denikin, the most decent leader in the war against the Bolsheviks, says in his memoirs: "The tsar loved no one, except his son perhaps. This was the tragedy of his life, as a man and as ruler." The exception noted by the General applied equally to the tsar's wife and four daughters. It would be difficult to find a more devoted husband and father, one whose affection for his family was so all absorbing as to exclude consideration for outsiders. When Admiral Chagin committed suicide, Nicolas complained to Vyrubova, the family confidante: "How *could* he vex me during my son's illness!" The family became ever more self-centered, toward the end having hardly any commerce not only with society but even with their imperial kinsfolk. The empress was by nature morose and suspicious, with an aptitude for estranging those who came in contact with her, while her influence over the emperor grew crescendo. Even at the time of their engagement she managed to penetrate the intimate nooks of his life. As one reads Nicolas' diary for that period, one meets unexpectedly, sometimes in the middle of a sentence or a word even, some insertion, usually in English, in the hand of Princess Alex, subsequently Empress Alexandra. Alongside of innocent hackneyed verses or profound aphorisms of Marie Corelli, one comes upon such characteristic passages as the following one, written during the final illness of Alexander III: "Darling boysy, me loves you, oh so very tenderly and

deep. Be firm and make the Drs. Leyden or the other G. come alone to you every day and tell you how they find him, and exactly what they wish him to do, so that *you* are the first to know. You can help persuading him too, then, to do what is right. And if the Dr. has any wishes or needs anything, make him come *direct* to you. Don't let others be put first and you left out. You are Father dear's son and must be told all and be asked about everything. Show your own mind and don't let others forget who *you are*. Forgive me *lovy*." The quaint English note, and its tone, are typical of the tsaritsa's letters to the tsar. From the dawn of their matrimony to the tragic end one reads these sweetly naïve endearments, and sandwiched in between them, hints and instructions as to his deportment. "Be firm," "show your own mind," "don't let them forget who you are"—form a refrain in her letters during the twenty-three years of their married life. She appeared even more jealous than her husband of his absolute rights as autocrat, and opposed all constitutional concessions, regarding them as infringements on the heritage of her son.

They were congenial in their mediocrity, but while he was of a passively placid temperament, hers belonged to the hysterically dynamic variety. This explains why, though both were equally superstitious and credulous in regard to "holy men" and miracles, it was she who aggressively and vehemently insisted on completely bowing before the authority of such a "saint" as Gregory Rasputin. She had implicit faith in the French charlatan, Monsieur Philippe, who promised that she would give birth to a boy. Her trust in him was not shaken even after his roguery had been exposed, and at his suggestion she requested Pobye-donostsev to canonize a certain Seraphim. When Pobye-donostsev retorted that such an act could be done by the Holy Synod after due investigation and examination of the candidate's qualifications, the empress brusquely interrupted: "the tsar may do anything." Her wish was fulfilled, and after bathing in the source of St. Seraphim she, indeed, conceived and gave birth to a boy. But the joy of the parents was soon marred by the discovery that the heir was in constant danger of dying from hemorrhage that



could be provoked by the slightest cause, as the prick of a pin or a light bruise or even cough. He was afflicted with the disease of degenerates, haemophilia, which is transmitted only by females and only to males. The expansive mind of the mother was keenly affected by this discovery, and here perhaps lies the reason for some of her extravagances in subsequent years. Certain it is that her devotion to Rasputin was due to her faith in his being a "man of God," hence in his ability to heal little Alexis and keep him alive. This conviction was shared by the emperor, who also on more than one occasion witnessed the miraculous power of Rasputin to cause the recovery of Alexis, after the expert physicians had relinquished all hope. Whether Rasputin possessed hypnotic power, or whether the cases cited to his credit were due to chance and to his shrewdness, it is hard to say. At any rate, from the day of his introduction to the tsar and tsaritsa, about 1907, his influence on the unfortunate mother, and through her on the father of Alexis, increased by leaps and starts, until it became, in 1915, supreme and unrivalled.

That this almost illiterate peasant was shrewd and possessed of a robust common sense, cannot be gainsaid. He knew how to hoodwink and mystify the crowned degenerates, but he also could on occasion grasp a national problem and offer sound judgment. At the outbreak of the war Rasputin was lying ill in Siberia, recuperating from a wound inflicted by one of the shadowy women that swarmed around him. He telegraphed to the emperor, imploring him not to start the war, for it would "bring an end to Russia and to them [the dynasty], and they would lose to the last man." He must have had a premonition that the war was to prove autocracy's acid test, revealing its inefficiency, irresponsibility, and corruption. Again, shortly before his murder, Rasputin gave the empress pretty sensible advice about providing food for the city population, realizing evidently that hunger would be the direct factor to usher in the revolution. On the other hand he was quite unmoral and free from scruples and checks. His simple "religion" (penitence is the greatest virtue; in order to repent one must sin; resist not your impulse to

sin, for it is sent to you by God, that you may repent) required for its observance no ascetic rigorism. Devoid of convictions, he was primarily for a jolly time, drinking, feasting, wielding his power over worshipful women and over the might of the world, whom he probably despised not a little, as peasants usually despise "fooling gentry." Without great effort on his part he obtained control over the emperor and empress, became eventually the sole arbiter in the choice of ministers and heads of the church, and to all intents and purposes the master of Russia. It would hardly be fair to accuse him of having schemed diabolically to drag the court into the mire, to demoralize the country's loyalty to the throne and the army's fighting spirit, and to precipitate a revolution in the midst of a stupendous war. He was guilty of these offences, but he committed them unintentionally. His was the rôle of a fly feasting on rotten flesh. The success of Rasputin was symptomatic of the hopelessly diseased condition of Russia's official organism.

The orgy of Rasputin's power reached its height in 1915, after the terrible reverses of the Russian army, which were largely due to the criminal lackadaisical policy of Sukhomlinov, the blatant minister of war, responsible for the state of unpreparedness and for the terrific losses at the front because of lack of ammunition. After a few momentary concessions to public opinion, such as the removal of incapable ministers and their replacement by better men, the tsar definitely divorced himself from the nation, and gave heed only to the voice of Rasputin as it came to him directly or through his ardent worshipper, the empress. The numerous testimonies about the ministers, governors, bishops made and unmade at the incoherent bidding of the dissolute and drunken Gregory Rasputin, might sound as fiction and anti-dynastic propaganda, were it not for the letters of the tsaritsa to the tsar, which reveal facts wilder than fiction. The writer is frantic, insistent, hysterical; she implores and warns and threatens and conjures, in the name of "our Friend," to do this or not to do that, to divulge to her all military secrets in order that the Friend may use his divine intercession accordingly, to dismiss such

and such a minister or general, because he is inimical to our Friend, to appoint another person who is an admirer of our Friend. Thus she succeeds in having the tsar dismiss Grand Duke Nicolas from the post of supreme commander of the army and appoint himself in his place, to the general dismay of his cabinet and of the military chiefs. The reason for his fall was that, though once an adherent of Rasputin, the grand duke turned into his bitter opponent and threatened to hang him if he should carry out his intention and come to Headquarters. For the same reason—opposition to Rasputin's authority—were discharged Samarin, procurator of the Holy Synod, a man universally respected and trusted; General Polivanov, the successor to Sukhomlinov, who aroused the admiration of the Allies and the consternation of Hindenburg by his swift methods of efficiency; Sazonov, the foreign minister who enjoyed the confidence of the Allied diplomats and the Duma, and many other loyal servants of the throne, who might have saved it for another decade at least. In their places were appointed nonentities and tools of Rasputin, men like Stürmer, Protopopov, Pitirim, whose very names were a stench in the public nostrils and provoked dissatisfaction in the widest circles of the nation. In vain did President Rodzianko and Ambassador Sir George Buchanan expostulate with the tsar on the necessity of getting rid of the scandalous Rasputin, and of meeting, if only half way, the wishes of the public. Neither did he heed the exhortations of nearly all the grand dukes and duchesses, including the dowager empress and the tsaritsa's sister. The empress succeeded in encouraging the tsar's "firmness" and in having him bestow ill will on those who dared speak against the Friend.

The murder of Rasputin (in December, 1916) by several patriots of high social standing, among them the tsar's relatives, threw Nicolas and Alexandra into deep sorrow, but failed to change their suicidal policy. Rasputin's creature, Minister of Interior Protopopov, posed as an avatar of the slain "saint," transmitting his messages from the beyond to the tsaritsa. Her letters to the tsar grew even more intolerable and maniacal, demanding exiles, dismissals, executions, urging firmness and severity ("Russia

loves to feel whip," were her words), emulation of Ivan the Terrible, Peter the Great and, indeed, of Paul I! She strengthens his spirit by sending him a piece of wood from the Friend's grave, where she goes to pray every day; she beseeches him time and again to use the Friend's little comb before taking any decisions, to hold in his hand the little image he had given her, to touch Monsieur Philippe's cane, to pray to a certain ikon. On her part she feels secure: "Our first Friend [Philippe] gave me that Image with the bell to warn me against those who are not right & will keep them fr. approaching, I shall feel it & thus guard you from them." Thus armed, the empress fearlessly managed the affairs of the state while her husband was at Headquarters, instructing the ministers and plotting against the Duma.

That the tsar did not feel henpecked can be seen from his grateful acknowledgments of her long winded and meddling letters. "Just think, wify," he writes to her shortly after his self-appointment as commander-in-chief at Rasputin's bidding, "why should you not come to huzzy's help when he is away? What a pity you did not assume this duty long ago, at least since the outbreak of the war. I know of no pleasanter feeling than being proud of you, as I have been these last months, during which you have incessantly pestered me, conjuring me to be firm and hold my own opinion." One must not suspect a bit of irony in his response to a particularly long and nagging letter of hers: "Many, many thanks for your long, sweet letters... You write exactly the way you talk." Occasionally he argues mildly against her precipitancy, as when she demands the immediate dismissal of Premier Trepov. He admits that "it is repugnant to do business with a person one dislikes and mistrusts, like Trepov. But first we must find a successor to his post, and kick him out after he has done the dirty work. I mean: to dismiss him after he prorogues the Duma. Let all the responsibility and difficulties fall on him and not on his successor." It is evident on the whole that the tsar renounced his will more and more, and felt such tranquility in the harness of "wify's" apron strings that during the gravest events at the front and in the rear he continued to



inform her stoically of the weather, of how he played or was deprived of the pleasure of playing at dominoes or solitaire, or of such epochal happenings as this: "The cinema was extremely interesting last night. At last we know who that 'mysterious hand' is. Would you believe it—her cousin and fiance! Great excitement reigned in the theatre on that occasion." When the revolution was already raging in Petrograd, he wrote blissfully from Headquarters: "My brains are resting here—I have neither ministers nor questions requiring deliberation."

The revolution came as a surprise to the tsar and tsaritsa. To the very end they believed that the "riot of college girls and idle workmen" could be easily quelled, especially since their Friend would surely intercede before the Holy Virgin. Even when the Petrograd garrison had joined the revolutionists, the tsar ignored Rodzianko's frantic messages, in which he implored the monarch to save the dynasty by appointing as ministers men who enjoyed the nation's confidence. The emperor and the empress were blind and deaf to what was going on around them. They were ignorant of their complete isolation, of conspiracies being concocted against them by military and civilian leaders, of the widespread rumor that treason lurked in the court.<sup>6</sup> It was hard for them to realize that in the whole army not a single regiment could be mustered to come to the aid of the tsar. Indeed, even after Nicolas had been forced to abdicate, the tsaritsa proceeded to transmit to him secret messages, in which she assured him that he was not bound to keep his word, since it was wrested from him in such a "mean" manner. "I swear by my life," she wrote, "that we shall see you again on your throne, brought back by the people and your troops, for the glory of your reign." Nicolas took his punishment with his customary passivity. His diary after the overthrow recorded invariably "slept well," "slept long and well," and also the precise conditions of the weather in sun and in shade. On the whole the family showed considerable tact and pluck in their new circumstances, humbly bearing their cross. Nicolas' diary is free from bitterness against his jailers, though a note of alarm begins to sound toward the end, as

it records the disintegration of the empire and the advent of the Bolsheviki. Did he realize his share of responsibility for what had befallen Russia? Could he see that, in the words of President Masaryk, the Bolsheviki "were expiating in their own persons and in that of the Russian nation the sins of the tsars"? We do not know. On December 31, 1917, the entry of Nicolas for the last day of his last year, after stating the weather, ends with this characteristic prayer: "Lord, save Russia."

<sup>1</sup> See the memoirs of M. Paleologue. To his wife the tsar wrote: "A truly paschal peace reigns in my heart, I cannot say whether it is because I spoke with our Friend [Rasputin] last night, or . . . the death of Witte." . . .

<sup>2</sup> The Soviet Archives have just published the extremely interesting correspondence between the tsar and Stolypin, from which it becomes clear that while valuing the Premier's services, Nicolas treated him with haughty insolence. On one occasion, when Stolypin presented a proposal of the Council of Ministers, and suggested that its rejection would be equivalent to the expression of lack of confidence and might cause his resignation and that of other ministers, the tsar replied with a brusque note, rejecting the proposed measure, and adding: "The question of confidence or lack of confidence is out of place. Such is my will. Remember that we live in Russia, not abroad or in Finland (with its Senate), and therefore *I do not allow even the thought of anybody's resignation* . . . I warn you that I categorically reject in advance your or any one's else request for being dismissed from office."

<sup>3</sup> Appointed for the third time premier during the war, when almost ninety years old, Goremykin compared himself to an ancient garment which on occasion is taken out the moth balls. The last premier before the revolution was Prince Golitsyn, an honest man but utterly inexperienced. When President Rodzianko of the Imperial Duma asked him how could he accept such a responsible post, the Prince replied: "If you only heard what I told the Emperor against myself! I assure you that if someone else said all that about me I should have been obliged to challenge him to a duel."

<sup>4</sup> In 1906 Stolypin presented to the tsar a memorandum by the Council of Ministers, which urged the removal of some economic and cultural restrictions against the Jews, for the peace and welfare of the country. The tsar refused to sanction such a measure: "Despite the most convincing arguments in favor of deciding the question in a positive sense, an inner voice ever more persistently tells me not to take upon myself this decision. Thus far my conscience has never deceived me. For this reason I intend to follow its command also in this case. I know, you too believe that 'the heart of the tsar is in the hands of God.' May it be so. For all the authorities appointed by me I bear a terrible responsibility before God, and at any time I am ready to answer Him for them."

<sup>5</sup> The Soviet Archives have just published an excerpt from the official census of Russia in 1907, in which the tsar and tsaritsa stated their "occupations" as Master (owner) and Mistress of the Russian Land, respectively.

<sup>6</sup> The empress has been accused of treason by various persons of high authority. There is not a single evidence, however, to support this accusation. It is true that she admitted to Nicolas her heartache at every news of German defeats, because she was thinking of the fate of her brother, Prince Ernest, and of other relatives. But beyond this quite human sentiment she remained strictly loyal. Her crime was folly, not treason. She was guilty of indiscretion, in confiding military secrets to Rasputin, who became irresponsibly gushing at orgies and debauches in restaurants, questionable places, and private homes.

\*Russian foreign minister.

## RUSSIA IN THE CRUCIBLE

IT IS difficult, if at all possible, to judge Russia of today without bias. Contemporaries can seldom be objective and impartial observers. It has taken more than a century for the human mind to regard the French Revolution without prejudice. How, then, can we expect to be fair judges of the Russian Revolution, which is barely a few years old and still far from completed? In this chapter I propose to furnish my readers with a few facts and figures, not presuming to pass judgment on the Russian Revolution, but hoping to aid intelligent persons in drawing conclusions from the bits of information here presented. My personal suggestion would be not to hasten with conclusions, but to exercise the faculty of the genuinely educated person, namely to suspend judgment.

Russia is recuperating, agriculturally, financially, politically. The best proof for this is supplied by the fact that nearly all the Powers have recognized the Soviet government and are eagerly negotiating with it. This does not mean that Russia is a paradise today, as some over zealous enthusiasts would wish us to believe. The best that can be said about Russia is that "the patient is doing well," which is more than one may say about many a European state. In order to appreciate Russia's improvement we must bear in mind the crucible she has been going through for more than a decade. We must remember the terrific devastation and the loss of life and property caused by years of war against the Central Powers, by revolutions that were followed by the ghastliest of all wars—civil wars, in whose wake came famine and pestilence and the Pale Horse, death, reaping a harvest even richer than on the battlefield. Let us consider some of the net results of Russia's experiment and experience.

In population Russia lost about fifty-three million. Deducting from this number the populations of the countries that seceded from Russia, namely of Finland, Esthonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Poland, and Bessarabia, we find the

loss for Soviet Russia proper amounting to nearly twenty-two millions. The importance of this loss becomes more evident, when in addition to its staggering quantity we regard its qualitative side. For we must recall that in time of war and revolution, in time of hunger and other physical privations, persons of "brainy" professions show the least resistance. The number of scientists, writers, engineers, and other men of intellect who perished in Russia during the crucial years, is six to seven times greater in proportion than the number of the common dead. Furthermore, it is the male power that has been particularly drained, so that today there are about 1250 women to every 1000 men in Russia, as against 1038 to 1000, in 1914. In regard to her children Russia has also suffered both in quantity and quality: a lower birth rate, a larger number of still-born babies, a higher death rate among infants owing to the lessened power of resistance and endurance, a considerable falling off in the size and weight of new born babies, and a high percentage of those born with hereditary diseases, physical as well as mental, the result of these years of horrors and privations, of epidemics, of dysentery, malaria, Spanish influenza, typhus, tuberculosis, and other ailments that spread in the wake of war, revolution, and famine.

Turning to the economic side, we find that by 1922 Russia had lost sixty to seventy per cent. of her accumulated national wealth. The area of land under cultivation comprised about fifty-five per cent. of the pre-war area, with a greatly diminished yield of crops per acre. This in a country where more than eighty-five per cent. of the population live on the land. Remembering also that agricultural machinery has been used very little in Russia, we shall realize the significance of the decrease of cattle, horses, sheep, and pigs by fifty to seventy per cent. The total value of Russia's industry amounted by 1922 to about fifteen per cent. of its value in 1914. War and revolution crippled the infantile organization of Russian industry, lowering to an ominous minimum the productivity of such important national assets as coal, iron, oil, gold, platinum, textiles and the like. The same causes affected transportation in a similar way, reducing the number of railway



engines from nineteen thousand to seven thousand, and the number of railway cars from four hundred and thirty-seven thousand to one hundred and ninety-five thousand. In foreign trade, Russia's imports fell from six hundred million dollars in 1914 to one hundred twenty-five million in 1921, and her exports from eight hundred million dollars to eleven million.

Such are a few of the net results of an experience which might be compared to an earthquake, were it not for the fact that blind forces of nature can be controlled and checked with less difficulty than elements of human stupidity, greed, and shortsightedness. Russia is emerging out of chaos, and her present conditions must be regarded in the light of the events of the last ten years, in order that we may appreciate whatever progress there is to be observed today. These events and upheavals are of too gigantic dimensions to hold any group or party responsible for them, and the Bolsheviki cannot be blamed for them any more than the government of Japan can be blamed for her recent disaster. A violent revolution was inevitable in Russia, where life was based on gross inequality and injustice. The enduring success of the Bolsheviki is due to the fact that their leaders understood the psychological moment and swam with the current. Though fanatics and theoreticians, these leaders have been sufficiently flexible to bow before facts and to subordinate theory to practice. Let us look into their motives and intentions.

In the fall of 1917, Lenin and his group attempted to introduce a social revolution into modern life. They counted on the universal war weariness and on the solidarity of labor. Indeed, they had no difficulty in carrying through their program at home: by promising immediate peace, land, and bread, the Bolsheviki gained the support of the majority of the population, which was war weary, the support of the soil-hungry peasants and of the starving cities. But their hope of spreading the fire of the revolution to western countries was frustrated. Instead of joining Russia in her bold experiment of shifting the power from the hands of those who have to the hands of those who have not, the western governments resolved to isolate Russia, to

blockade and starve her into submission. Allied troops invaded the Russian soil both in Europe and in Asia, with the intention of helping the generals of the tsar's army restore normal conditions. This interventionist policy proved of great help for the Bolsheviki: the people, regardless of their political views, rallied around their government in its struggle against foreign aggressors and the hated generals of the old order. The Red Army, at first an undisciplined mob, badly shod and wretchedly armed, grew rapidly in strength and determination, and repulsed its numerous excellently equipped enemies, capturing a handsome booty of Allied tanks, aeroplanes, and other up-to-date war implements. At the same time the state of war and isolation encouraged the Bolsheviki in carrying out the system of "military Communism" at home, which meant, in its salient features, the nationalization of production and distribution, the abolition of taxes, trade, banking, and the provisioning of the citizenry, in exchange for the products of their labor, with free transportation, food, clothing, fuel, light, housing, education, amusements, and all other necessities.

By the end of 1920 Russia was freed from all aggressors, and it seemed that Communism would now have an opportunity for an unhampered growth and development. In reality, the reverse proved to be the case. With the collapse of intervention, Communism too began to fall to pieces. As a new social order, Communism could succeed either through the support and solidarity of the world proletariat, or, failing in this, on the condition of Russia's self-sufficiency. Russia's natural resources, her forests, minerals, and agricultural products, are indeed incomputed, and when properly exploited they may render the country economically independent. But Russia's general backwardness and obsolete methods are responsible for the fact that her tremendous wealth is used only in part and inadequately, and that she is like a sleeping beauty awaiting the coming of an alert prince. At any rate, Lenin soon discovered that economically Russia could not afford to remain in splendid isolation from the capitalistic world. The most telling blow to Communism was dealt, however,

by the attitude of the peasantry. As long as the country was faced by foreign danger and by the restoration of the land to their former private owners, the peasants supported the government and the army with the products of their soil. The crops were confiscated by the state, leaving for the peasant just enough for the needs of his family. But with the close of the intervention period the peasant had no longer any incentive for tilling the soil with no prospect of personal gain. The promise of the government to supply the village with city products in exchange for the grain could not be fulfilled for the simple reason that industry was at a standstill, and no manufactured articles, like boots or tools, came forth. Being largely agricultural, Russia had a small and infantile industry, and this was disorganized and in a large measure demolished during the wars and revolutions. The nationalization of industry failed to restore it to normal conditions or to raise its productivity, and when the blockade forced Russia to fall upon her own resources she proved in no position to be industrially self-sufficient and independent. Consequently as soon as the peasant began to raise just enough crops to satisfy his personal needs, leaving large stretches of Russia's best soil bare and uncultivated, the city population was menaced by starvation. Then came the famine, caused primarily by a terrific drought, and made more horrible in its effect by the absence of surplus crops in the non-stricken districts. Russia was on the verge of economic ruin and financial bankruptcy.

In other countries, when a party fails to realize its platform, it goes out of office and is replaced by the opposing party. Not so in Russia. Though the Bolsheviki have a host of opponents both at home and abroad, there is not a single party or group in existence which would have the courage and determination to control the present destinies of Russia. The Bolsheviki have stayed on, but have sloughed their skin. Lenin and his colleagues frankly admitted before the All Russian Congress of Soviets that their policy had been erroneous, that Russia proved unripe for Communism, and that they had to choose between retreat and ruin. Curiously enough, the more candid were the leaders

in the confession of their sins, the more unanimous was their re-election to office: the Russians love a repentant transgressor. "We have advanced so far," said Lenin in consolation, "that we may afford the luxury of retreating a long distance."

As between backwardness and bankruptcy on the one hand, and Capitalism on the other, Lenin regarded Capitalism the lesser evil. Accordingly, since 1921 Russia has been restoring the capitalistic system, its only difference from western Capitalism consisting in that it is State Capitalism—controlled and supervised by the state. The NEP, or New Economic Policy, has once more permitted private trade. The peasant is to give to the state only a tithe of his crops, in kind or in money, being free to dispose of the remainder at his will. This new measure has served as a stimulus for the peasant to raise maximum crops, and as a result Russia was able to export grain barely one year after the famine. The advantage of an agricultural country lies in its ability to recuperate by means of a few bumper crops. But though the peasant may sell his surplus products, all foreign trade remains the monopoly of the state, with the view to prevent Russia from becoming, like China, a dumping ground at the mercy of foreigners.

In industry we find in Russia today four types of plants. (1.) Privately owned shops, those employing not more than twenty workers. (2.) Larger units, leased to private persons or to co-operative societies (whose number and strength are increasing significantly). As long as the lessees conform to the labor regulations, they may renew their leases indefinitely. (3.) Mixed units, wherein the state and private persons or companies are joint owners. Here, as well as in 2, we find many foreign investors and concessionaries. Finally, (4) Natural resources and basic industries remain nationalized under a system of gigantic trusts, such as the lumber and metallurgic trusts, or that of textiles.

It goes without saying that with the reintroduction of private trade and manufacture the government had to reestablish credit and banking, and to fix charges for public utilities and services. Thus the fairy paradise of Com-



munism has evaporated like a castle in Spain. It is too early to pass judgment on the results of the NEP, but from the reports of dependable investigators it appears certain that Russia is speeding toward recovery. Because of her dimensions, enormous population, and resources, the recovery of Russia means also the recovery of all Europe and, indirectly, of the whole world.

What has Russia gained from her trials and vicissitudes? Intrinsically the social-political structure of Russia remains, as before, based on inequality and coercion, with the difference that now discrimination is exercised in favor of the propertyless in place of the land and money aristocracy. While the franchise is rather broad, the Soviet system is avowedly non-democratic. It is true that every village, every shop, every economic unit is represented in the local, or district, or provincial, or All Russian Soviet, but the proportion of the city representation to that of the village is five to one. The reason for this striking discrimination, offered by the Bolsheviks, is the backwardness and ignorance of the peasantry. Until education spreads among the masses, so the ruling party asserts, the Soviet government will remain the dictatorship of an insignificant minority—the Communists comprise less than one per cent. of the population. Politically Russia thus presents a tyranny, as of old but inside out, resembling the majority of Europe's governments since the war: Finland, Hungary, Italy, Spain, Bulgaria, Yugo-Slavia and other military dictatorships.

The chief difference between the Bolsheviks and the tsars is that, whereas the latter feared and persecuted education as a peril to their authority, the former encourage it. The thirst for knowledge among the peasants, workingmen, and red soldiers, though but incompletely satisfied, owing to scarcity of teachers and paucity of funds, is a pledge that the enlightened civilian and military citizenry will be able to find its way toward salvation. The stupendous experiences of the last years have awakened the common people, have jolted them out of passive meekness to dynamic activity, and have lent national horizons to their erstwhile parochial outlook. This, and the distribution of

the land among the peasants, are probably the most significant gains of the revolution. It is interesting to note that the Russians are trying to adopt American methods in industry, agriculture, and even in some branches of education and politics. The word "American" has become synonymous with efficiency, propriety, and sensibility. In fact they are endeavoring to improve upon certain American standards. Thus in factories, barracks, and schools there hang placards which announce: "Time is *not* money. Money you may regain, but the loss of time is irretrievable."

A new Russia is emerging out of chaos. Let us remain patient and attentive observers of that instructive experiment. Let us listen with unprejudiced sympathy to the somewhat bewildering symphony of a nascent order.

## RUSSIAN LITERATURE

**I**N literature the national mind of Russia has expressed itself more successfully, more intensely, more quint-essentially than in any other art. The notable achievements of Russian music, painting, plastic arts, are but partial when compared with the universal triumph of Russian letters. The suppressed, pent-up national energy has sought an outlet chiefly in literature, which alone voices the sentiments, aspirations, sufferings, hopes of the silent millions. Russian literature gives expression to the vastness of a country stretching from the Pacific to the Baltic, and from the Arctic to the borders of China and Persia. It gives expression to a nation consisting of sixty-five races with more than a hundred tongues, and yet possessing the harmony of a many-voiced organ in its basic tones and motives. It is *the* voice of Russia. There is consequently no way of understanding Russia more than superficially except through her literature.

It is difficult to discuss this subject without employing superlatives, for Russian literature contains the elements of the heroic and of the wonderful. What other epithet but "wonderful" can be applied to a literature which produces within one generation such a galaxy of writers as Pushkin, Lermontov, Gogol, Turgenev, Dostoyevsky, Tolstoy, and lesser lights? Of its heroic element we shall speak presently; the feeling of wonder at Russian literature is enhanced when we consider that this shower of great artists poured with an overwhelming suddenness on an audience practically unprepared. Before 1820 Russia could scarcely boast of a single literary work deserving to be called national or original.

This statement needs qualifying, to avoid conveying the impression that Russian literature emerged out of a vacuum. To be sure, one must remember the inexhaustible treasury of folk songs and fairy tales, particularly the *Byliny*, the heroic sagas chanted by illiterate bards from generation to generation, in certain parts of Russia to this

day. But when one comes to written literature, one finds only a single secular masterpiece preserved towards the advent of Pushkin, *The Lay of Prince Igor*. This epic was composed probably by a contemporary of the battle between the Russian prince and the savage Polovtsy, in 1815. By its vividness, force, serene emotionalism, the epic ranks with the *Song of Nibelung* and with the *Song of Roland*. Curiously enough, the poem contains not a single reference to the Church or to Christian precepts, but it abounds in Pagan similes, names of idols, and anthropomorphic descriptions of nature. In the introduction the singer mentions with reverence the great bard, Bayan, who evidently represented a whole category of singers and composers. Yet practically nothing has been preserved of their works either antedating or succeeding the *Lay of Igor*. Byzantine Christianity, to which Russia was converted by Prince Vladimir in 988, consistently persecuted every manifestation of "heathenism," whether it were in the form of ceremony, dance, or song, or mimetic art, or instrumental music. Until the time of Peter the Great the written word was ecclesiastic in form and substance. Of this literature the *Chronicle* of Nestor, a history of Russia brought down to the eleventh century, stands out unparalleled in beauty of style, epic calm of the narrative, and lofty sentiment, though the work is obviously theologic in authorship and in spirit.

From the second half of the seventeenth century until the early part of the nineteenth, Russian literature (and not only literature) went through a gradual process of adaptation to Western ways. Already under Tsar Alexis, the father of Peter, there began to appear translations and compilations of foreign romances. The breaking up of patriarchal, ecclesiastic Russia, became evident at this time also from the fact that a theatre was established at Moscow for the entertainment of the Orthodox tsar! The westernizing process was violently accelerated by Peter the Great, who was impatient with slow evolution and "spurred Russia on her haunches," in the words of Pushkin. The revolutionary activity of this crowned Maximalist laid its stamp on every phase of Russian life, on customs and cos-



tumes, institutions and classes, attitudes and beliefs. As most of his reforms bore the label of "made to order," so also the arts under him and his early successors lacked spontaneity and naturalness. Throughout the eighteenth century Russian literature wore the clumsy garb of pseudo-Classicism, endeavoring to practice the tenets of Boileau, and to emulate Corneille, Molière, and Racine. Though there were many talents among these writers, as for example Lomonosov,<sup>1</sup> Sumarokov, Derzhavin, they were blighted in the artificial atmosphere of a school whose pompous grandiloquence was particularly out of place and tune amidst a society that was just learning how to walk, so to speak. Another reason for the ineffectuality of literary efforts during this time lay in the fact that they were stamped with servility to the reigning monarch and the court, with a desire to please and flatter the powers that be.

Pseudo-Classicism was superseded at the close of the eighteenth century by a short reign of Sentimentalism, under the leadership of Karamzin (1766-1826). His lachrymose effusions were as alien to the native soil as had been the Gallicised Hellenism of his predecessors. Still Karamzin departed from the artificial Olympus and descended a step toward reality, *via* human tears and emotions. Moreover, Karamzin had the temerity to abandon the stilted Church-Slavic style, and began to employ the living Russian prose. What he did for prose, Zhukovsky (1783-1852) endeavored to do for poetry. He greatly simplified the language and structure of Russian verse, but he used this medium for themes un-Russian. Zhukovsky performed an important service for his country, by transmitting western Romanticism through translation and adaptations of Schiller, Uhland, Herder, Byron, Thomas Moore, and others (in 1802 he translated Gray's *Elegy*).

Thus we see that before the publication of Pushkin's *Ruslan and Ludmila*, in 1820, there had appeared in Russia no original, national written literature since the *Lay of Prince Igor*, the twelfth-century masterpiece. Alexander Pushkin (1799-1837) leaped out of the slumbering mind of the nation like Athena from the head of Zeus: in full armour. While at school he was graciously noticed by old

Dertzhavin, and was patronized by Karamzin and Zhukovsky, but the youth safely escaped the influences of these coryphaei of the three literary movements that dominated Russia for a century. True, he paid his tribute to these schools in some youthful poems, and the spell of Romanticism lingered quite a while on his lyre, tinging his verse with a Byronic hue. But the significance of Pushkin is in his being the first Russian *national* poet of modern times. National in the same sense as Dante, Shakespeare, Cervantes, Goethe, Hugo were national. "To be a Russian in the true sense of this word, means to be universal," was the dictum of the nationalist Dostoyevsky. Perhaps this criterion might be applied to all national art: whatever is truly and genuinely expressive of the native soil and its inhabitants, must needs bear an all-human appeal. Pushkin was a national poet not only because he made use of the fairy tales told him by his peasant nurse for a series of delightful folk poems; not only because he made the Russian landscape and his contemporary society live in word pictures, notably in his novel in verse, *Hope and Quarrel*;<sup>2</sup> not only because he immortalized certain historical personages of Russia in his Shakespearian  *Boris Godunov* and in his *Captain's Daughter*; not only because he perfected Russian prose and verse to such a degree that his predecessors appear to stutter in comparison with him, while he has remained an ideal model for the legion of his emulators to this day. Pushkin was a national poet because, in addition to his accomplishments just enumerated, he expressed the universality of the Russian mind, the catholicity of its strivings and sympathies. This characteristic trait of Pushkin is common to all great Russian writers, which is to say—to all genuinely national Russian artists.

For, as I have said, the Russian mind is intrinsically universal. Geographically and historically the Great Plain has resembled an open palm outstretched to the universe for contributions, a broad receptacle of ideas and creeds from the Norse and the Fins, from the Latin and Germanic races, from Byzantium, from multifarious Asia. This arch-borrower among nations has not been a mere imitator; the Russian mind has absorbed and assimilated world values,

but it has recreated them, has reproduced them in an intensified, universalized, synthesized form. Witness the Russian ballet, this synthesis of Egyptian, Greek, Persian, Caucasian, Italian, French, Slavonic dances. Or take another illustration—Slavophilism. Derived from the teachings of Schelling and Hegel, originally based on the doctrine of “master nations,” this borrowed idea has, in the main, developed along the lines of its sister idea, blatant Pan-Germanism, but in the direction of universal brotherhood, illuminated by such exponents as Aksakov, Dostoyevsky, Solovyev. Again, Russian Socialism, in its historical and popular version, has rejected the Procrustean frame of petrified Marxism, but has endeavored to synthesize the teachings of the Nazarene, the views of Nietzsche, and the soil philosophy of the muzhik.

I have given so much space to Pushkin in this brief survey for the reason that he was the tone giver and exemplar for the group of writers who became the glory of Russia, and all of whom were the poet's contemporaries, or at any rate were born during his life time. In his footsteps followed Lermontov (1814-1841), who flashed through life like a meteor, seeking to reconcile the irreconcilable (in his *Demon*<sup>3</sup>), singing the pathos of youth and freedom (in Mtsyri<sup>4</sup>), analyzing the contemporary malady of Romanticism à la Byron (in *A Hero of Our Time*). Followed Gogol (1809-1852), who developed to the utmost the realistic method suggested by Pushkin's prose and verse, the method which became dominant in Russian literature, as the most suitable for the national temperament and mind. Abhorring sham and affectation, Russian literature naturally adopted realism, profound realism, one which is concerned not merely with the reproduction of the reality visible to our physical eye, but which strives to fathom the complex reality of both our inner and external life, where mental adventures and dramas, collisions of vague thoughts and of ineffable emotions, mystic yearnings and subconscious experiences play at least as important a part as tangible actuality. Yet the genius of Gogol was one-eyed, as it were. It could detect and unearth chiefly the mean and commonplace in life, exposing these with the descriptive power of



Dante, and with the exhaustive thoroughness of the Dutch masters. Hence the Characters of his *Inspector General* and *Dead Souls* are as all human and comprehensible as Iago or Sancho Panza or Tartuffe.

Turgenev (1818-1883), too, prided himself on being a disciple of Pushkin, and indeed, no Russian writer has approached Pushkin's musical speech as closely as Turgenev, one of whose last *Poems in Prose* was dedicated to "the great, powerful, truthful, free Russian speech." Turgenev's numerous novels, tales, and plays are pervaded with a certain rhythm which lends them all a musical unity, so that one may regard them in *ensemble* as a grandiose symphony, with Russia as its main theme, and with such variations as peasant Russia (*A Sportsman's Sketches*), gentry Russia (*Rudin*, *A Nobleman's Nest*, and elsewhere), Hamletian Russia (*Rudin*, *Diary of a Superfluous Man*, *Hamlet of Shchigrov District*, and elsewhere), Russia of the Westerners, Slavophiles, and reactionaries (*Smoke*), of Nihilists (*Fathers and Children*), of youthful Narodniki (*Populists*) who attempt in vain to merge with that sphinx—the people (*Virgin Soil*). Five decades of Russian public life, with their important currents of thought and social movements, are presented as if in a musical epic.

No one eulogized Pushkin more than that "cruel talent"—Dostoyevsky (1821-1881). Yet there is a striking difference between these two artists. Pushkin is serene, rhythmic, proportional, Hellenic. Dostoyevsky is—chaos. His life and work bear the stamp of a continuous physical and mental torment. All his works display perennial conflict—between freedom and morality (*Crime and Punishment*), man and God (*The Possessed*, *et al.*), individual and society (*Memoirs from a Dead House*, *et al.*), good and evil (*Brothers Karamazov*, *et al.*), individualism and collectivism (*Notes from Underground*, *et al.*) Dostoyevsky himself and his characters, sorely destitute of peace and harmony, are torn with inner contradictions, are tortured with perverse notions. With the clairvoyant power of an epileptic visionary he penetrates the most hidden crevices of the human mind, and with a sadistic glee he chuckles over vivisectioning the inner Ego and demonstrating its brutish-



ness and morbidity. At the same time, and with equal conviction, he reveals for us the eternally human, compassionate and good in the lowest outcasts of society, in criminals and prostitutes, in drunkards and degenerates. He succeeds in destroying the established lines of demarcation between good and evil, sanity and insanity, pity and cruelty, reality and hallucination, atheism and religious fanaticism. The one clear leading motive throughout the labyrinth of Dostoyevsky's world sounds the precept of forgiveness and compassion for those whom we are apt to condemn. Thus in the end the "cruel" artist, after turning us inside out and showing our slumbering instincts and potential latent evil, forces us to refrain humbly from throwing stones at our fellow beings.

To the same group and period belonged Grigorovich (1822-1899), who preceded even Turgenev with his peasant sketches and novels, in which he endeavored to force upon his countrymen the conviction that the serfs were "human," hence deserving equal treatment with the gentry. Goncharov (1812-1891), whose masterpiece, *Oblomov*, has made Oblomovism a generic epithet for the good hearted, lackadaisical, will-less, and pathetically futile Russian noble. Ostrovsky (1823-1886), the first and for a long time the sole playwright to deal largely with the merchant class, and expose their quaint old Russian ways and customs, wilfulness and bovine obstinacy. Nekrasov (1821-1877), the poet of "national wrath," whose forceful, Whitmanesque verse was dedicated chiefly to the peasantry, their quotidian sorrows and joys, their perpetual tragedy as a class of serfs. It was Nekrasov who, as editor of a leading monthly, sheltered and encouraged the young military officer, Tolstoy, the modest author of the sketches signed by the initials "L. T."

Leo Tolstoy (1828-1910) later in life jested that instead of carrying out his original ambition of becoming a general of artillery he achieved the rank of general in literature. The youngest of that wonderful pleiade which actually is Russian literature, Tolstoy not only outlived his confrères but outshone them in world renown. He, too, owed allegiance to Pushkin; *Anna Karenin* originated in his mind

under the influence of one of Pushkin's prose tales. As an artist Tolstoy stood much closer to Pushkin than Dostoyevsky. In his *Cossacks*, *War and Peace*, *Anna Karenin*, and other works, he resembles the great poet in the serene epic calm with which he unfolds the life and events of his individuals and masses. Tolstoy the artist has given us the Iliad and Odyssey of nineteenth century Russia, gigantic panoramas of human actions and passions, all of them saturated with a luminous joy of life, almost Pagan in its intensity. But Tolstoy the moralist asserted that the only "hero" of interest to him was "truth," and that which appeared to him as truth urged him to battle continually the Pagan in him. Tolstoy the Christian renounced his works of art, and gave himself unreservedly to the practice of his preaching—simplification, self-perfection, non-resistance to evil, in a word—life according to the Gospel. One may doubt whether he succeeded in achieving perfection and harmony (his tragic flight from home on the eve of his death showed how poignantly conscious he was of contradictions and discrepancies in his own life), but to Russia and the world the life and career of the sage from Yasnaya Polyana will ever stand out as a great phenomenon in the history of human quests after truth. Though dead in body, Tolstoy continues to be regarded by his countrymen as "the conscience of Russia."

With the "pleiade" terminates the period of the wonderful and the heroic in Russian literature, giving place to more "normal" achievements. The men we have been discussing were not only endowed with an enormous creative power and with the freshness and vigor of pioneers on a virgin soil; they also possessed the nobility of spirit common to the heroic Intelligentsia—the men and women who have struggled and sacrificed themselves for the welfare of the people, regardless and in detriment of their personal social and economic interests. For one must remember that the history of Russian literature presents a continuous martyrology. Russian literature begins to be worthy of that name as soon as, and not before, it breaks its servility to the Court and strikes the note of opposition to the mighty of the earth, a note destined to be its distinguishing feature

to this day. In 1790 Radishchev published his *Journey from St. Petersburg to Moscow*, in which he described the terrible conditions of serfdom, and appealed to his fellow-noblemen to "bethink themselves." Catherine II, erstwhile friend of Voltaire and protector of Diderot, had Radishchev sentenced to death for this crime, later commuting the sentence to exile for life to Siberia. Though from the literary point of view Radishchev's work was of the pre-Pushkin variety, written in a stilted style and after a foreign model (Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*), it struck the keynote of Russian literature, in its sentiment, authorship, and fate.

The sentiment of abolitionism, from the abolition of serfdom to the abolition of all fetters on individual freedom, political, social, economic, or ethical, has been the leading motive of the Russian writers, of the "pleiade" as much as of their successors. It rang in passionate appeals for the emancipation of the peasants, made explicitly or implicitly by Herzen, Turgenev, and other "men of the Forties"; in Dostoyevsky's harangues against the tyranny of all bonds; in Tolstoy's unreserved criticism of the church, the state, and other institutions; in the naïve vituperations of the Nihilists, during the eighteen-sixties; in the Narodnik literature which championed and idealized the common people during the latter third of the past century; in the conscience-waking writings of Korolenko (1853-1921), who despite his personal harrowing experience as exile and wanderer, proclaimed his flaming faith in life and man, and championed incessant struggle against external conditions thwarting happiness and freedom; in the anti-war and violence stories of Garshin (1855-1888); in the stories and plays of Chekhov (1860-1904), which form on the whole a powerful plea for the abolition of pettiness and smugness from our life; in the works of Gorky (born in 1869), who chants hymns to Man, free from conventions and blinders; in the merciless analyses of Andreyev (1871-1919), which leave not one of our beliefs and accepted values unexamined, and spur our conscience and consciousness to abolish all sugar-coated half-truths, to doubt and question perpetually; even in the sensual novels of Artsibashev (born in 1878) one

feels the passionate craving for abolition of shackles, though it be the abolition of binding principles, of those high ideals which drove Russian youth to sacrifice their life and freedom. The sentiment of abolitionism pervading Russian literature has made it largely negative, critical, salutarily destructive, since abolition is the preparatory, purgative stage before the dawn of a constructive era, before it becomes possible to pursue the positive ideal—of a free and perfect individual.

The authorship of *A Journey from St. Petersburg to Moscow* has also been characteristic of Russian literature. Radishchev was a noble, as were nearly all the writers and the leaders of the Intelligentsia and of the revolutionary movement, till the latter part of the nineteenth century. The men and women who belonged by birth to the privileged class, who possessed estates and serfs and held high positions, and yet who fought for the abolition of these very privileges, who sacrificed their comfort, freedom, and often their lives in an effort to undermine their well being as a class, have permeated Russian literature and public activity with the spirit of extreme altruism. This idealism naturally implied its concomitant—the fate of Radishchev, prison, exile, at times death, and thus the road of Russian literature and the Intelligentsia has been strewn with victims.

It is evident that a literature which, in the absence of other outlets, serves as the focus of public thought and opinion, and which is furthermore created by fervent altruists, cannot be an art for the sake of art. Until the end of the nineteenth century Russian literature bore the stamp of the "penitent noble," the landowner of a sensitive conscience, who felt obliged to atone for the sins of his fathers and to repay his debt to the *narod*, the people. To this day the great majority of thinking and creative Russians feel duty bound to devote their faculties and accomplishments to the service of the masses. Yet notwithstanding its latent message and "purpose," Russian literature has never degenerated into didactic sermonizing. The writers could not, even if they wished to, carry on open propaganda regarding the burning issues of the day: the threatening pencil of the ever bigoted censor has dictated reserve and caution, Aeso-



pian language and subtle symbolism, the replacement of the specific and precise by the general and infinite, of the local and transitory by the universal and everlasting. But it goes without saying that the universality and permanent value of these writers is due not so much to the negative effect of the censor as to their inherent aesthetic sense, to the intrinsic quality of their genius.

To recapitulate the main characteristics of Russian literature: Focus of the national genius; "art for life's sake," yet not didacticism; abolitionism, the emancipation of the individual from all fetters; reserve, intensity, universalism. It is difficult to gauge the state of Russian letters today, while the country is living through trials, tribulations, and upheavals. Yet one may venture to say that even at present, amidst conditions of material misery and mental humiliation, the printed page and the stage continue to pledge the immortal power of the national mind. Russian literature has been, and will always be, let us hope, something more than an art: an all-human religion, an evangel, a pillar of fire in the gloomy reality.

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<sup>1</sup> Michael Lomonosov (1714-1765) was one of the first self-made Russians. The son of a poor peasant in the north, he acquired an education by dint of extraordinary energy and endurance, at Moscow and abroad, and became one of the most versatile men of the time. He excelled in mathematics and astronomy, in chemistry and history, in geology and electricity, in linguistics and poetry. He is called "Peter the Great of the Russian language," and Pushkin aptly named him "a university."

<sup>2</sup> Opera music by Chaykovsky. Practically all of Pushkin's long poems, and a large number of his lyrics and prose tales, were put to music. Among the composers who made considerable use of Pushkin one may mention Glinka, Chaykovsky, Rubinstein, Dargomyzhsky, Musorgsky, Borodin, Napravnik, Rimsky-Korsakov. This list is far from exhaustive. In passing one may note that the cooperation of the arts in Russia is remarkable. Perfection is almost reached in such a production as Pushkin's *Boris Godunov* in Musorgsky's opera, with Chaliapin in the title role, supported by a ballet master like Fokin, directed by a conductor like Napravnik, and given color and design by a Roerich, a Bakst, a Benois, an Anisfeld . . .

<sup>3</sup> Opera music by Rubinstein.

<sup>4</sup> Symphonic Poem by Catoire, and also by Senilov. As in Pushkin's case, numerous poems of Lermontov have been used by Russian composers, among them by Rachmaninov, Medtner, Cherepnin.

## RUSSIAN WOMEN

(In life and literature)

A RUSSIAN'S first memories begin with the songs and fairy tales heard from his peasant nurse. These illiterate "mammies" have preserved the unwritten folklore, transmitting from generation to generation songs and legends, fables and riddles, rituals and games. The Russian "mammy" projects the life of her countrywoman on the canvas of her ditties and tales, reconstructing her long martyrdom. Few are the joyous moments of the Russian peasant, but the lot of the woman is many times harder than that of the man. For if the Russian peasant had to bear the yoke of subjection to foreign invaders, to brutal masters, to oppressive agents of the government, the peasant woman knew, in addition to these burdens, the heavy hand of her own man, be it her father, or brother, or husband, or father-in-law. She cooked and baked, sewed and spun, fed the family, the cattle, and the poultry, shared the men's labor in the fields, nursed the babies that usually came in rapid succession, and on the top of all she stood the blows of her husband. How else could the peasant express his protest against destiny, against his hopeless misery and persecution, than by getting drunk in the government wineshop on his last few coppers and then pomeling his non-resisting wife? An easy victim is such a temptation for one who knows nothing but oppression and humiliation.

The Russian woman bears a double cross, that of a Russian, and that of a woman. She bears it without complaint. Turgenev has a story among his *Sportsman's Sketches*, called *A Living Relic*. The author comes upon an invalid peasant girl lying paralyzed in a little shed. In the withered body, in the copper hued face, shrunken and devoid of eyelashes, he recognizes the once beautiful Lukerya, the village belle and leader in song and dance. She tells him how a few years ago, on a fragrant spring night she followed half asleep what seemed to her the voice of her betrothed, and

fell off the porch to the ground. The author is distressed at the havoc wrought by ailment on Lukerya, but she appears content and even happy. In a thin, frail voice she speaks of the little joys she occasionally has while lying motionless in the shed, or a chance rabbit or robin coming to visit her, and of her dreams, dreams in which appear Christ, death, her illness, heartening her and helping her to face reality from the aspect of eternity. She even tries to cheer up her saddened caller by a pathetic attempt at singing an old folk song.

Turgenev's Lukerya symbolizes the Russian woman. Her patience and self abnegation do not signify weakness and lack of will; nor is her submission to fate due to the Oriental Kismet. Russian fatalism is not based on the paralyzing "What's the use?", but on an inherent belief that all is for the eventual best. Such resignation requires at least as much strength as dynamic struggle. In fact, the Russian woman has combined dynamic and passive power. The heroic *Byling* sing of women knights who excel in prowess even over men. The "polyanitsa," as the woman knight is called, may twist a giant warrior, thrust him into her vast pocket, and marry him by force, if he happens to find favor in the eyes of his victor. Such are prehistoric traditions. History, too, abounds in powerful woman characters. In the tenth century a Russian princess gains the appellation of Olga the Wise for her efficient reign over her subjects, and is received with honors at the court of Constantinople; she is the first Russian ruler to become converted to Christianity. Martha Boretsky, in the fifteenth century, leads the insurrectionists of the Novgorod Republic in their last effort to repulse the onslaught of the Moscow tsar; with her defeat, and the removal of the Novgorod folk bell to Moscow, autocracy rids itself of the last vestiges of local independence. Russia groans under the arbitrary absolutism of the tsars, which dictates the secular as well as the spiritual life of the people. In the seventeenth century Lady Morozov and her sister, Princess Urusov, represent the opposition to the officially enforced reforms in church liturgy and observances. The noble sisters are publicly put in chains, imprisoned, and tortured; they die as a

result of their treatment. They signalize the Schism in the Russian church, the secession of the non-conformists or "old believers," who go through suffering, persecution, exile and death, for what they regard as the true faith.

After the death of Peter the Great, in 1725, women prevail on the Russian throne to the end of the eighteenth century, and whatever one may think about them, one must admit that they were not worse than their male successors of the last one hundred years. The empresses, not less than the emperors, strove to fortify the authority of the monarch, refusing to grant to the public any share in the government of the country, and keeping the masses in utter subjection to their private owners and to the state. When Catherine II flirted with Voltaire and the Encyclopedists (Voltaire paid her the supreme compliment of calling her "Catherine *le grand*"!), she little suspected what a subvertive effect the French ideas would have on Russian society. After the outbreak of the French Revolution she tried to stem the tide of free thought by repressive measures, but it was too late. The principles of the American and French revolutions broke all barriers and frontiers, and proved contagious beyond resistance. During the Napoleonic wars the Russian armies came in close contact with western nations and institutions, and returned home imbued with constitutionalist and even republican ideas. In his magnificent epogee, *War and Peace*, Tolstoy tells us toward the end, of the secret societies formed by the aristocracy for the purpose of overthrowing the existing tyrannical order. He brings in Natasha, the loveliest woman in literature, whom he portrays throughout the novel, consummating her romantic escapades and caprices in the bliss of an exemplary housewife. A gathering of conspirators is taking place in her husband's study, where grave problems of the state and the nation are discussed, when Natasha appears on the threshold, triumphantly displaying her baby's diaper. Tolstoy emphasizes the eternal significance of motherhood and its relative superiority to all social and political problems.

The charming Natashas were soon to show their stamina in a spectacular manner. In December, 1825, the so-called Decembrist uprising took place, led by representatives of



the highest aristocracy, who championed the masses. The rebellion was ruthlessly suppressed, and those who escaped the gallows were sentenced to hard labor in the mines of Siberia. The cream of Russian society was buried alive in gruesome holes, chained to wheelbarrows, and abused by brutal guards. It was then that Decembrists' wives, or sisters, or fiancées, obtained the tsar's permission to join the unfortunates. It meant the confiscation of their property and a régime of common convicts, but undaunted the Princess Trubezkoy, Volkonsky, and other young noblewomen, forsook their comfortable and luxurious homes, set out on the long dreary journey across the snow covered plains of Siberia, and finally reached the mines where their kin toiled and paid the penalty for having sacrificed their personal welfare in behalf of the common people. The poet Nekrasov has immortalized these brave gentle souls in his epic poem, *Russian Women*.

To follow the voice of one's conscience, regardless of traditions, conventions, or any external considerations, has been the dominating slogan of Russia's women in life, as well as in life's truest reflection, Russian literature. Tatyana, in Pushkin's *Eugene Onegin*, is one of the first literary characters to represent a simple, spontaneous, unreserved woman, who unhesitatingly takes the initiative and declares her love for the man whom she thinks she loves, but who spurns her. With the same simplicity of resolve Tatyana repudiates, after her marriage, the advances of penitent Onegin, obeying her inner voice which prompts her to be faithful to her elderly husband, however homely and unfashionable this virtue be regarded in her milieu. Turgenev has given us in his novels and stories a gallery of women who excel by far his men characters in nobility of sentiment, loyalty, strength of will and determination. The "Turgenev woman" has become a type, a combination of charm and force, of the eternal feminine and the legendary "polyanitsa," and she is found among the peasantry and the gentry, among revolutionists and ladies of the Court.

The Turgenev period comprised about four decades of Russian life, the Forties to the Eighties, years of great reforms (the emancipation of the peasants, e. g.) and upheav-

als, of hopes and disappointments, of turbulent currents and terroristic activities. Women played an especially significant part in the revolutionary movement. Beginning with the Sixties young men and women, for the most part of the upper classes, tried to expiate for the sins of their fathers and forefathers against the common people, by sacrificing everything for the peasants and championing their cause. The government punished severely these naïve dreamers who abandoned their families and high connections, donned the peasant garb, and went to live among the peasants as nurses, midwives, peddlars, shopkeepers, and so forth. Long imprisonment and brutal treatment by the authorities embittered these originally peaceful friends of the people, and threw them in revolutionary violence and terror. They became convinced that no peaceful, educational or any other activity was possible as long as the despotic government stifled all initiative and free expression. Violence was employed against violence, red terror in answer to white terror. It is difficult to realize how these frail aristocratic girls, so gentle and kindly in their private lives, could bring themselves to hurl bombs, to shoot and kill the oppressors of the people. Surely they were fanatics, surely they were saints in their utter unselfishness and unstinted giving of body and soul for what to them seemed the right cause.

In 1881 the government hanged Sophie Perovsky, the twenty-six year old girl who had been in charge of the assassination of Alexander II. She was the daughter of the Governor-General of St. Petersburg, a granddaughter of Minister Perovsky, and a member of the exclusive aristocracy, who had thrown her lot with the peasants, and paid with her young life for her beliefs. In 1905 the Woman Suffrage League in Russia circulated a cartoon presenting the body of Sophie Perovsky dangling from the gallows, with the inscription: "If woman is capable of mounting the scaffold, she is worthy of entering parliament." The Russian woman certainly gave her share on the altar of her country's freedom.

Whatever one may think of revolutionary activity and of revolutionists, one cannot deny the extraordinary spiritual force which those women possessed. Let me call atten-

tion to one or two survivors of that wonderful generation. In 1924 Catherine Breshkovsky celebrated her eightieth birthday. About two-thirds of her life she has spent in penal servitude and exile, suffering indescribable privation and abuse in frozen Siberia. It was for the same old crime: young Catherine gave up her wealthy surroundings, her estates and mansions, gave up even her dearly loved husband and her only baby son, and went among the peasants to teach and enlighten them. Today this "Grandmother of the Russian Revolution" is hale and undimmed, her only regret being that she has not been able to give more for her people. Or let me mention Vera Figner, whose seventieth birthday Russia celebrated in 1922. A highly cultivated noblewoman, graduate of a Swiss and a Russian college, Vera gave her knowledge, her strength, her freedom, her very life, for the people's cause. When her peaceful efforts had met with the unrelenting persecution of the authorities, she joined the terrorists, became one of their leaders and organizers, and remained at her perilous post after the arrest and execution of Sophie Perovsky and most of her other comrades, till her arrest in 1883. She was condemned to die, but her sentence was commuted to life imprisonment in the Schlüsselburg fortress, a living grave from which no one was expected to emerge. But the crest of the revolution reached even the grim walls of Schlüsselburg: in 1906 a few of the survivors were released. Vera Figner, after twenty-three years of confinement in that house of death, came out unbroken and unembittered. Shortly after her release she published a volume of poems which she had composed while in prison. They breathe no enmity, no hatred, they voice no complaint, no regret or chagrin, but dignified sweetness, calm determination, and boundless love for her comrades and the people. Recently she published her memoirs, an extraordinary human document and an inestimable record of the revolutionary movement during the reign of Alexander II and following his assassination.

Space does not permit me to enumerate, let alone to discuss, the legions of young Russian women martyrs whose names are inscribed in the annals of the liberation movement. And I can merely mention such great personalities

as Sophie Kovalevsky, Professor of mathematics at the University of Stockholm, or as Marie Bashkirtsev whose *Diary* remains a throbbing human expression for all ages and climes.

The Eighties were a drab and dreary decade in Russian life. Society was weary of upheavals and executions, and it sank into apathy, petty deeds, small ideas, gossip, drinking, gambling, or whining and whimpering. When we read the stories and plays of Chekhov, the masterful portrayer of that period, we find only one ray of hope in that gloomy life—Russia's women. Chekhov, like Turgenev, depicts his women as superior to the men. Amidst filth, stupidity, commonplaceness, and vulgarity, his woman stands up pure and noble, a dreamer of beauty and goodness. What if Chekhov's "sea-gull," "three sisters," "Sonya," and others, are crudely disenchanting and are trampled down by reality—they have dreamed, have seen visions of a finer and nobler life, have beautified the drabness of sordid actuality!

Chekhov was the autumnal smile of his land, tolling the requiem of the "Cherry orchard"—patriarchal Russia. He was followed by Maxim Gorky, the harbinger of a new epoch. The birth of this new Russia is powerfully told by him in his best known novel—*Mother*. There you see the old woman of the masses, toiling from her early childhood, knowing no kindness or caress, only blows, blows, blows. Her husband beats her systematically, when drunk and in the rare moments of sobriety. Even on his death bed his only message for his silent, submissive wife is an oath. Such is the woman—can one expect anything big or even human from this humble amorphous creature? But her son, Pavel, grows up, and he brings home fellow workers and "forbidden" literature. They discuss problems, existing conditions, the need of struggle for a better life. For a long time the Mother fails to grasp the meaning of this talk—she is so stultified and crushed, mentally and physically. But gradually the truth dawns on her. She realizes that life is not necessarily misery, pain, and blows, but that man makes life what he wills it to be. When her son is arrested and imprisoned, Mother takes his place. She addresses a crowd in simple, poetic, peasant words, defying the police



who apprehend her. The policemen beat her, swear at her, try to silence her, but bleeding and choking she manages to cry out to the people: "They will not drown truth in blood!"

It was the awakening of intelligence and consciousness among the common people, which brought about the revolution of 1917. Since then Russian women have borne a burden whose heaviness can hardly be appreciated by those who live in a country such as ours. Foreign and civil wars, blockade, famine, pestilence, epidemics, blood and death stalking across the wide plains of Russia. Woman has received equal rights, of course, and one finds her at the front and in the hospital, in the factory and in the Soviet, in the school and in the government office. Women hold high and responsible posts, and one may cite Alexandra Kollontay, Soviet envoy to Norway, probably the only woman diplomatist in the world.

The best book of fiction on post-revolutionary Russia is *A Week*, by a young writer, Libedinsky, who enables us to catch a glimpse of the inner workings in the minds of the average Bolsheviki. Libedinsky shows us not the prominent leaders at the capital or at the front, but the less spectacular rank and file Communists in a small backwoods town, in their daily tasks and collisions. It is a truthful picture of a new life in the making. The Communists are revealed to us neither as angels nor as devils, but as genuine human flesh and blood individuals, some of them attractive and others decidedly repulsive. Libedinsky's women are unforgettable portraits. One easily understands the feelings of the counter-revolutionary Madame Senator, with her venomous hatred for the rabble which has deprived her of luxury, power, and sense of superiority. One is more interested, however, in the new woman, Anyuta, the Bolshevik emissary, who though fanatically devoted to her cause is not unaware of the shortcomings of certain comrades and leaders. Graphically she describes a railroad station crowded with filthy and hungry men, women, and children, wallowing on the floor for weeks, in the hope of boarding a train eventually. Her tone waxes indignant and bitter, when she speaks of a squeamish commissar eating pastries at that station, and carefully stepping across the dirty

bodies, afraid of soiling his patent leather boots. This girl works and dies for the people, in the name of an ideal, but she does not overlook the presence of selfishness and brutality in her own ranks. Her body, mutilated by a counter revolutionary band, converts to the cause the little, frail Lisa, the school teacher who has tried to keep out of politics, but whom conditions of blood and iron force to take sides in the conflict between the Haves and Have-nots. The school teacher Lisa is the greatest pledge for Russia's future. No longer an aristocrat, an idealist noblewoman burning with remorse, but a child of the people herself, she need not condescend to them. She is one of them, and she brings them that which they need more sorely than anything on earth—light.

## CULTURAL ACTIVITIES IN SOVIET RUSSIA

WAR and revolution have drained heavily Russia's creative forces. As we have seen in some of the preceding chapters, the intellectually and artistically endowed elements have shown less resistance and resilience than the ordinary citizens, hence the death rate among the former has exceeded that of the latter six or seven times in the years of intermittent warfare, famine, epidemics, years of terrific physical and mental strain. To the number of the dead one should add the considerable group of scholars and artists who live abroad as voluntary or enforced exiles, and whose activity, even at its best, contributes very little to Russian life.

Those of the survivors—not necessarily the fittest—who stayed at home have faced enormous difficulties, both as regards material hardships and numerical weakness in shouldering the burden, and in respect to adapting themselves to the new moods and demands. Material privations, especially during the first three years of the Soviet régime, snuffed out the lives of many brilliant men, whose organisms could not cope with cold, hunger, and enforced physical labor. Owing to the blockade and to the virtual standstill of the home industry, there was a dearth of apparatus, of ink and paper, a lack of heating and lighting accommodations, and of similar elementary prerequisites for creative activity. One recalls the plight of the composer Glazunov, whose cry for music paper was transmitted to the western world through H. G. Wells. Only last year did Professor S. Oldenburg, Permanent Secretary of the Academy of Sciences, express his thanks to a group of American friends who donated fifty tons of printing paper to that institution. Celebrated writers found themselves compelled, in the absence of the printed page, to recite their works at literary *soirées* before audiences hungry not for bread alone. A more taxing hardship was the lack of time. Too few in number for supplying adequately the demand for knowledge manifested by New Russia, the intellectuals were

called upon to give without stint their time and their mental possessions. Biologists and historians, economists and poets, philosophers and painters, critics and composers, had to drag themselves from auditorium to auditorium, most often on foot for long distances, to respond to the greed of the erstwhile submerged nine-tenths. No wonder that the late Academician Timiryazev, Professor M. N. Pokrovsky, and other leaders of intellectual Russia, have sounded the alarming note that the excessive pedagogic activity of the nation's great minds precluded creative work on their part.

But perhaps most difficult of all has been for the intellectuals the task of adjusting themselves to the new social psychology. For the revolution has meant not a partial change of certain economic and political phases, but a complete subversion of the social structure, a violent shifting and transposing of class relations and class priority, a thorough transvaluation of national and human values. The revolution affected every field of endeavor. The notion that the arts and sciences, even the church, may and should remain "above the battle," aloof and self-sufficient, has proved largely illusory in the face of the Russian upheaval. Neither the arts nor the sciences nor the church could remain stationary, when the pendulum of life had swung about a hundred and eighty degrees in the opposite direction.

## I

It is in the light of these difficulties that one should approach Russia's intellectual and artistic life<sup>1</sup> within the last seven or eight years, for only then may one gauge correctly whatever achievements and results there are to be observed. Only then may one appreciate, for example, the investigations and discoveries in various branches of science accomplished by Russian scholars within this trying period. Here, as in other fields, it is too early to draw conclusions or sum up results; it may be of more importance to note the new spirit in which this work is carried on, namely the synthetic spirit, the effort at combining theory and practice on the one hand, and all sciences and humanities, on the other hand.



Most of the academic laboratories in Russia are endeavoring to lend science the greatest applicability possible, and alongside of such "pure" investigations as that of the structure of the atom, these laboratories bring forth such discoveries as the method for transmitting simultaneously several telephone conversations or telegrams on one and the same wire by applying wireless methods to wires. A close alliance between science and practical technique is seen in the laboratories of such institutions as the Optic Institute, the Röntgenologic, the Radiotechnic, the State Chemical, the State Technical and similar Institutes.

At the same time one observes an effort to prevent the material sciences from becoming exclusively dominant. Science is for man and not man for science. As Academician Oldenburg points out, such important disciplines as mathematics, physics, chemistry, and biology, are valuable as methods for investigation, as means, but without the support of the humanities they lead to no goal. In this respect a good beginning has been made through the establishment at Moscow of the Institute of Scientific Methodology, for the purpose of comparing and combining the methods of individual sciences. There specialists of all fields, from biologists and physicists to economists and statisticians, meet regularly for a joint discussion of current national problems, trying to coordinate their practical and theoretic experiences into an organized Science. This new scientific spirit, or rather, this old desideratum for the first time translated into actuality, is truly a sign of the time, a product of the proletarian revolution. Since November, 1917, productive labor has become the chief criterion of value, subordinating all abstractions to the concrete service of man. Again, the principle of collective endeavor has evidently penetrated all fields of activity, prompting even the exclusive castes of scientists and experts to seek mutual communion and cooperation.

Here naturally arises the question as to the attitude of the Soviet authorities toward scientific work and education in general. This attitude is dual—proletarian and catholic. Under a regime which is avowedly dictatorial one would hardly expect academic freedom in the broad sense of the

word. The Communists, an insignificant minority, less than one per cent. of the population, are frankly resolved to stamp their principles on the national life, at least in theory, particularly on the minds of the growing generation. Their attempts in this direction have shown perhaps more fear than perspicacity, a state of mind easily comprehensible in view of the isolation and universal hostility which the Communists have had to encounter. One can understand their indefatigable efforts at winning the children of Russia, both by means of affording them attractive surroundings and amusements, and by instilling socialistic ideas into their malleable minds. One can also understand their energy in encouraging education among workmen, in showering upon them cultural favors and privileges at the expense of the non labor element. The "Rabfacs," day and evening schools where young workers delegated by shops or organizations are prepared for higher institutions of learning, have become a powerful factor in public life. Three years (four years for evening classes) of intensive and selective study prepare the Rabfacs to enter the collegian ranks of prospective specialists in all important professions, thus emancipating Russia from "bourgeois" experts in civilian life, in the same way as Trotsky's "Koursants" are replacing the bourgeois officers in the army. From the sixteen thousand applicants for entrance into the Petrograd colleges in the fall of 1924, seven thousand five hundred were accepted, and nearly all of them are of a proletarian status, that is, workmen or children of productive workmen.

The task of weeding out undesirables has been applied by the Communists not only to the student body but also to the faculty. Within the last three years a considerable group of scholars was forcibly exiled from Russia, because of their nonconformist views. This, too, one can understand, but one can hardly forgive. Fear usually comes from weakness, and the Bolshevik policy of persecuting their opponents, of stifling diverging voices in the press and on the platform, demonstrates their lack of self-reliance and of conviction in the soundness of their outlook. When I expostulated with a prominent Soviet teacher on this point,

protesting against the extravagant dissipation of the nation's brains through enforced silence and exile, I was told that in a period of transition and isolation one cannot afford the luxury of difference of opinion. Then he inquired whether an American university would employ Bill Heywood or W. Z. Foster or any other open adversary of the existing order of things.

So much for the narrowly proletarian attitude of the ruling group, dictated by fear of rival ideas. On the other hand one must admit that in face of terrific odds and in spite of national calamities and financial difficulties, the Soviet authorities have developed a cultural activity of a startling magnitude. It would be difficult to detect any specially Communistic motive about the governmental encouragement of various scientific expeditions biologic, archaeologic, historic, geographic, geologic, and others, which have taken place within the last few years, some of them with excellent results. The study of the country, of its natural resources and atmospheric conditions, of its antiquity and folklore, is carried on with unprecedented energy. The achievements of the numerous expeditions (notably to Spitzbergen, Novaya Zemlya, and Kola) and excavations have been both of a purely scientific nature and of an immediately practical value. To the latter variety belongs the work of Professor Lazarev's commission on the "magnetic anomaly" in the province of Kursk, or to cite another example, the experimental activity of the recently established Meadow Institute. Under the leadership of its director, Professor Dmitriyev, about one hundred million acres of marshy land are being reclaimed in European Russia alone, chiefly for fodder. It is interesting to note that the government helps the grass growers by a yearly subsidy of one million and a half in gold rubles for amelioration purposes, besides a loan subsidy of three and a half million rubles advanced to them last year. Under the old régime, the Ministry of Agriculture had spent for the same purpose altogether about five million rubles during the thirty-two years of its existence (1885-1917).

One may also note in passing that while at the early stage of the Soviet régime the intellectuals were inade-

quately treated and even mistreated, their present conditions are as good as one could expect under the circumstances. As an illustration I may mention the CKUBU, a state commission for the maintenance of scholars. At present this commission gives full material support to more than seven thousand highly qualified scientists and artists, permitting them to live and create without anxiety about their personal or family well-being, and with no obligation to their patron. The CKUBU is also in charge of a number of luxurious sanatoria formed in the magnificent summer resorts and palaces of the expropriated Romanovs and nobility. Here intellectual workers find a rest from their labors in healthful surroundings, and in communion with colleagues of a wide range.

The educational policy of the Commissariat of Public Instruction has a definite tendency to combine theory with practice. From the kindergarten to the highest institution of learning the pupils are taught to give immediate application to the knowledge they are acquiring. Experimentation is used not only in strictly scientific subjects, but also in such semi-sciences as sociology, political economy, or psychology. The pupils are also trained in developing self-efficiency and independence, through taking an active part in the management and upkeep of their schools; not only do they perform most of the physical work in and around the school, but they are given a representative place in the pedagogic council.

There are at present about seventy experimental schools in cities, villages, and factories, where prominent educators are carrying on tests and investigations periodically reported and discussed at national conferences. Although, owing to lack of funds, there has been a slump in the numerical growth of schools, compared with the feverish growth soon after the revolution, one must admit that in quality and intensity education in Russia has advanced perceptibly. At all events illiteracy has greatly diminished both among children and adults. I have before me an imposing array of data about higher educational institutions in Russia, universities, research academies, pedagogic, social economic, technical industrial, and agricultural col-



leges, institutes for the arts, museums, depositaries, together with the number of their students and faculties, and the names of their heads and deans. Space does not permit a description of the work performed in these institutions, and besides, it is too early to draw conclusions. One gains the general impression that both the faculty and the student body are more practical, efficient, and perhaps prosaic than the easy going and verbose intelligentsia of pre-revolutionary days.

As to political tendencies in the schools, it is evident that the Soviet authorities are endeavoring to dictate them, in the same way as the old government had tried to do it. One may venture to presume that in either case the success of such an effort is dubious: knowledge eschews labels and resents coercion. The more dictatorial and repressive was the educational policy of the tsars, the more revolutionary became the school youth; this experience bears a significant augury for the future of the Soviet policy. A characteristic mixture of politics and education may be found in such an institution as the University of Toilers from the East, founded in 1921. Among its students of both sexes are represented native Russian Orientals, and a variety of Asiatics and Africans, from Persians and Koreans to Javanese and Algerians, whose Muscovite instruction may well arouse uneasiness at Downing Street and at the Quai d'Orsay.

## II

The difficulty of a summarizing survey, such as the present one, becomes particularly manifest when we approach the field of creative art. For art, more than any other activity of the human mind, requires a long time before it may be sufficiently crystallized to permit ripe judgment. The last ten years were years of intermittent warfare for Russia, and while during the earlier part of this period the muses remained practically silent, they have produced such a bewildering din since the November revolution as to defy analysis and discrimination between the ephemeral and that which is destined to stay. The arts mirrored life in several respects, one of these being the fact

that in November, 1917, they began by vying with one another in extremism, but this wave eventually subsided, and today moderation prevails, just as it does in other fields of Soviet life. One other thing is patent: the arts have failed thus far in their attempts to create an adequate expression of the revolution; it is obviously too early for such an expression. The attempts have been many and arduous—in music, painting, sculpture, architecture, in the ballet and the dramatic stage, in poetry and prose. With the exception of Alexander Blok's poem, *The Twelve*, these efforts have given, at their best, but fragmentary reflections of the gigantic upheaval.

In music, for instance, there have been composed numerous brilliant trifles, such as Kirillov's soldier and worker songs, but nothing monumental which might fit the moment, not even a hymn—they are still compelled to sing the dry and drab "Internationale" on every public occasion. Of the three big Russian composers living abroad, Rachmaninov, Stravinsky, and Prokofyev, perhaps only the last one might be in a position to find the right note for the complex reality of his land, had he not left Moscow for the ease of New York and western European capitals. Among those who have stayed in Russia, Glazunov, aside from his pedagogic activity as director of the state conservatory of music, dwells in an ivory tower, indifferent to the sounds of the street. To the same group of aesthetic contemplators belong most of the older musicians—Medtner, for instance. The "revolutionary" composers, Krein, Alexandrov, Lurie, Gnesin, Pavlov, and a few others, still belong to the young promising ones, to the disciples, however extreme and heterodox, of Rimsky Korsakov, or, at best, of Seryabin. We may understand the composer Sabaneyev, when he suggests that the heroic works of Beethoven, and even the oratorios of Bach and Handel, are more suitable for the present moment in Russia than the revolutionary music made to order.

More active and effectual have been the graphic and plastic arts. The older artists were temporarily stunned by the revolution, and their most valuable work in recent years has been not along creative lines, but in the field of

preserving and reconstructing the treasures of the past. Excellent work has been done in reorganizing art museums (whose collections were enriched through the nationalization of private galleries), in renovating and restoring historical buildings and monuments, in directing expeditions and excavations. Invaluable treasures have been discovered, among them a Titian, a self portrait by Caravaggio, and a considerable number of frescoes and icons by Russian painters of the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, which had been in most cases daubed over by modern vandals. Of late these artists have shown signs of resurrection in their creative activity, exhibiting with a marked success under the old name of "The World of Art." They are, however, the last Mohicans of the Impressionistic school in its various ramifications, and their work usually bears an epigonous stamp.

The predominant influences in Russian art today are, broadly speaking, post-Impressionistic. Cubism, Futurism, and numerous varieties of Expressionism, with their subversive tendencies and sweeping denial of tradition and convention, have been both a prediction and an echo of Bolshevism in art. The naughty boys of pre-revolutionary days became the pillars of society after November, 1917. They took charge of organizing pageants and processions, of erecting monuments and public buildings, of preparing revolutionary placards and propaganda trains. The shrieking colors and startling lines appealed for awhile to the revolutionary masses, but the inherent sense for proportion soon began to manifest itself among the common people, and a reaction set in against gaudiness, exaggeration, and distortion. Extremism is no longer in vogue merely because it is extreme—in life as well as in art.

In Russia art has always responded to the pulse of life, but now more than ever does it endeavor to present the quintessence of reality, however remote from external verisimilitude this presentation may appear. A striking illustration of this phenomenon may be found in the work of the Constructivists, who have seceded from all Expressionist groups because of the latter's alleged detachment from life. Every society has its tone giver—its aristocracy; in Russia



the industrial proletariat has been the tone-giving aristocracy since the revolution. The Constructivists are attempting a synthesis between art and industry, or rather an interpermeation of the two elements, carrying out the dreams of William Morris and Walter Crane. They are responding to the voice of time, in championing collective production of art along the lines suggested by modern industry in its buildings and machinery. The Constructivists are particularly active in architectural plans, such as Tatlin's design for the Third Internationale, where they find a broad field for the expression of complex modernity, with its cosmic swing, its intellectualism and materialism, its mechanical rhythm and its massiveness. Constructivist ideas have been employed with a measure of success also in staging modern plays.

This brings us to the theatre, the art which has been most active during these years, despite material difficulties and national calamities. The theatre serves as an arena for other arts, for literature, painting, architecture, music, and dancing. The theatre also serves as a gigantic megaphone in the hands of the government for propaganda purposes, political as well as educational generally, like the dissemination of ideas about popular hygiene, epidemics, agriculture, and so forth. It appears that before the inauguration of the New Economic Policy (NEP), in 1921, the theatre fared much better in many respects. During the era of Military Communism, as the first period of the revolution is now called, when all theatres were nationalized and thrown open to the public with no admission charge, Russia was probably the most "theatrical" country on the globe. In the year 1920 there were 428,000 persons registered as belonging to theatrical professions, the houses were full, every workman had an opportunity to see on the average seven shows in a month, the passion for drama spread to every suburb and country town, to every club house and army regiment, and a jest was in vogue to the effect that before long Russia would be inhabited by actors alone, with no spectators to enjoy them. The repertoire was on the whole of a high quality. There was no room for either cheap melodrama and salacious farces, or for raw propaganda. Even such



propaganda places as the Theatre of the Revolution or the Terevsat (theatre of revolutionary satire) were forced to eschew soap box stuff, and to prefer Martinet and Toller and Jack London (dramatized) to homemade revolutionary concoctions. The plays by Lunacharsky, Commissar of Education, though included in the propaganda repertoire, are based for the most part on foreign historical events, and are intended for an exacting audience. Such is the Russian audience—exacting, serious, reverent. Leaders of the Moscow Art Theatre, fastidious as they are, have stated that never before the revolution could they boast of such attentive, responsive, and stimulating audiences as those composed of red soldiers and shabby workmen. This explains the unrivalled popularity on the Russian stage of Sophocles, Shakespeare, Molière, Schiller, Gogol, Mérimée (*Jackerie*), Gorky, Shaw, Schnitzler, and of similar artists who did not intend to be popular or revolutionary. A close observer tells us that during those years Wagner and Stryabin were as customary at Russian popular concerts as the foxtrot at western European restaurants.

Under the New Economic Policy, the majority of the theatres have been emancipated from the government's supervision and support, and are becoming almost normal. Admission prices have made shows inaccessible to the masses, and the houses are now only twenty to twenty-five per cent. full, the audiences being better dressed and fed than those under the Communistic régime. Now that the box receipts again exercise an influence upon the repertoire, one witnesses the return of lachrymose melodrama and chorus girl revues. Yet in spite of these inevitable features of "normalcy" the Russian stage continues to be more alive and progressive than in other countries. Surely nowhere else can one find as much experimentation as in impoverished Russia. Even the old Moscow Art Theatre has four "Studios," in which new methods are being constantly tried out in dramatic productions and operas. Tairov returned to the Kamerny Theatre, after a successful tour abroad, still convinced in the necessity of making the theatre more theatrical, conventional, unreal. The boldest experimenter of all has been Meyerhold, who has gone through practically

all stages in the development of the modern theatre, and who will probably never arrive or acquiesce at any stage. In Meyerhold's theatre, and in those influenced by his ceaseless quests, one can see an effort to find the proper voice for the expression of our turbulent mechanical age. To them the form of presentation matters more than the contents of the play, and they apply cubistic, futuristic, and constructivist methods alike to Georg Kaiser's *Gaz*, and to Gogol's *Revizor*, to Synge's *Irish Playboy* and to Dumas' *Monte Cristo*, to Verhaeren's *L'aube* and to Volkenstein's *Mr. Webb's Experiment*, to Shaw's *Heartbreak House* and *Saint Joan* and to Claudel's *Tiara*, to Toller's *Masse Mensch* and to *Hiawatha* or the *Nutcracker* given at the Children's Theatre. One is forced to admit that the stage has leaped ahead of the drama, that the playwright has not kept up with the stage director, mechanic, scenery painter, and costume designer, in the race with the tempo of life. The revolution has created a new theatre, but as yet no new literature for it.

The word is a most conservative medium of expression, both as to form and contents. The Russian revolution has as yet found no adequate voice in literature. The pre-revolutionary writers were creating under the sign of "on the eve," criticising the existing order, and vaguely anticipating the great change; when this change came, they were struck speechless. The writers of Gorky's circle—Gorky himself, Bunin, Kuprin, Zaytsev, Shmelev, have produced in recent years little beyond reminiscences and reveries. Of the Symbolists, Alexander Blok in his *Twelve* is the only poet to have succeeded in expressing the essence of the November revolution. Both the friends and the enemies of the revolution have acclaimed this poem, and it is likely that the author himself was unable to decide whether he sympathized or not with what he so powerfully described. The poem is, indeed, a miracle, in that Blok, though a contemporary, has grasped objectively the significance of the moment, and has seen both its brutal and redeeming features, its sins and atonements. It ends in portraying Christ, in a wreath of white roses, leading through wind and storm the twelve children of red chaos. Nothing of equal

importance has been produced in Russia during these years. Vikenty Veresayev, a writer of the realistic school, who has lived through the revolution in the south of Russia, and who is leading at present an active life in Moscow, has completed a novel under the title *Impasse*. It is an analytic appraisal of the experiences of the intelligentsia during those fateful years. While the theme is limited, it is of great importance, and no one can cope with it better than Veresayev, who has no rival in the understanding and portrayal of the contemporary intelligentsia. Another book dealing with the revolution is Alexey Tolstoy's *A Pilgrimage through Sorrows* (English title: *The Road to Calvary*). The author, by his views and literary activity, belongs both to the past and the present, and this duality is evident in the novel too. The first part gives an excellent picture of pre-war Russia, of a moribund society with jaded tastes and perverse notions, wallowing in superficial prosperity, and seeking diversion in decadent art and mystic fads. Against this background, Russia's past, Count Tolstoy attempts to paint Russia in war and revolution, and in this part he fails as utterly as he succeeds in the earlier part. He lacks perspective, for one thing. Even his great namesake was in a position to describe *War and Peace* only some seventy years after the events described had taken place. And to gauge the present, Alexey Tolstoy, a robust artist though he is, lacks the intuitive force of Alexander Blok.

As to the host of new writers produced by the revolution, or matured by it, not one of them has given an adequate expression of the upheaval. Zamyatin, Pilnyak, Nikitin, Vsevolod Ivanov, Lidin, Libedinsky, and a number of other first and second rate writers of fiction, have recorded regional impressions of the war, the revolution, the intervention, the famine. But these are episodes related fragmentarily, one might say anecdotally, when one thinks of their proportional value in relation to the revolution. Let us not seek the impossible or miraculous: Bloks are unique and exceptional. The new writers reflect the revolution rather indirectly, in substance and in form. In place of deep searchings of the heart, of psychologic analysis, of grave introspection, of implicit messages—traits which dis-



tinguish Russian literature, the present-day writers are mostly concerned with action rather than with reflection, with story telling for its own sake rather than with underlying motives and philosophic suggestions. Old Russia and its literature abounded in Hamlets, today Russia is Quixotic to borrow Turgenev's classification. Russian life is full of movement, events, changes, catastrophes; it is, in a word, dramatic, and so must be its literature. The "Serapion Brothers," a group of young authors, are characteristic of the moment, in that both their personal lives and compositions are peppered with adventures and unique experiences. This reaction against psychology and introspection is a sign of the time; its extreme forms, however, are wearing off, as we have noted in other cases. In music, in painting, in literature, the first impulse immediately after the revolution was to smash the old tables, to turn everything topsy-turvy. Then came the gradual cooling off of subversive passion, and moderation set in. The desire to revolutionize everything affected all media and forms of expression, including language. As a result the style of the new literature differs perceptibly from the style of even the most recent pre-revolutionary writers. In certain respects the present-day Russian prose is superior to the former: it is more exact and precise, more colorful, free from hackneyed images and trite similes, and more rhythmic, attaining at times, as in the prose of Boris Pilnyak, the inner music of *vers libre*. On the other hand the new prose is too precious, affected, reverting in some cases to the mannerisms of the eighteenth century. It has been, in the main, influenced by modern Russian poetry, especially by its Futuristic current.

Russian Futurism came into existence about 1908, almost at the same time as the western European movement inaugurated by Signor Marinetti. It was the product of an over-sated urban civilization, blatant and tawdry, feeding on scandal and notoriety, and appealing to a limited circle of faddists. In November, 1917, the Futurist poets shared the triumph of all extremists, and became caliphs for an hour. Their most talented leader, young Mayakovsky, acted for a time as the official singer of the revolution, his poems and plays receiving generous recognition on the part of the



authorities, until he was removed from the pedestal by the grumbling rank and file proletarians who failed to understand his art. The one definite contribution of Futuristic poetry is a linguistic one. It has created a large number of neologisms, has demonstrated the limitless pliability of the Russian language, and has greatly influenced the contemporary styles in prose and poetry, even that of their opponents, whose name is legion. The number of Russian schools of poetry is bewildering. At Moscow Poetry *Soirées* during the dearth of printing facilities, when oral recitation took the place of the printed page, there would meet representatives of some twenty schools, among them the neo-Classicalists, neo-Realists, neo-Romanticists, Symbolists, Acmeists, neo-Futurists, Centrofuguists, Imagists, Expressionists, Nichevoki (literally, Nothingists), Eclectics, and Proletarian poets. These last, though few in number and a bit timid, are perhaps the most vital element in the revolutionized Russian literature. In the first place, they actually belong to the working class, and are in no need of protesting their loyalty to the horny toiler, as many of the converted poets have to do. In the second place, the proletarian poets have been producing forceful verse, dealing with their immediate surroundings, with the factory, the revolving wheels, the whirring machinery, the molten metal, and similar actualities, not in an abstract and sentimental manner, but concretely and robustly. Such of their men as Sadofyev, Gastev, Kirillov, Gerasimov, Kazin, have come to stay, both as individual artists and as a group, and incidentally they have won the recognition of the dean of Russia's poets, Valery Bryusov (died in 1925). They, indeed, express unassumingly the new Russia.

This survey is neither exhaustive nor minutely correct. I have omitted mentioning, for instance, the excellent opportunities opened for investigators by the state and private archives which have become accessible for the first time, yielding invaluable documents in the field of history, international politics, literature, and so forth. On the other hand, some of the facts and figures I have cited may present too rosy a picture of the conditions. Statistics seldom tell the whole story, overlooking shadows and caverns, and dis-

playing formidable figures which may possess a value on paper only. To say that all is well in Russia, is to show gullibility or an inclination to let the wish father the thought. What appears to be the truth is that despite material privation and political narrowness and oppression, intellectual and artistic activity has never ceased in Russia, and that in some respects this activity is livelier and more fruitful than under the tsars. The revolution has changed the tone and tempo of life, has brought to the fore a new aristocracy which stamps its tastes and demands on public affairs, has developed a new social psychology, a new table of values in art and thought and human relations. These changes may not appeal to many persons, indeed they may be revolting to the average man brought up on traditional standards and codes. But it would be wrong to assume that the new order precludes or discourages creative work. From the preceding pages it may be seen what a seething activity there has been going on in every phase of Russia's intellectual and artistic life. And if to the outsider this activity appears chaotic, one may believe with the philosopher that out of the chaos a star will be born.

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<sup>1</sup> As to the spiritual, religious aspect, one must note the laudable endeavors of many prominent clergymen to cleanse the Augean stables of the church. From the eighteenth century to the revolution of 1917, the Russian church played the ignoble part of the government's lackey, sanctioning the latter's oppressive policy against the masses and the various races and creeds of the empire, and trying to hold the people in a state of darkness and superstition. The new currents within the church at present bear the promise of a revival and rejuvenation of its spiritual guidance. In fact there are numerous indications of the growing strength and popularity of the new church, despite, or perhaps because of the atheistic propaganda of the Bolsheviki, whose tactless aggressiveness has often tended to intensify the religiosity of the masses. Recent declarations by Soviet leaders admit such consequences, and advocate more tolerance and respect toward popular beliefs and customs.

## THE QUEST OF TOLSTOY

TOLSTOY is like a mountain. Proximity prevents one from visualizing his magnitude, multiformity, and many-sidedness. The fifteen years that have elapsed since his death (in 1910) cannot provide us with a perspective sufficiently clear for gauging the full value of Tolstoy the novelist, the dramatist, the critic, the essayist, the pedagogue, the ethical teacher, the philosopher, and most important of all—Tolstoy the man. Fortunately, our task of tracing the long and tortuous path traversed by the great Russian in his interminable quest, is facilitated by Tolstoy's writings. As though conscious of belonging to the world and humanity, he had recorded his inner experiences from the days of his early childhood to the last hours of his earthly life, both in his diaries and in his stories, novels, and plays, in which the central character is invariably the author himself. Thus we possess a remarkable record of practically all the eighty-two years of Tolstoy's life, a record unique in its truthfulness, universal appeal, and artistic significance.

On the surface, Tolstoy's life presents two sharply divided stages. Until about 1880 he appeared quite "normal"—a titled aristocrat, a successful novelist, a happy father and husband, with the regular past of a Russian nobleman, replete with the experiences of the gilded youth, and crowned with a brief but brilliant military career. Then—"suddenly"—at the age of fifty Tolstoy repented, renounced all he had cherished and upheld, and turned moralist and preacher. A careful study of Tolstoy's life and work reveals the absence of any sudden break in his inner consciousness, but suggests a continuous evolutionary process, in which the seeming changes and metamorphoses are merely signs of growth. Such a study shows us that even at the age of fifteen the young Count, apparently normal and *comme il faut*, was infected with the germ of restless inquiry and discontent with his environment, for in place of the conventional cross he wore around his neck

a medallion with the portrait of Rousseau. Similarly, as a university student, regarded by his classmates as a haughty aristocrat and a snob, young Leo was engaged in writing an essay on "The Aims of Philosophy," in which the budding seeker defined philosophy as the science of life. We have an excellent record of his formative age in that first work of his to be published, the trilogy *Childhood, Boyhood, Youth*, where the psychology of the precocious rebel is depicted with the simplicity of a genius, and where the interest of the little Count in the lowly and submerged is manifested with a significant intensity. Dissatisfied with his social surroundings, vexed with himself for leading a life of idleness and debauch, Tolstoy becomes a voluntary exile to the wild Caucasus, where for the first time he learns to know the common people in their natural atmosphere. The story written at that period, *The Cossacks*, presents an adumbration of Tolstoy's ultimate doctrine. What is happiness? he asks, and answers that true, unconditional happiness can be attained only through love for others. Soon he finds another opportunity for coming in contact with the people—on Crimea's battle-fields, where as an active and valiant participant he observes the grey mass of soldiers as they live and die submissively and humbly, ignorant of the Why and Wherefore of their life and of their death. In the gripping description of that war, *Sebastopol Tales*, Tolstoy informs us that the hero of his story whom he loves dearly and seeks unceasingly, is Truth. It becomes apparent thus that from his earliest consciousness he is engaged in what remains to his last breath an unflinching quest after the solution of the question of ultimate truth in our existence, relations, attitudes.

How to live? This question, and its answer, form man's religion. Tolstoy attempted several answers before he adopted his final faith. His belief in human progress was shattered through a series of disenchanting observations, such as the fratricidal slaughter on the fields of Crimea, the Paris guillotine, or the callousness of European cultured tourists whom he describes (in *Lucerne*) as enjoying the music of a beggar violinist from the balcony of their sumptuous hotel, but spurning his repeated plea for alms.



Such conduct, the author asserted, would be unthinkable in any Russian or Italian village. He gradually arrived at the conclusion that progress in mechanical comfort and artistic endeavor may be a step forward, an advance, but not necessarily for the better, as far as the welfare of the broad masses and the universal spiritual level are concerned. The school which he had founded on his estate at Yasnaya Polyana, and to which he had devoted a great deal of time, energy, and talent, soon convinced him of the shortcomings and unfitness of all modern educational systems. The peasant children, whom he tried to teach the three R's, displayed so much wholesome, inherent wisdom, sense of justice and proportion that Tolstoy came out with an open declaration to the effect that the cultured people would profit greatly, if instead of presuming to teach the masses they made an effort to learn true knowledge from these illiterate sages.

Having lost his faith in progress, Tolstoy plunged into "family happiness." During the larger part of the Sixties and Seventies, Leo Tolstoy manifested an exuberant activity as husband, father, landowner, and—writer: it was then that he executed his immortal masterpieces, *War and Peace* and *Anna Karenin*. The former novel, Russia's "Iliad and Odyssey," presents a gigantic panorama of European events during the Napoleonic wars, and it may be regarded as a passionate hymn to life, whether it be manifested in battle-fields and resplendent courts, or in the family life of a country squire. Tolstoy, the author as much as the gentleman of Yasnaya Polyana, appears at that juncture to imbibe life in big intoxicating draughts, and to find in this occupation contentment and tranquility. But in his next great novel, *Anna Karenin*, the hero, that is, the author, is no longer satisfied with a happy and useful life. The question, How to live? deepens into the question, Why live? Of what use are our endeavors, if death comes and annihilates them? Tolstoy tells us in his *Confession* that he was then on the verge of committing suicide, as an escape from the horror of an aimless existence. He is saved from destruction with the aid of the common people, who, as we have seen, affected his life on several critical occasions.

Working and communing with the peasants, he wonders at their power of endurance, their calm dignity and peace of mind, notwithstanding their misery and privation, darkness and oppression. He realizes that it is their deep religiosity that wards off despondency and doubt, their absolute trust in God, who to them is synonymous with Good. It becomes clear to him that life is not meaningless and is not destroyed by death, if it consists of Godly, that is, good deeds. The quest is at an end: Tolstoy finds the How and the Why of living.

Henceforth, that is, that last thirty years of his life, Tolstoy strives to practice the truth found after many tortuosities, and to elucidate it for himself and for others. He studies oriental and occidental religions at their sources, visits monasteries, interviews princes of the church and humble priests, writes theological investigations, and in the end fails to find a live embodiment of his truth in any of the existing churches. He is especially disappointed in the Greek Orthodox church of Russia, which has long ceased to be a spiritual force in the life of the nation, but has degenerated into an obsequious servant of the authorities, an upholder of oppression and obscurantism. With his wonted frankness he speaks his mind on this question, and the church retaliates by excommunicating the most Christ-like man of our times.

The essence of Tolstoy's religion is contained in the Sermon on the Mount, which he interprets literally and in all its profound conclusions and consequences. Consistent with this faith, he preaches simplicity and chastity in personal life, abandonment of riches and all property, abstaining from all oaths and allegiances to earthly powers, and above all nonresistance to evil. One may formulate his religion even more simply by stating its two chief tenets, the negative one—non-resistance, and the positive one self perfection. The former principle forbids coercion in forms, taxation, war, or any imposition emanating from man organized authority, like government, state, society. But that principle similarly rejects all attempts at resisting organized violence by means of violence, hence it regards revolution as sinful as governmental oppression. The ultimate

cure of all our personal and collective ills Tolstoy sees not in reforms or revolutions, but in individual self perfection, for obviously a society consisting of perfect individuals cannot help being perfect as a whole. By following the passive precept of nonresistance and the dynamic maxim of self perfection, we worship God—Good, we instill a perpetual purpose into our life, and render this life noble and justifiable. Such a religion is by no means passive, for it spells everlasting activity, introspection, self analysis, fearlessness.

This simple, peasant faith has saved Tolstoy from destruction, and has given the world thirty more years of a significant creative life. But has it given him personal peace and contentment? Hardly. The task of simplification has proved to be far from simple. In his decision to distribute his property among the people and to lead the modest and humble life of a toiler, Tolstoy collided with the will of his wife, who denied him the right to dispose of her life and that of his children against their wishes. There began a conflict which lasted to the end of Tolstoy's days. Those three decades were years of continuous compromise, of apparent discrepancies between intentions and actuality. The legal transference of all his property to the family, which made him virtually a pauper, did not affect his living in a house of luxury, whose owners treated the villagers in the "regular" way. Tolstoy craved solitude and an unassuming meditative existence, yet he had to pay the price for being one of the best known men in the world, obliged among other things to receive throngs of visitors of the greatest variety, from a Brahmin to William Jennings Bryan. He fearlessly attacked the existing evils, sparing no power or institution, inviting persecution and punishment, but the government left him untouched, while his followers were imprisoned, exiled, oppressed in every way. Some of his adherents and faithful followers, even his daughter Alexandra, the one member of the family in full accord with his views, resented Tolstoy's inconsistency. As we study the recently published letters and diaries of the Yasnaya Polyana hermit, we begin to realize what a manifold tragedy he was living. For even the nearest and

dearest failed to see how much more heroic was Tolstoy's compromise than might have been his strict consistency. Time and again he was tempted to carry out his cherished dream—to leave his irksome home with its ever growing incongeniality, and to attain peace and happiness in homely surroundings amidst common people, for whom he had yearned ever since his *Cossacks*. He resisted this temptation, determined to follow the harder road, to bear the cross of solitude and misunderstanding, to clash constantly with persons who became more and more alien to him by their views and conduct, to suffer humiliation and pain at the hands of his wife, a victim of paranoia in her old age, whose petty suspicions and annoying complaints and abuses undoubtedly hastened Tolstoy's end. He regarded those intolerable conditions as a test of his Christian patience and power of forgiveness. It is difficult to say whether it was strength or weakness that prompted him on a dreary October night, in 1910, to leave his sick bed, and steal away from his old home into the dark unknown. Perhaps he wished to die, at least, in peace and concord with his views. But this desire was denied him even in his last moments. Dying in a little railroad station, the champion of humility and simplicity was besieged by armies of newspaper correspondents, by the members of his family whom he tried to escape, by emissaries of the official church who hoped to win sensational publicity by saving the soul of the wounded lion, the "heretic." On regaining momentary consciousness and observing the physicians and nurses hovering over his prostrate body, Tolstoy sighed and said a few words to the effect that they were making so much fuss about "poor Leo," when so many sufferers in the world needed and deserved succor much more than he. Thus came to an end the tragedy of a great man, who has left us a unique record of an indefatigable quest, and a legacy to seek perpetually, regardless of personal discomfort.



## DOSTOYEVSKY'S OUTLOOK

TO understand Dostoyevsky is as difficult as it is to understand Russia—and as important. Both are bewilderingly complex and full of inner struggles and contradictions, both have shown a greater aptitude for denying and destroying than for affirming and building, both have questioned and transvalued established beliefs and institutions without being able to solve the problems in an acceptable and workable fashion. But why Russia? Why Dostoyevsky? This impatient query, not infrequently heard in this country and in England since the end of the war, betrays a craving after peace at any price, after smooth surfaces unruffled by introspection and analysis. And when I say that to understand Dostoyevsky and Russia is important, I have in view not those who seek the facile comfort of the mind, but those who adventure to fathom actuality, to unmask appearances and probe the latent and dormant, who have the temerity to question perpetually, at the risk of finding no answer. For these the so-called abnormality of Russian life and literature (virtual synonyms) is all-intensifying and stimulating, because it stands for the release of many essential impulses and conceptions which “normalcy” fears and suppresses.

One can not approach Dostoyevsky with the accepted yardstick of art, because he was more, and less, than an artist. He lacked calm, poise, and the sense of proportion, to rank with, let us say, Turgenev as an artist. On the other hand, he excelled both Turgenev and Tolstoy as a clairvoyant seer, as an analyst and interpreter of the human mind in its most hidden recesses and in its vaguest nuances. If in the case of any artist his life and work are interdependent and interinfluential, Dostoyevsky demonstrated this truth with indubitable clearness. His constitutional impressionability and sensitiveness, broad sympathy and fine understanding, were sharpened and enhanced by his actual experience. The days of awaiting execution, the half hour in front of the scaffold, which terminated unexpected-

edly in the commutation of his death sentence to hard labor in Siberia, shook him violently for the rest of his life. He had looked into the eyes of death, and came back to life endowed with an uncanny vision into that which is hidden from normal mortals. Out of his prison years spent in horrible intimacy with the dregs of society he carried away an understanding of human vice and crime and misery, which precluded not only the desire to punish but also the presumption to forgive. Add to these experiences the daily facts of his life after his release from Siberia, constant worry, poverty, indebtedness, intermittent flights from creditors, persecution and isolation, epileptic fits which afforded him flashes of "wondrous harmony" but left him exhausted and unhinged, and you may visualize the fitting background of an art suspended over chaos where genius and hysteria intermingle, and abyss calls unto abyss.

Dostoyevsky's outlook is largely negative. At any rate it is in his negations that he displays his greater power and penetration. He is chiefly a wrestler; he wrestles God, society, the state, the church, the bourgeoisie, and he wrestles atheism, anarchism, collectivism, liberalism. He possesses a keen eye for evil, sham, and pettiness. Modern civilization appears to him corrupt, spiritless, ugly, based on selfishness and mediocrity, and therefore doomed to destruction. Society is an irreligious ant-hill, whose members are obsessed with one dominating idea—"to save their bellies."

The individual is submerged and effaced in the omnipotent current of the herd. Dostoyevsky dismisses the herd with pity, which is in the last account equivalent to contempt. His chief concern is with those who challenge the quiescent and complacent herd by displaying their individuality. For this reason nearly all of his characters are rebels against accepted values, and they pass through life under the sign of conflict and struggle to a finish. The "finish," however, does not stand for triumph in Dostoyevsky's works, but it invariably means the destruction, in most cases self-destruction, of the rebellious individual in the struggle. Thus the author marshals wrestlers and fighters, unique personalities engaged in titantic battles against gods

and institutions, against one another and their inner selves, and there he leaves them, on the battlefield, dead or mortally wounded, with no Valkyries to carry them off to a Valhalla. For—and this is the characteristic point about Dostoyevsky's outlook—he has no Valhalla for his warriors; they can only slay and be slain, with no prospect for a reward, for a redeeming Aye.

The cardinal issue in Dostoyevsky's writings is man's place in this world with respect to authority, be it mundane or celestial, rational or ethical. Self-assertion is the consuming passion of the majority of his characters, their positive goal. But though seemingly positive this desire spells the negation of our most binding codes and tenets. In order to prove to himself that he is of the same stuff of which Napoleons are made, Raskolnikov (*Crime and Punishment*) tests his ability to rise above the scruple of the ancient Thou shalt not kill, and thus becomes a criminal against God and society in his effort to assert his personality. What torments Raskolnikov, what weighs over him as the actual "punishment," is the fact that he has not been able to transgress, to commit a "crime," with the coolness and untroubled conscience of a Napoleon. Self-assertive individual freedom is a social menace when attempted by such of Dostoyevsky's uncompromisers as Valkovsky, Dolgoruky, Stavrogin, Svidrigaylov, Raskolnikov, let alone the plebeian Smerdyakov and the unreasoning inmates of the "House of the Dead." On a vulgar plane this freedom may find expression in the doctrine of Prince Valkovsky (*Humiliated and Offended*): "All is nonsense, except my own personal self," or in the words of the hero of *Notes from Underground* to the effect that if he were to choose between drinking tea in comfort and the world's welfare, his preference would be tea. Or again, this freedom may reach the abysmal depth of Kirillov (*The Possessed*), who commits suicide while in good health and in love with nature, in order to show the power of his will to dispose of his own life, as a defiance of God and the bondage of His authority. In either case the author convincingly demonstrates that perfect individual freedom is morally unattainable and socially pernicious.

However negative Dostoyevsky's attitude may be toward the pragmatic aspect of absolute individualism, he is far more vehement in condemning the subjection of the individual no matter to what or in the name of what. His opposition to Socialism and to all collectivist panaceas is based on his hatred for tyranny in any form, be it of a minority or a majority, of dogmatic ethics or of presumptuous reason. He portrays the reformers and revolutionists as "demons," "possessed," and treats them with a rancor and gall that are totally absent in his presentation of the individualistic rebels and transgressors. Shigalevism, that is the theory of Shigalev, one of the characters in the *Possessed*, has long become a generic name for a simplified form of Bolshevism. This teaching practically amounts to the dictatorship of a small group of those who know over some nine-tenths of ordinary humanity. Nietzsche, who avowed his indebtedness to Dostoyevsky, might have approved in principle of Shigalev's *Rangordnung*, but the author of *The Possessed* does not conceal his contempt for such a projected salvation of the race.

Less obvious is Dostoyevsky's attitude toward the argument of the ninety-year old disciple of Loyolla in that magnificent achievement of his, "The Poem of the Grand Inquisitor" (in *Brothers Karamazov*). Torquemada's reasoning is only a shade different from that of Shigalev; he too, champions the aristocracy of the few. In a long monologue addressed to the significantly silent Christ he rebukes the Master for having bestowed upon mankind an unattainable lofty ideal, which requires from its adherents boundless spiritual freedom. For the rank and file regard freedom as a terrible burden, they fear responsibility and independence worse than death. "We have corrected Thy teaching," he declares to his silent listener. We, that is, the priests, have taken upon our shoulders the burden of knowledge and freedom, but have spared the multitude the blinding light of truth, and have given them a modified Christianity, based on miracle and authority, absolving them from sin and responsibility. The Grand Inquisitor regards this enslaving but cozy religion as a boon for the wretched masses, as a necessary improvement upon the



inhumanly grand teaching of Christ, whom he intends to execute on the morrow as an enemy of mankind. The answer of Christ is beautiful, but hardly conclusive: he crosses his prison cell, and places a silent kiss on the bloodless lips of the Inquisitor. The author is also silent, but we are in no need of hearing his refutation of Torquemada's doctrine.

Shigalev's dictatorship and Torquemada's pragmatic religion, though emanating from pity for the masses, are equally repellant to Dostoyevsky, since they degrade the value of human individuals. Amidst the chaos of his negations and transvaluations we discern one positive conviction, and this is the Kantian maxim that man is an aim in himself, not to be employed as a means for however lofty an ideal or brilliant a future, not to be relegated by the wise minority to the submerged nine-tenths or to be the duped slaves. Ivan Karamazov, Dostoyevsky's keenest dialectician, gives the final expression to this cherished belief of the author, in his "respectful refusal of the entrance ticket" into the future universal harmony, as long as this harmony is to be bought at the price of the past and present victims. No future paradise in Heaven or on earth can atone in the eyes of Ivan Karamazov for the millions of human beings mutilated and slaughtered through history, on field of battle or in the chambers of the holy Inquisition. If the most wondrous future order has to be obtained at the expense of one tear of an innocent babe, he finds the price too high, and rejects the offer. Nowhere in literature has the absolute value of man found such an eloquent and convincing plea as in the burning words of Ivan Karamazov. Yet this positive faith does not save Ivan from the destruction which Dostoyevsky metes out to all his daring thinkers.

Negation of authority reaches the climax in *Notes from Underground*, the most hysterical work of Dostoyevsky, written by him shortly after his return from Siberia. The ten years of physical and mental suffering and humiliation in prison and exile could not have been buried without an echo in his highly sensitive mind. *Memoirs from the House of the Dead*, the record of this experience, is an epic, per-

haps the only reserved and externally calm work of Dostoyevsky; his wound was too raw and intimate to be publicly displayed without the mask of objectivity. Soon after the publication of this book came the *Notes from Underground*, which though not mentioning his terrible experience may be regarded as an indirect reaction to it, as a shriek of a tormented personality, suppressed for years that seemed like centuries. It is a cry for unlimited freedom, breaking out of the breast of a released prisoner, for freedom unfettered by any laws, God or man made, particularly the latter. This comparatively short work is a most powerful indictment against reason and rationalism, against the tyranny of ethical and scientific principles, against the walls set up by categorical imperatives and by " $2 \times 2 = 4$ ." It is a hymn to absolute nihilism, to the unlimited reign of his majesty Whim, in whose eyes " $2 \times 2 = 5$ ," may be as acceptable a formula as the one sanctioned by presumptuous science. The significance of this book is not generally realized, except by such acute philosophers as Lev Shestov, who has this to say about it: "*Notes from Underground* is not discussed and not even mentioned in any text book of philosophy. It has no foreign words, no scholastic terminology, no academic stamp: hence it is not philosophy. As a matter of fact, if there was ever written a Critique of Pure Reason, one must look for it in Dostoyevsky—in his *Notes from Underground* and in his large novels which have come out wholly from these *Notes*. What Kant has given us under this title is not a critique of but an apology for pure reason. Kant did not dare to criticise reason." Dostoyevsky's daring knows of no bounds. The writer of the *Notes* questions not only all principles and authorities; he questions his own questioning, he is uncertain of everything, even of his own sincerity. "Do I myself believe in anything of what I have just written?" he exclaims in the midst of his vituperations. "I swear to you, gentlemen, that there is not one word, not a single word of what I have written that I really believe. That is I believe it perhaps, but at the same time I somehow feel and suspect that I am lying like a cobbler."

Such are the leading motives in Dostoyevsky the artist.

Dostoyevsky the journalist is rather positive and glib in his assertions and affirmations; this side of his is outside the scope of my paper. Dostoyevsky the artist sought in vain to create a positive character, to counterbalance the chaos peopled by his negative creations. Soon after his return from Siberia he began to cherish a plan for a novel whose main character was to be an ideal personality. In letters to friends he spoke of this project as the crown of all his efforts and achievements. Like Gogol, he was oppressed by his own No, and craved after a consoling Yes; and like Gogol he was doomed to remain the denouncer *par excellence*. Among his papers, recently published by the Soviet archives, there is an outline for a novel, under the title *The Life of a Great Sinner*. The hero was to have gone through the whole gamut of vice and crime and disbelief, and through this crucible he was to be cleansed and purged, and to emerge a chastened believer in God and in His justice. Dostoyevsky did not carry out his plan, though he mentioned it time and again in his letters, and returned to it more than once with variations. In his accomplished novels we find only scattered details of the outline, distributed among numerous characters, as for instance Stavrogin, Shatov, Makar the pilgrim, Prince Myshkin, Zosima, young Alexey Karamazov. The tormented mind of Dostoyevsky yearned for a synthesis which might reconcile the contradictions seething within modern men. Death carried him off before he could (if he ever could!) realize anything more than mere hints at the possible harmony between heaven and earth, the individual and the collective, freedom and duty, Russia and the West. His chief value remains as that of a merciless critic of man's inner life, conscious and subconscious.

## THE MESSAGE OF LEONID ANDREYEV

THE very title of this essay may arouse doubts as to its legitimacy: what message can one expect of an author who is primarily a doubter and denier, an apostle of gloom and despondency, an assailer of our fond beliefs and cherished institutions? Is Andreyev not a questioner *par excellence*, unwilling and unable to offer any answer and solution to the question raised? Does he not plunge us into labyrinthine chaos, without suggesting a way out of it? Perhaps an analysis of his works may lead us to infer such a "way out," if only vaguely and hesitatingly suggested by the ever skeptical writer.

The compelling power of Andreyev lies in his faculty of alarming our conscience and awakening our consciousness. The irresistibility of his power is in large measure due to the absolute sincerity of the author, to his being in the grip of this alarm. A photograph of Andreyev about the age of three shows us a child with too large a head and with closely set dark eyes whose inverted gaze spells intense fear and query. He does not rid himself of this gaze to the very end. Perpetually restless and quizzical, he peers into the eyes of life and death, and vainly struggles to solve the mystery of being, to understand, "to know, and become a god." His passion for knowledge and understanding at any price, at the risk of losing one's peace and soul, is so powerful and unreserved that it rarely fails to prove stimulating and contagious.

Andreyev's early stories portray life from the aspect of the individual. Man appears suffering from impotence in face of malignant chance, from "fear of life and fear of death," as the keen critic Mikhaylovsky observed upon the publication of Andreyev's first volume of stories. Man is too weak and craven to fall upon his own resources and live alone; he is gregarious, he needs communion with others desperately, pitifully. But communion, understanding among men is well-nigh impossible, Andreyev tells us. The motive of solitude runs through most of his works, and



solitude proves also the most depressing factor in his private life, growing virtually complete toward the end. In those early stories he tells us of the solitude among dwellers of big cities, who rub elbows, meet regularly, chat, drink, play cards, yet remain sealed envelopes to one another. Even among members of the same family, even between lovers, there loom screens and walls, veils and masks, which preclude mutual understanding and full confidence. "The Grand Slam," "The Lie," "Laughter," "Silence," "Into the Dark Far Away," "In Fog," and a host of other stories, illustrate the unbridgeable abyss yawning between man and man, the enigma we remain to one another despite our physical proximity and skin-deep intimacy.

In fear and despair man seeks an escape from actuality in some intoxicating illusion, be it faith or reason or glorious struggle or castles in Spain. So luring and consoling is the phantom created by our instinct of self preservation, that we cling to it blindly, jealously, fanatically, dreading the awakening. But the restless gaze of Andreyev pierces all lulling mists and exposes all will-o'-the-wisps. No sooner does he transport man to the dazzling height of illusion than he hurls him to the bottomless sheol of disillusion. The "Little Angel" which brightens for a moment the wretched existence in the dank and foul cellar, proves to be a wax doll and, warmed by the stove, it melts and drips and is reduced to a greasy spot on the floor. Thus passes the grand illusion. For a brief space the life of Sergey Petrovich is illuminated by the fiery vision of Nietzsche's superman, but he soon realizes his personal insignificance and the futility of his strivings "to surpass man." There is nothing left for him but to carry out the precept of Zarathustra for those at whose heart "gnaws the worm of doubt"—to commit suicide. As an escape, suicide is too facile and subjective a solution, for it only begs the question in enabling one to slip away from the arena and leave things as they are. More acceptable, at any rate more social, seems the position of the Leper in "The Wall," who urges his fellow unfortunates to persist in battering the wall with their breasts and skulls, under the illusion that there is a Beyond

on the other side of the blood and brain bespattered wall. Granted that there is no escape, that the wall is indifferent and impregnable, may not the Leper be right in suggesting that it is better for us to perish in struggle, to make our bodies serve as stepping-stones for the last man, who will thus scale the wall and find out whether there is a Beyond, and if there is, whether it deserves yearning for?

As usual, Andreyev fails to give more than a hint for an answer. He sums up his views on the individual's place in life, in his modernized morality play, "The Life of Man," which may be regarded as a popular exposition of Schopenhauer's world outlook. In the humdrum existence of an average man, his rise and fall, his desires, achievements, failures, joys, and sorrows, the author epitomizes man's pettiness and fussiness, his presumption and vanity, and his utter unawareness of being at the mercy of Someone in Grey, the mysterious master of all destinies. The finale suggests a Schopenhauerian motive, which is much clearer than the hint in "The Wall." Defeated in his efforts and struggles, bereft of his dear ones, and shorn of his prosperity and popularity, man frees himself from the shackles of earthly possessions and selfish wants, and—he hurls his curse into the face of Someone in Grey. If the latter symbolizes, as we presume, Schopenhauer's primary moving power of the universe, the Will to Live, then by the same token man's "curse" amounts to his liberation from the yoke of this taskmaster, to his acquisition of that terrible freedom when nothing matters and one does not care. We shall return to this motive presently.

Having disposed of the individual and his place in life, Andreyev proceeds to apply his lancet to broader problems, such as ideas and institutions. His diagnosis proclaims man's inveterate need of worshipping some man-created authority. He shows the pathos of humanity, in its misery and stupidity seeking forgetfulness and consolation beneath the cozy wing of popular religion, and as is his wont, he pricks the illusory bubble in exposing the frailty of faith when it collides with questioning reason. Great and powerful is human reason, its infinite quest and merciless analysis

pledge the perpetual advance of the race. Andreyev's most passionate pleas are prompted by the intellectual urge "to know and become a god," and again, his most virulent attacks are waged against our "small reason," our presumptuous intellect which pretends to know all and explain everything. While the naïve faith of the masses rouses Andreyev's contemptuous pity, the dogmatism of religious and intellectual rationalists provokes his unbounded scorn and hatred. This reason he pillories as a puny lackey of our mysterious and complex Self, a cowardly quack, an artful dodger, a juggler of logic at the expense of truth. Far from liberating the individual, this reason merely serves as another tyrannical self-imposed authority.

As may be expected, Andreyev sees collective humanity as so much individual folly and misery multiplied and enhanced. Unlike the majority of his Russian fellow writers, he does not idealize the "people," but regards them as an impersonal herd, silly, brutal, craven. He finds nothing but "horror and madness" in war, but neither does revolution inspire him with hope or respect. Alone among his contemporaries Andreyev had the temerity to express his doubt in the efficacy of revolutionary movements and changes, as long as these be dictated primarily by "Tsar Hunger." He vivisects the entire social organism, and declares it corrupt and repulsive from top to bottom, from its mercenary church, art, science, government, courts, subservient to the all powerful money bags, to its stunted machine slaves, and down to its flotsam and jetsam at the very bottom of our blatant civilization. Of what avail can be a revolution so long as it amounts only to the substitution of one authority by another, and so long as man is afflicted with inner slavery, is afraid of freedom, and flees responsibility under the protection of some supreme being, a god or a king or a demagogue?

Thus Andreyev displays a kaleidoscope of individual and collective humanity, gloomy without relief. His last works reiterate the earlier motives accentuating the domination of vulgarity and pettiness in life, the degradation of intellect to the rôle of a circus clown, and, in his unfinished "Satan's Diary," man's infinite baseness and

roguery. The question arises, as at the beginning of this paper, whether Andreyev sees a single ray of hope in this realm of darkness that is his world, whether he offers a message, a positive precept for those who follow him on the tortuous path of his doubts and questions. An affirmative answer must of necessity be hazardous, because while Andreyev is unreservedly outspoken as a denier and destroyer, he is extremely vague and obscure in the rare moments when he suggests a Yes.

On several occasions (notably, in "Judas Iscariot," "Anathema," "The Black Maskers," "The Ocean") Andreyev hints that in the dim future we may look for a synthetic personality, which, like Nietzsche's Forerunner, will combine the lion and the dove. Out of our suffering and sorrows, our conflicts and contradictions, our strivings and our follies, out of our chaos a star may be born, a harmonious fusion of heart and head, of power and love, of egoism and the sense of justice, of the sweet gentleness of Jesus and the keen intellect of the "Accursed one." A Utopian vision this is, a dream generated by a hopeless outlook, by the desperate need of an illusion.

More potent and persistent in Andreyev is the Schopenhauerian motive of man conquering his Will to Live and attaining the freedom and height of a hero, a saint, or an artist. He who tears off "the veil of Maya," the illusion of personal happiness and acquisition, liberates himself from thralldom, and envisages life as a perpetual process, in which his own person with his wants and deeds plays but an infinitesimal part. Andreyev's only characters who achieve bliss and tranquility are those who like his Astronomer, or the condemned terrorists, or David Leiser, rise above things and walls, and regard the universe *sub specie aeternitatis*. This seems to be his sole message to those who have followed his disenchanting road—that once placed, without having been given a choice, into this vale of tears, and once having visualized without fear all the folly and futility of existence, there remains one way for the self-respecting individual, namely a heroic life, stripped of pettiness and narrow selfishness. In his final great tragedy, "Samson in Chains," Andreyev depicts the inner conflict



between the voice of God and the voice of carnal Philistia, and he has Samson defy the lure of Delilah and hurl himself at the Philistine temple, even though he perishes under the ruins. As a finale to Andreyev's arduous quest this tragedy bears a significant message.

## CITATIONS FROM RUSSIAN WRITERS

ALEXANDER PUSHKIN

### THE PROPHET

I dragged my flesh through desert gloom,  
Tormented by the spirit's yearning,  
And saw a six-winged Seraph loom  
Upon the footpath's barren turning.  
And as a dream in slumber lies  
So light his finger on my eyes,—  
My wizard eyes grew wide and wary:  
An eagle's, startled from her eyrie.  
He touched my ears, and lo! a sea  
Of storming voices burst on me.  
I heard the whirling heavens' tremor,  
The angels' flight and soaring sweep,  
The sea-snakes coiling in the deep,  
The sap the vine's green tendrills carry.  
And to my lips the Seraph clung  
And tore from me my sinful tongue,  
My cunning tongue and idle-worded;  
The subtle serpent's sting he set  
Between my lips—his hand was wet,  
His bloody hand my mouth begirded.  
And with a sword he cleft my breast  
And took the heart with terror turning,  
And in my gaping bosom pressed  
A coal that throbbed there, black and burning.  
Upon the wastes, a lifeless clod,  
I lay, and heard the voice of God:  
"Arise, oh prophet, watch and hearken,  
And with my Will thy soul engird,  
Through lands that dim and seas that darken,  
Burn thou men's hearts with this, my Word."

## PROLOGUE FROM PASSAGES FROM DEAD SOULS

NICOLAY GOGOL

Ah! troika, bird of a troika! Who was it first thought of thee? Sure, thou couldst only have been born among a spirited people,—in that land that does not care to do things by halves, but has spread, a vast plain, over half the world, and one may count its milestones till one's eyes are dizzy! And there is nothing elaborate, one would think, about thy construction; it is not held together by iron screws—no, a deft Yaroslav peasant fitted thee up and put thee together, hastily, roughly, with nothing but axe and drill. The driver wears no German top boots: he has a beard and gauntlets, and sits upon goodness knows what; but when he stands up and swings his whip and sets up a song—the horses fly like a whirlwind, the spokes of the wheels are blended into one revolving disc, the road quivers, and the pedestrian cries out, halting in alarm—and the troika dashes away and away! . . . And already all that can be seen in the distance is something flinging up the dust and whirling through the air.

And, Russia, art not thou too flying onwards like a spirited troika that nothing can overtake? The road is smoking under thee, the bridges rumble, everything falls back and is left behind! The spectator stands still struck dumb by the divine miracle: is it not a flash of lightning from heaven? What is the meaning of this terrifying on-rush? What mysterious force is hidden in this troika, never seen before? Ah, horses, horses—what horses! Is the whirlwind hidden under your manes? Is there some delicate sense tingling in every vein? They hear the familiar song over their heads—at once in unison they strain their iron chests and scarcely touching the earth with their hoofs are transformed almost into straight lines flying through the air—and the troika rushes on, full of divine inspiration . . . Russia, whither flyest Thou? Answer! She gives no answer. The ringing of the bells melts into music; the air, torn to shreds, whirs and rushes like the wind, everything there is on earth is flying by, and the other states and nations, with looks askance, make way for her and draw aside.

## MIKHAIL LERMONTOV

## THE ANGEL

Through the heavens of midnight an angel was sped  
Who lifted his chant as he fled.  
The moon and the clouds and the stars leaned to hear  
The song rising holy and clear.

He sang of the spirits, the sinless, the blest,  
Who softly in Paradise rest.  
Of the gardens of God, and of God was his song,  
Ringing true as a heavenly gong.

He bore a young soul to the dark gates of birth,  
Toward the travailing, sorrowful earth.  
And flying, he sang, and the eager soul heard  
The deathless, the unuttered Word.

And the years in the world could but sadden and tire  
The soul filled with wondrous desire.  
And vainly the dull songs of earth would have stilled  
The song wherewith heaven had thrilled.

## MIKHAIL LERMONTOV

## THE CUP OF LIFE

We drink life's cup with thirsty lips,  
Our eyes shut fast to fears;  
About the golden rim there drips  
Our staining blood, our tears.

But when the last swift hour comes on,  
The light long hid is lit,  
From startled eyes the band is gone,  
We suffer and submit.

It is not our part to possess  
The cup that golden gleamed.  
We see its shallow emptiness:  
We did not drink—we dreamed.





COUNT LEO TOLSTOY



## HOW MUCH LAND DOES A MAN NEED?

LEO TOLSTOY

## I

The elder sister came with her younger sister to the country. The elder was married to a merchant in the city, and the younger to a peasant in the village. The sisters were drinking tea, and talking. The elder began to boast,—to praise her city life,—telling how comfortably and how cleanly they lived in the city, how she dressed up the children, what savoury food and drink she had, and how she went to picnics and entertainments and theaters.

The younger sister felt offended, and began to speak disparagingly of the merchant life, and to extol the life of the peasants.

“I would not exchange my life for yours,” she said. “It is true, we live uncleanly, but we do not know what fear is. You live more cleanly, but you either make a lot of money, or you lose it all. And the proverb says, ‘Gain loves more.’ And it happens that today you are rich, and tomorrow you lie in the gutter. But our peasant business is surer; a peasant’s life is slim, but long; we are not rich, but have enough to eat.”

The elder sister said:

“Yes, enough to eat, but with pigs and calves! You aren’t dressed up, and have no manners. No matter how much your man may work, you live in manure, and so you will die, leaving nothing to your children.”

“What of it?” said the younger. “Such is our business. But we are independent, and do not bow to any one, and fear no one. But you live in the cities among temptations: today it is all right, and tomorrow the unclean one will turn up and tempt your man either with cards, or with wine, or with some damsel. And then all will go to the winds. Do not such things happen?”

Pakhom, her husband, lying on the oven, heard the women’s prattle.

“That is the gospel truth,” he said. “Our kind have

been turning over mother earth ever since our childhood, and so foolishness has no time to enter into our heads. There is just this trouble,—we have not enough land! If I had as much land as I want, I would not be afraid of the devil himself.”

The women drank their tea, prattled awhile about dresses, put away the dishes and went to sleep.

But the devil had been sitting behind the oven, and listening to all they said. He was glad to hear the peasant woman make her husband boast that if he had enough land, the devil would not take him.

“Very well,” he thought, “we shall have a tussle: I will give you lots of land. I will overcome you by means of the land.”

## II

By the side of the peasants there lived a small proprietress. She had 120 desyatinas<sup>1</sup> of land. So far she had lived in peace with the peasants, and had offended no one; but an ex-soldier hired out to her as a steward, and he began to wear the peasants out with fines. No matter how careful Pakhom was, either his horse would run into the oats, or a cow would lose her way in the garden, or the calves would stray into the meadow.—for everything he had to pay a fine.

Pakhom paid the fines, and scolded and beat his home people. And so Pakhom suffered many an insult from that steward during the summer, and was glad when they began to stable the cattle,—though he was sorry they could not graze, he at least had no more fear.

In the winter the rumour was spread that the proprietress was going to sell her land, and that an innkeeper on the highway was trying to buy it. When the peasants heard this, they groaned.

“Well,” they thought, “if the innkeeper gets the land, he will wear us out with fines even worse than the proprietress. We cannot live without this land,—we live all around it.”

The peasants went to the proprietress and began to ask



her not to sell it to the innkeeper, but to let them have it. They promised they would pay more for it. The lady consented. The peasants were thinking of buying the land in common: they met once or twice to discuss the matter, but it did not work. The evil one brought discord among them, and they could not agree. Finally the peasants agreed to buy the land in lots, as much as each could afford to buy. The lady agreed even to this. Pakhom heard that a neighbour of his had bought twenty desyatinas, and that she had given him time for half the sum. Pakhom felt jealous. "They will buy up all the land," he thought, "and I shall be left with nothing." He began to take counsel with his wife.

"People are buying the land," he said, "and we, too, ought to buy a few desyatinas of it. We cannot get along now, for the steward has ruined me with the fines."

They considered how they might buy it. They had one hundred roubles<sup>2</sup> put away, and they sold a colt, and half of the bees, and hired out their son as a labourer, and borrowed some from a relative, and thus got together half of the sum.

Pakhom took the money, picked out fifteen desyatinas with a little grove, and went to the lady to strike a bargain. He bought the fifteen desyatinas, clinched the bargain, and paid an earnest. They drove to the city and made out a deed, and he paid half the sum and promised to pay the rest in two years.

Thus Pakhom became possessed of land. He borrowed seed and sowed in the purchased land, and it produced a good crop. In one year he paid his debt to the lady and to his relative. And so Pakhom became a proprietor: he ploughed and sowed in his own land, mowed on his own land, cut poles off his own land, and pastured his cattle on his own land. Pakhom took great delight in ploughing the land which belonged to him for all time, and in going out to look at the sprouting corn and at the meadows. It seemed to him as though the grass grew and the flowers bloomed quite differently on them. He had crossed this land many a time before, and it had been just land to him; but now it was something quite different.

## III

Thus Pakhom lived, enjoying himself. All would have been well, but the peasants began to trespass on Pakhom's fields and meadows. He begged them in kindness, but they paid no attention to him: now the shepherds let the cows get into his meadows, and now the horses would leave their right pastures and run into his corn. Pakhom drove them off, and forgave the peasants, and did not sue them; finally he got tired of it, and began to complain in the township office. He knew that the peasants were not doing it from malice, but because they were crowded, but he thought: "I cannot let them off, for they will ruin all my fields. I must teach them a lesson."

He taught them one or two lessons in court, and this and that man were fined. His neighbours began to have a grudge against him, and occasionally trespassed on his land intentionally. Some one stole in the night into his grove and cut down ten lindens for bast. As Pakhom passed by the grove, he noticed something white there. He drove up to the spot, and found the barked lindens on the ground, and the stumps standing. "If he had just cut off the outer bushes and left the main tree standing! But no, the rascal has cut them all down." Pakhom grew angry.

"Oh," he thought, "if I could just find out who did it; I would get my revenge on him." He thought and thought who it could be; "It cannot be any one but Semka."

He went into Semka's yard to look for them, but found there nothing, and they only had a quarrel. Pakhom became even more convinced that it was Semka. He entered a complaint. They were summoned to court. They tried and tried the case, and discharged the peasant, for there was no evidence. Pakhom grew angrier than ever, and he scolded the elder and the judges.

"You are in with the thieves," he said. "If you yourselves lived honestly, you would not let the thieves go free."

Pakhom quarrelled with the judges and with his neighbours. They began to threaten to set fire to his house. Pakhom lived more comfortably on his land, but less comfortably in the Commune.

Just then they began to spread a rumour that people were going to new places. And Pakhom thought:

"I have no reason for leaving my own land; but if some of our men would go there, there would be more room here. I would take up their land and would attach it to my own. I should live more comfortably than I do now, for now I am crowded!"

Pakhom was sitting at home one day, when a transient peasant stepped in. They invited the peasant to stay overnight, and gave him to eat, and talked with him, asking him whence God had brought him. The peasant said that he had come from farther down, from beyond the Volga, where he had been working. One word led to another, and he told them how people were rushing to settle down there. He told them that men from his village had settled there, joining the Commune, and receiving ten desyatinas to each soul. The land was such, he said, that they planted rye which grew to be higher than a horse, and so thick that about five handfuls made a sheaf. There was one peasant, he said, who had been poor, and had come with nothing but his hands, and now had six horses and two cows.

This excited Pakhom. He thought:

"Why suffer here where it is crowded, if it is possible to live better? I will sell the land and the farm; there I will start a new farm with this money, and will provide myself with everything. Here, where it is crowded, it is just a shame to stay. But I must first find out myself."

He got ready in the summer, and started out. Down to Samara he went on a steamer, then he made four hundred versts on foot. He reached the place. It was all as he had been told: the peasants were living freely, with ten desyatinas of land to each soul, and glad to receive people into their Communes. And if a man had money, he could, in addition to the grant, buy in perpetual possession the very best land at three roubles: he could get all the land he wanted.

Pakhom found out everything he wanted. He returned home in the fall, and began to sell everything. He sold his land at a profit, and his farm, and all his cattle; he gave up

his membership in the Commune, and waited for spring, and went with his whole family to the new places.

## IV

Pakhom arrived with his family in the new places, where he joined the Commune of a large village. He treated the old men and got all the papers out. They received Pakhom, and apportioned to him for his five souls fifty desyatinas in various fields, not counting the common pasture.

Pakhom built a hut and bought cattle. He had now three times as much land as before, and it was fruitful. He began to live ten times as well as before. He had all the fields and meadows he wanted. He could keep as many cattle as he pleased.

At first, while he was building and getting things into shape, everything looked nice to Pakhom; but when he got used to it, he began once more to feel crowded. The first year Pakhom sowed wheat on the grant land, and he had a good crop. He got it into his head to sow wheat, but the grant land was not enough for him, and what there was of it was no good. There they were sowing wheat on prairie land. They sowed it in for two years, and then let it lie fallow, to grow up again with prairie grass. There were many who wanted to have such land, so that there was not enough land to go around. And there were quarrels about it: those who were better off wanted to sow on it themselves, and the poor people gave it to the merchants for the taxes. Pakhom wanted to sow as much as possible. He went the next year to a merchant, and bought land for the period of a year. He went the next year to the merchant, and again bought land for a year. He sowed more wheat, and he had a good crop, only it was far away from the village,—he had to haul the wheat fifteen versts. He saw the merchant peasants of the district living in their estates, and getting rich.

“It would be nice,” thought Pakhom, “if I myself bought land in perpetuity, and established an estate for myself. Everything would be adjoining me.”

And Pakhom began to think how he might buy land in perpetuity.



Thus Pakhom lived for three years. He rented land, and sowed wheat. The years were good, and the wheat grew well, and he had some money laid by. He could live and live, but it appeared tiresome to Pakhom to buy new land from people each year, and to have to fuss about the land: where there was any good land the peasants would swoop down on it and take it all up, and unless he was quick in getting it, he would not have any land to sow in. And in the third year he rented with a merchant a pasture on shares, and they ploughed it all up, but the peasants from whom they rented it went to court about it, and all their work was lost. "If it were all my land," he thought, "I should not bow to any one, and there would be no worry."

Pakhom began to inquire where he could buy land in perpetuity, and he found a peasant who would sell. The peasant had bought five hundred desyatinas, but he had lost money, and now wanted to sell the land cheap. Pakhom began to bargain with him. He bargained and bargained, and finally got it for fifteen hundred roubles, half of it on time. They had almost settled the matter, when a transient merchant stopped at his farm to get something to eat. They drank tea, and started to talk. The merchant told him that he had come from the far-off country of the Bashkirs. There, he said, he had bought about five thousand desyatinas from the Bashkirs, and for this he had to pay only one thousand roubles. Pakhom began to question him. The merchant told him all about it.

"All I had to do," he said, "was to gain over the old men. I gave presents about one hundred roubles' worth of cloaks and rugs, and a caddy of tea, and filled up with wine those who would drink. I gave twenty roubles per desyatina." He showed the deed. "The land," he said, "lies along a river, and it is all a prairie."

Pakhom began to question him all about it.

"You can't walk around the land in a year," he said, "and it all belongs to the Bashkirs. And the people have no sense, just like sheep. You can get it almost for nothing."

"Well," thought Pakhom, "why do I want to buy five

hundred desyatinas for one thousand roubles, and take a debt on my neck? There I can get rich for one thousand roubles.”

## V

Pakhom inquired how to get there, and as soon as he saw the merchant off he got ready to go. He left his house to his wife, and took his hired help, and went with him. They travelled to the city, bought a caddy of tea, presents, and wine, just as the merchant had said. They travelled and travelled, until they had five hundred versts behind them. On the seventh day they came to the Bashkir roaming-grounds. Everything was as the merchant had said. They all live in the steppe, above the river, in felt tents. They themselves neither plough nor eat bread, but the cattle and horses run in droves in the steppe. Back of the tents the colts are tied, and twice a day they drive the mares there, and milk them, and make kumys of the milk. The women churn the kumys and make cheese, and all the men do is to drink kumys and tea, eat mutton, and play a pipe. They look sleek and merry, and they celebrate the whole summer. The people are all ignorant, and know no Russian, but they are kind.

As soon as they saw Pakhom, they came out of their tents, and surrounded the guest. There was an interpreter there. Pakhom told him that he had come to see about some land. The Bashkirs were happy, and they took Pakhom by his arms, and led him to a nice tent, seated him on rugs, placed down pillows under him, sat around him in a circle, and began to treat him to tea and to kumys. They killed a sheep, and filled him with mutton. Pakhom fetched the presents from the tarantas, and began to distribute them to the Bashkirs. Pakhom gave the presents to the Bashkirs, and distributed the tea among them. The Bashkirs were happy. They prattled among themselves, and then told the interpreter to translate.

“They command me to tell you,” said the interpreter, “that they like you, and that it is our custom to give our guests every pleasure, and to return presents. You have

given us presents; now tell us what you like us to give you of our things."

"What I like," said Pakhom, "most of all, here, is your land. Where I live," he said, "the land is crowded and worn out by ploughing, but you have much and good land. I have never seen such before."

The interpreter translated. The Bashkirs talked among themselves. Pakhom did not understand what they were saying, but he saw that they were merry, shouting and laughing. Then they grew silent, and looked at Pakhom, but the interpreter said:

"They command me to tell you that for the good which you have done them they are glad to give you as much land as you want. You have just to point to it, and it is yours."

Then they talked again, and disputed among themselves. Pakhom asked what they were disputing, and the interpreter said:

"Some say that they must ask the elder about the land, and that they cannot do it without him. But others say that they can do it without him."

## VI

The Bashkirs went on disputing, when suddenly a man in a fox cap came in. They all grew silent and got up, and the interpreter said:

"This is their elder."

Pakhom immediately took out the best cloak and five pounds of tea, and took this to the elder. The elder received the presents, and sat down in the place of honour. The Bashkirs began at once to talk to him. The elder listened to them, and shook his head to them, for them to keep quiet. Then he began to speak in Russian to Pakhom.

"Well, you may have it," he said. "Take it wherever you like. There is a great deal of land here."

"How can I take as much as I want?" thought Pakhom. "I must get some statement, or else they will say that it is mine, and then they will take it away from me."

"Thank you," he said, "for your kind words. You have a great deal of land, but I want only a small part of it."

How shall I know which is mine? I must measure it off, and get a statement of some kind. For God disposes of life and of death. You good people give it to me, but your children may come and take it away."

"You are right," said the elder, "we shall give you a statement."

Then Pakhom said:

"I have heard that a merchant came to see you. You made him a present of some land and gave him a deed. I ought to get one myself."

The elder understood it all.

"That is all possible," he said. "We have a scribe, and we will go to town, and affix our seals."

"And what will the price be?" asked Pakhom.

"We have but one price: one thousand roubles a day."

Pakhom did not understand him.

"What kind of a measure is a day? How many desyatins are there in it?"

"We cannot figure it out," he said. "We sell by the day; as much as you can walk over in one day is yours, and a day's price is one thousand roubles."

Pakhom was surprised.

"But in one day you can walk around a great deal of land," he said.

The elder laughed.

"It is all yours," he said. "But there is just one condition: if you do not come back in one day to the place from which you start, your money is lost."

"But how can I mark off what I walk over?" asked Pakhom.

"We will stand on the spot which you will choose, and you will start on the circuit: take with you a spade, and wherever necessary, in the corners, dig a hole, and pile up some turf, and we shall later make a furrow with a plough from hole to hole. Make any circuit you please, but by sundown you must come back to the spot from which you have started. Whatever ground you cover is yours."

Pakhom was happy. They decided to go out early in the morning. They talked awhile, drank more kumys, ate some mutton, and had tea again; it was getting dark. They



bedded Pakhom on feather beds, and then the Bashkirs went away. They promised to meet him at daybreak, and to go out to the spot before the sun was up.

## VII

Pakhom lay down on the feather bed and could not sleep: he was thinking all the time of the land.

"I will slice off a mighty tract," he thought, "I can walk about fifty versts in one day. The day is long now; in fifty versts there will be a lot of land. The worst I will sell, or let to the peasants, and the best I will keep, and will settle on myself. I will buy me two ox-teams and will hire two more hands; I will plough up about fifty desyatinas, and on the rest I will let the cattle roam."

Pakhom could not fall asleep all night. It was only before daybreak that he forgot himself. The moment he became unconscious, he had a dream. He saw himself lying in the same tent, and some one on the outside was roaring with laughter. He wanted to see who was laughing there, and he thought he went out of the tent, and saw the same Bashkir sitting before the tent, holding his belly with both hands and swaying with laughter. He went up to him and said: "What are you laughing about?" And it seemed to him that it was not the Bashkir, but the merchant who had stopped at his house and had told him all about the land. And he asked the merchant: "How long have you been here?" But it was no longer the merchant; it was the peasant that long ago had come from the lower country. And Pakhom saw that it was not the peasant, but the devil himself with horns and hoofs: he was sitting, and laughing, and before him lay a man, in his bare feet, and in a shirt and trousers. And Pakhom took a closer look to see who the man was. And he saw that it was a dead man,—himself. Pakhom was frightened, and awoke. "A man will dream anything," he said, as he awoke. He looked around through the open door, and day was breaking, and it was getting light.

"I must wake the people now," he thought, "it is time to start."

Pakhom got up, woke his labourer in the tarantas, or-

dered him to hitch up, and went himself to wake the Bashkirs.

"It is time to go out to lay off the land," he said.

The Bashkirs got up, and gathered together, and the elder arrived. The Bashkirs began again to drink kumys and wanted to treat Pakhom to tea, but he would not wait so long.

"If we are to go, let us go," he said. "It is time."

### VIII

The Bashkirs came together, and some went on horseback, and others in tarantases, and they started. Pakhom went with his labourer in his little tarantas, taking a spade with them. They arrived in the steppe just as it was dawning. They rode up a mound, called "shikhan" in the Bashkir language. They got out of their tarantases and dismounted from their horses, and gathered in a circle. The elder walked over to Pakhom, and pointed with his hand.

"Everything you see," he said, "is ours. Choose whatever you please."

Pakhom's eyes were burning: it was all prairie land, as smooth as the palm of the hand and as black as the poppy, and wherever there was a hollow there were different kinds of grass, breast-high.

The elder took off his fox cap and put it on the ground.

"This will be the goal," he said. "From here you will start, and here you will come back. Whatever you circle about will be yours."

Pakhom took out the money, put it on the cap, and pulled off his caftan, and so was left in his sleeveless coat. He pulled his girdle tighter over his belly, drew up his trousers, put a wallet with bread in his bosom, tied a can of water to his belt, pulled up his boot-legs, took the spade from his labourer, and got ready to go. He thought for a while in what direction to start,—it was nice everywhere. He thought: "It makes no difference. I will go eastward." He turned his face toward the sun, stretched himself, and waited for the sun to peep out. He thought: "I must not waste time in vain. It is easier to walk while it is fresh."

The moment the sun just glistened over the edge, Pakhom threw the spade over his shoulder and started over the steppe.

Pakhom walked neither leisurely, nor fast. He walked about a verst; he stopped, dug a hole, and put some turf in a heap, so as to make the sign clearer. He went on. He was getting limbered up, and he increased his step. After walking a distance, he dug another hole.

Pakhom looked around. The shikhan could easily be seen in the sunshine, and the people were standing there, and the tires on the wheels of the tarantases glistened. Pakhom guessed that he had walked five versts. He was getting warm, so he took off his coat, threw it over his shoulder, and marched on. It grew warm. He looked at the sun. It was time to think of breakfast.

"I have walked the distance of a ploughing," thought Pakhom, "and there are four of them in a day,—it is too early yet to turn. I must just take off my boots."

He sat down, pulled off his boots, stuck them in his girdle, and started off again. It was easy to walk now. He thought: "I will walk another five versts, then I will turn to the left. The land is so fine, it is a pity to leave it out." The farther he went, the nicer it was. He went straight ahead. He turned back to look: the shikhan was barely visible, and the people looked like black ants, and something could barely be seen glistening in the sun.

"Well," thought Pakhom, "I have walked enough in this direction. I must turn in. I am hot, too: I must take a drink."

He stopped, dug a large hole, piled up the turf, untied the can, took a drink, and bent sharply to the left. He walked on and on, and the grass was high, and he felt hot.

Pakhom was beginning to grow tired: he looked at the sun, and saw that it was exactly noon.

"Well," he thought, "I must take a rest."

Pakhom stopped and sat down. He ate a piece of bread and drank some water, but did not lie down: he was afraid he might fall asleep. After sitting awhile he started off again. At first the walking was easy. The lunch gave him new strength. It grew very hot, and he felt sleepy; but he

kept walking, thinking that he would have to suffer but a little while, and would have to live long.

He walked quite a distance in this direction. He was on the point of turning, when, behold, he came upon a wet hollow; it was a pity to lose this. He walked on straight. He took in the hollow, then dug a hole beyond it, and turned around the second corner. Pakhom looked at the shikhan; it was mist-covered from the heat, quivering in the air, and through the haze he could barely see the people.

"Well," thought Pakhom, "I have taken two long sides. I must make this one shorter."

He started on his third side, and began to increase his speed. He looked at the sun, and it was already near the middle of the afternoon, but he had made only two versts on the third side. To the goal it was still fifteen versts.

"Yes," he thought, "though it is going to be a crooked estate, I must walk in a straight line. I must not take in too much,—as it is I have a great deal."

Pakhom quickly dug a hole, and turned straight toward the shikhan.

## IX

Pakhom walked straight toward the shikhan, and it was getting hard. He was thirsty, and he had cut and hurt his feet, and he began to totter. He wanted to rest, but he could not, for he would not get back by sundown. The sun did not wait, and kept going down and down.

"Oh," he said, "I hope I have not made a mistake and taken in too much. What if I do not get back in time?"

He looked ahead of him at the shikhan and up at the sun; it was still far to the shikhan, and the sun was not far from the horizon.

Pakhom walked, and it was hard for him, but he kept increasing his gait. He walked and walked, and it was far still, so he began to trot. He threw away his coat, his boots, and the can; he threw away his cap, but he held on to the spade, to lean on it.

"Oh," he thought, "I have made a mistake and have ruined the whole affair. I shall not get back before sundown."



An terror took his breath away. He ran, and his shirt and trousers stuck to his body from perspiration, and his mouth was dry. In his breast it was as though bellows were being pumped, and in his heart there was a hammering, and his legs gave way under him. Pakhom felt badly: he was afraid he might die from too much straining.

He was afraid he might die, but he did not dare to stop.

"I have run so much," he thought, "so how can I stop now? They will only call me a fool."

He ran and ran, and was getting near, and could hear the Bashkirs screaming and shouting to him, but their noise made him still more excited. He ran with all his might, and the sun was getting near the edge: it was lost in the mist, and looked as red as blood. It was just beginning to go down. The sun was nearly gone, but it was no longer far to the goal. He saw the people waving their hands at him from the shikhan, and encouraging him. He saw the fox cap on the ground and the money on top of it; and he saw the elder sitting on the ground, holding his hands over his belly. And Pakhom recalled his dream.

"There is a lot of land," he thought, "but will God grant me to live on it? Oh, I have ruined myself," he thought. "I shall not reach the spot."

Pakhom looked at the sun, and it was down to the ground,—a part of it was down, and only an arch was standing out from the horizon. Pakhom made a last effort and bent forward with his whole body; his legs hardly moved fast enough to keep him from falling. He ran up to the shikhan, when suddenly it grew dark. He looked around, and the sun was down. He groaned.

"My labour is lost," he thought.

He wanted to stop, but he heard the Bashkirs shouting to him, and then he recalled that here below it seemed to him that the sun was down, but that on the shikhan it was not yet down. Pakhom made a last effort, and ran up the shikhan. On the shikhan it was still light. He ran up, and saw the cap. In front of the cap sat the elder, laughing and holding his hands on his belly. Pakhom recalled the dream.

He groaned, and his legs gave way, and he fell forward, and his hands touched the cap.

"You are a fine fellow!" cried the elder. "You have come into a lot of land."

Pakhom's labourer ran up, wishing to raise him, but blood was flowing from his mouth, and he was dead.

The Bashkirs clicked their tongues, pitying him.

The labourer picked up the spade, and dug a grave for Pakhom, as much as he measured from his feet to his head, —three arshins,—and buried him in it.

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<sup>1</sup>Two and one-half acres.

<sup>2</sup>About fifty cents.

## FROM CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

### FYODOR DOSTOYEVSKY

Raskolnikov was not used to crowds, and, as we said before, he avoided society of every sort, more especially of late. But now all at once he felt a desire to be with other people. Something new seemed to be taking place within him, and with it he felt a sort of thirst for company. He was so weary after a whole month of concentrated wretchedness and gloomy excitement that he longed to rest, if only for a moment, in some other world, whatever it might be; and, in spite of the filthiness of his surroundings, he was glad now to stay in the tavern.

The master of the establishment was in another room but he frequently came down some steps into the main room, his jaunty, tarred boots with red turnover tops coming into view each time before the rest of his person. He wore a full coat and a horridly greasy black satin waistcoat, with no cravat, and his whole face seemed smeared with oil like an iron lock. At the counter stood a boy of about fourteen, and there was another boy somewhat younger who handed whatever was wanted. On the counter lay some sliced cucumber, some pieces of dried black bread, and some fish, chopped up small, all smelling very bad. It was insufferably close, and so heavy with the fumes of spirits that five minutes in such an atmosphere might well make a man drunk.

There are chance meetings with strangers that interest us from the first moment, before a word is spoken. Such was the impression made on Raskolnikov by the person sitting a little distance from him, who looked like a retired clerk. The young man often recalled this impression afterwards, and even ascribed it to presentiment. He looked repeatedly at the clerk, partly no doubt because the latter was staring persistently at him, obviously anxious to enter into conversation. At the other persons in the room, including the tavern-keeper, the clerk looked as though he were used to their company, and weary of it, showing a shade of condescending contempt for them as persons of station and culture inferior to his own, with whom it would be useless for him to converse. He was a man over fifty, bald and grizzled, of medium height, and stoutly built. His face, bloated from continual drinking, was of a yellow, even greenish, tinge, with swollen eyelids, out of which keen reddish eyes gleamed like little chinks. But there was something very strange in him; there was a light in his eyes as though of intense feeling—perhaps there were even thought and intelligence, but at the same time there was a gleam of something like madness. He was wearing an old and hopelessly ragged black dress coat, with all its buttons missing except one, and that one he had buttoned, evidently clinging to this last trace of respectability. A crumpled shirt front, covered with spots and stains, protruded from his canvas waistcoat. Like a clerk, he wore no beard, nor moustache, but had been so long unshaven that his chin looked like a stiff greyish brush. And there was something respectable and like an official about his manner, too. But he was restless; he ruffled up his hair and from time to time let his head drop into his hands dejectedly, resting his ragged elbows on the stained and sticky table. At last he looked straight at Raskolnikov, and said loudly and resolutely:

“May I venture, honoured sir, to engage you in polite conversation? Forasmuch as, though your exterior would not command respect, my experience admonishes me that you are a man of education and not accustomed to drinking. I have always respected education when in conjunc-

tion with genuine sentiments, and I am besides a titular counsellor in rank. Marmeladov—such is my name; titular counsellor. I make bold to inquire—have you been in the service?”

“No, I am studying,” answered the young man, somewhat surprised at the grandiloquent style of the speaker and also at being so directly addressed. In spite of the momentary desire he had just been feeling for company of any sort, on being actually spoken to he felt immediately his habitual irritable uneasy aversion for any stranger who approached or attempted to approach him.

“A student then, or formerly a student,” cried the clerk. “Just what I thought! I’m a man of experience, immense experience, sir,” and he tapped his forehead with his fingers in self-approval. “You’ve been a student or have attended some learned institution! . . . But allow me. . . .” He got up, staggered, took his jug and his glass, and sat down beside the young man, facing him a little sideways. He was drunk, but spoke fluently and boldly, only occasionally losing the thread of his sentences and drawling his words. He pounced upon Raskolnikov as greedily as though he too had not spoken to a soul for a month.

“Honoured sir,” he began almost with solemnity, “poverty is not a vice, that’s a true saying. Yet I know too that drunkenness is not a virtue, and that that’s even truer. But beggary, honoured sir, beggary is a vice. In poverty you may still retain your innate nobility of soul, but in beggary—never—no one. For beggary a man is not chased out of human society with a stick, he is swept out with a broom, so as to make it as humiliating as possible; and quite right too, forasmuch as in beggary I am ready to be the first to humiliate myself. Hence the pot house! Honoured sir, a month ago Mr. Lebeziatnikov gave my wife a beating, and my wife is a very different matter from me! Do you understand? Allow me to ask you another question out of simple curiosity: have you ever spent a night on a hay barge, on the Neva?”

“No, I have not happened to,” answered Raskolnikov. “What do you mean?”

“Well, I’ve just come from one and it’s the fifth night



I've slept so. . . ." He filled his glass, emptied it and paused. Bits of hay were in fact clinging to his clothes and sticking to his hair. It seemed quite probable that he had not undressed or washed for the last five days. His hands, particularly, were filthy. They were fat and red, with black nails.

His conversation seemed to excite a general though languid interest. The boys at the counter fell to sniggering. The innkeeper came down from the upper room, apparently on purpose to listen to the "funny fellow" and sat down at a little distance, yawning lazily, but with dignity. Evidently Marmeladov was a familiar figure here, and he had most likely acquired his weakness for high-flown speeches from the habit of frequently entering into conversation with strangers of all sorts in the tavern. This habit develops into a necessity in some drunkards, and especially in those who are looked after sharply and kept in order at home. Hence in the company of other drinkers they try to justify themselves and even if possible obtain consideration.

"Funny fellow!" pronounced the innkeeper. "And why don't you work, why aren't you at your duty, if you are in the service?"

"Why am I not at my duty, honoured sir," Marmeladov went on, addressing himself exclusively to Raskolnikov, as though it had been he who put that question to him. "Why am I not at my duty? Does not my heart ache to think what a useless worm I am? A month ago when Mr. Lebeziatnikov beat my wife with his own hands, and I lay drunk, didn't I suffer? Excuse me, young man, has it ever happened to you . . . hm . . . well, to petition hopelessly for a loan?"

"Yes, it has. But what do you mean by hopelessly?"

"Hopelessly in the fullest sense, when you know beforehand that you will get nothing by it. You know, for instance, beforehand with positive certainty that this man, this most reputable and exemplary citizen, will on no consideration give you money; and indeed I ask you why should he. For he knows of course that I shan't pay it back. From compassion? But Mr. Lebeziatnikov who

keeps up with modern ideas explained the other day that compassion is forbidden nowadays by science itself, and that that's what is done now in England, where there is political economy. Why, I ask you, should he give it to me? And yet though I know beforehand that he won't, I set off to him and . . ."

"Why do you go?" put in Raskolnikov.

"Well, when one has no one, nowhere else one can go! For every man must have somewhere to go. Since there are times when one absolutely must go somewhere! When my own daughter first went out with a yellow ticket, then I had to go . . . (for my daughter has a yellow passport)," he added in parenthesis, looking with a certain uneasiness at the young man. "No matter, sir, no matter!" he went on hurriedly and with apparent composure when both the boys at the counter guffawed and even the innkeeper smiled—"No matter, I am not confounded by the wagging of their heads; for every one knows everything about it already, and all that is secret is made open. And I accept it all not with contempt, but with humility. So be it! So be it! 'Behold the man' Excuse me, young man, can you . . . No, to put it more strongly and more distinctly: not *can* you . . . but *dare* you, looking upon me, assert that I am not a pig?"

The young man did not answer a word.

"Well," the orator began again stolidly and with even increased dignity, after waiting for the laughter in the room to subside. "Well, so be it, I am a pig, but she is a lady! I have the semblance of a beast, but Katerina Ivanovna, my spouse, is a person of education and an officer's daughter. Granted, granted, I am a scoundrel, but she is a woman of a noble heart, full of sentiments, refined by education. And yet . . . oh, if only she felt for me! Honoured sir, honoured sir, you know every man ought to have at least one place where people feel for him!! But Katerina Ivanovna, though she is magnanimous, she is unjust . . . And yet, although I realize that when she pulls my hair she only does it out of pity—for I repeat without being ashamed, she pulls my hair, young man, but, my God, if she would but once . . . But no, no! It's all in vain and

it's no use talking! No use talking! For more than once, my wish did come true and more than once she has felt for me but . . . such is my fate and I am a beast by nature!"

"Rather!" assented the innkeeper yawning. Marmeladov struck his fist resolutely on the table.

"Such is my fate! Do you know, sir, do you know, I have sold her very stockings for drink? Not her shoes—that would be more or less in the order of things, but her stockings, her stockings I have sold for drink! Her mohair shawl I sold for drink, a present to her long ago, her own property, not mine; and we live in a cold room and she caught cold this winter and has begun coughing and spitting blood too. We have three little children and Katerina Ivanovna is at work from morning till night; she is scrubbing and cleaning and washing the children, for she's been used to cleanliness from a child. But her chest is weak and she has a tendency to consumption and I feel it! Do you suppose I don't feel it? And the more I drink the more I feel it. That's why I drink, too. I try to find sympathy and feeling in drink . . . I drink so that I may suffer twice as much!" And as though in despair he laid his head down on the table.

"Young man," he went on, raising his head again, "in your face I seem to read some trouble of mind. When you came in I read it, and that was why I addressed you at once. For in unfolding to you the story of my life, I do not wish to make myself a laughing-stock before these idle listeners, who indeed know all about it already, but I am looking for a man of feeling and education. Know then that my wife was educated in a high-class school for the daughters of noblemen, and on leaving, she danced the shawl dance before the governor and other personages for which she was presented with a gold medal and a certificate of merit. The medal . . . well, the medal of course was sold—long ago, hm . . . but the certificate of merit is in her trunk still and not long ago she showed it to our landlady. And although she is most continually on bad terms with the landlady, yet she wanted to tell some one or other of her past honours and of the happy days that are gone. I don't condemn her for it, I don't blame her, for the one

thing left her is recollection of the past, and all the rest is dust and ashes. Yes, yes, she is a lady of spirit, proud and determined. She scrubs the floors herself and has nothing but black bread to eat, but won't allow herself to be treated with disrespect. That's why she would not overlook Mr. Lebeziatnikov's rudeness to her, and so when he gave her a beating for it, she took to her bed more from the hurt to her feelings than from the blows. She was a widow when I married her, with three children, one smaller than the other. She married her first husband, an infantry officer, for love, and ran away with him from her father's house. She was exceedingly fond of her husband; but he gave way to cards, got into trouble and with that he died. He used to beat her at the end; and although she paid him back, of which I have authentic documentary evidence, to this day she speaks of him with tears and she throws him up at me; and I am glad, I am glad that, though only in imagination, she should think of herself as having once been happy . . . And she was left at his death with three children in a wild and remote district where I happened to be at the time; and she was left in such hopeless poverty that, although I have seen many ups and downs of all sorts, I don't feel equal to describing it even. Her relations had all thrown her off. And she was proud, too, excessively proud . . . And then, honoured sir, and then, I being at the time a widower, with a daughter of fourteen left me by my first wife, offered her my hand, for I could not bear the sight of such suffering. You can judge the extremity of her calamities, that she, a woman of education and culture and distinguished family, should have consented to be my wife. But she did! Weeping and sobbing and wringing her hands, she married me! For she had nowhere to turn! Do you understand, sir, do you understand what it means when you have absolutely nowhere to turn? No, that you don't understand yet . . . And for a whole year, I performed my duties conscientiously and faithfully, and did not touch this" (he tapped the jug with his finger), "for I have feelings. But even so, I could not please her; and then I lost my place, too, and that through no fault of mine but through changes in the office; and then I did touch



it! . . . It will be a year and a half ago soon since we found ourselves at last after many wanderings and numerous calamities in this magnificent capital, adorned with innumerable monuments. Here, too, I obtained a situation. . . . I obtained it and lost it again. Do you understand? This time it was through my own fault I lost it: for my weakness had come out . . . We have now part of a room at Amalia Fyodorovna Lippevechsel's; and what we live upon and what we pay our rent with, I could not say. There are a lot of people living there beside ourselves. Dirt and disorder, a perfect Bedlam . . . hm . . . yes. And meanwhile my daughter by my first wife has grown up; and what my daughter has had to put up with from her step-mother whilst she was growing up, I won't speak of. For, though Katerina Ivanovna is full of generous feelings, she is a spirited lady, irritable and short tempered . . . Yes. But it's no use going over that! Sonia, as you may well fancy, has had no education. I did make an effort four years ago to give her a course of geography and universal history, but I was not very well up in those subjects myself and we had no suitable books, and what books we had . . . hm, anyway we have not even those now, so all our instruction came to an end. We stopped at Cyrus of Persia. Since she has attained years of maturity, she has read other books of romantic tendency and of late she has read with great interest a book she got through Mr. Lebeziatnikov, Lewes' Physiology—do you know it?—and even recounted extracts from it to us: and that's the whole of her education. And now may I venture to address you, honoured sir, on my own account with a private question? Do you suppose that a respectable poor girl can earn much by honest work? Not fifteen farthings a day can she earn, if she is respectable and has no special talent and that without putting her work down for an instant! And what's more, Ivan Ivanitch Klopstock, the civil counsellor—have you heard of him?—has not to this day paid her for the half-dozen linen shirts she made him and drove her roughly away, stamping and reviling at her, on the pretext that the shirt collars were not made like the pattern and were put in askew. And there are the little ones hungry . . . And Katerina Ivan-

ovna walking up and down and wringing her hands, her cheeks flushed red, as they always are in that disease: 'Here you live with us,' says she, 'you eat and drink and are kept warm and you do nothing to help.' And much she gets to eat and drink when there is not a crust for the little ones for three days! I was lying at the time . . . well, what of it! I was lying drunk and I heard my Sonia speaking (she is a gentle creature with a soft little voice . . . fair hair and such a pale, thin little face). She said: 'Katerina Ivanovna, am I really to do a thing like that?' And Darya Frantsovna, a woman of evil character and very well known to the police, had two or three times tried to get at her through the landlady. 'And why not,' said Katerina Ivanovna with a jeer, 'you are something mighty precious to be so careful of!' But don't blame her, don't blame her, honoured sir, don't blame her! She was not herself when she spoke, but driven to distraction by her illness and the crying of the hungry children; and it was said more to wound her than anything else. For that's Katerina Ivanovna's character, and when children cry, even from hunger, she falls to beating them at once. At six o'clock I saw Sonia get up, put on her kerchief and her cape, and go out of the room and about nine o'clock she came back. She walked straight up to Katerina Ivanovna and she laid thirty roubles on the table before her in silence. She did not utter a word, she did not even look at her, she simply picked up our big green *drap de dames* shawl (we have a shawl, made of *drap de dames*), put it over her head and lay down on the bed with her face to the wall; only her little shoulders and her body kept shuddering . . . And I went on lying there, just as before . . . And then I saw, young man, I saw Katerina Ivanovna, in the same silence go up to Sonia's little bed; she was on her knees all the evening kissing Sonia's feet, and would not get up, and then they both fell asleep in each other's arms . . . together, together . . . yes . . . and I lay drunk."

Marmeladov stopped short, as though his voice had failed him. Then he hurriedly filled his glass, drank, and cleared his throat.

"Since then, sir," he went on after a brief pause—

“Since then, owing to an unfortunate occurrence and through information given by evil-intentioned persons—in all which Darya Frantsova took a leading part on the pretext that she had been treated with want of respect—since then my daughter Sofya Semyonovna has been forced to take a yellow ticket, and owing to that she is unable to go on living with us. For our landlady, Amalia Fyodorovna, would not hear of it (though she had backed up Darya Frantsova before) and Mr. Lebeziatnikov, too . . . hm. . . . All the trouble between him and Katerina Ivanovna was on Sonia’s account. At first he was for making up to Sonia himself and then all of a sudden he stood on his dignity: ‘How,’ said he, ‘can a highly educated man like me live in the same rooms with a girl like that?’ And Katerina Ivanovna would not let it pass, she stood up for her . . . and so that’s how it happened. And Sonia comes to us now, mostly after dark; she comforts Katerina Ivanovna and gives her all she can. . . . She has a room at the Kapernaumova, the tailors, she lodges with them; Kapernau-mov is a lame man with a cleft palate and all of his numerous family have cleft palates, too. And his wife, too, has a cleft palate. They all live in one room, but Sonia has her own, partitioned off. . . . hm . . . yes, very poor people and all with cleft palates . . . yes. Then I got up in the morning, put on my rags, lifted up my hands to heaven and set off to his excellency Ivan Afanasyevitch. His excellency Ivan Afanasyevitch, do you know him? No? Well, then, it’s a man of God you don’t know. He is wax . . . wax before the face of the Lord; even as wax melteth! . . . His eyes were dim when he heard my story. ‘Marmeladov, once already you have deceived my expectations. . . . I’ll take you once more on my own responsibility’—that’s what he said, ‘remember,’ he said, ‘and now you can go.’ I kissed the dust at his feet—in thought only, for in reality he would not have allowed me to do it, being a statesman and a man of modern political and enlightened ideas. I returned home, and when I announced that I’d been taken back into the service and should receive a salary, heavens, what a to-do there was . . . !”

Marmeladov stopped again in violent excitement. At

that moment a whole party of revellers already drunk came in from the street, and the sounds of a hired concertina and the cracked piping voice of a child of seven years singing "Hamlet" were heard in the entry. The room was filled with noise. The tavern-keeper and the boys were busy with the new-comers. Marmeladov paying no attention to the new arrivals continued his story. He appeared by now to be extremely weak, but as he became more and more drunk, he became more and more talkative. The recollection of his recent success in getting the situation seemed to revive him, and was positively reflected in a sort of radiance on his face. Raskolnikov listened attentively.

"That was five weeks ago, sir. Yes . . . As soon as Katerina Ivanovna and Sonia heard of it, mercy on us, it was as though I stepped into the kingdom of Heaven. It used to be: 'you can lie like a beast'; nothing but abuse. Now they were walking on tiptoe, hushing the children. 'Semyon Zaharovitch is tired with his work at the office, he is resting, shh!' They made me coffee before I went to work and boiled cream for me! They began to get real cream for me, do you hear that? And how they managed to get together the money for a decent outfit—eleven roubles, fifty copecks—I can't guess. Boots, cotton shirtfronts—most magnificent, a uniform, they got up all in splendid style, for eleven roubles and a half. The first morning I came back from the office I found Katerina Ivanovna had cooked two courses for dinner—soup and salt meat with horse radish—which we had never dreamed of till then. She has not any dresses . . . none at all, but she got herself up as though she were going on a visit; and not that she'd anything to do it with. she smartened herself up with nothing at all, she'd done her hair nicely, put on a clean collar of some sort, cuffs, and there she was, quite a different person, she was younger and better looking. Sonia, my little darling, had only helped with money 'for the time,' she said, 'it won't do for me to come and see you too often. After dark maybe when no one can see.' Do you hear, do you hear? I lay down for a nap after dinner and what do you think: though Katerina Ivanovna had quarrelled to the last degree with our landlady Amalia Fyodorovna only a week before, she could



not resist then asking her in to coffee. For two hours they were sitting, whispering together. 'Semyon Zaharovitch is in the service again, now, and receiving a salary,' says she, says she, 'and he went himself to his excellency and his excellency himself came out to him, made all the others wait and led Semyon Zaharovitch by the hand before everybody into his study.' Do you hear, do you hear? 'To be sure, says he, 'Semyon Zaharovitch, remembering your past services, since you promise now and since moreover we've got on badly without you,' (do you hear, do you hear?) 'and so,' says he, 'I rely now on your word as a gentleman.' And all that, let me tell you, she has simply made up for herself, and not simply out of wantonness, for the sake of bragging; no, she believes it all herself, she amuses herself with her own fancies, upon my word she does! And I don't blame her for it, no, I don't blame her! . . . Six days ago when I brought her my first earnings in full—twenty-three roubles, forty copecks altogether—she called me her poppet; 'poppet,' said she, 'my little poppet.' And when we were by ourselves, you understand? You would not think me a beauty, you would not think much of me as a husband, would you? . . . Well, she pinched my cheek 'my little poppet,' said she."

Marmeladov broke off, tried to smile, but suddenly his chin began to twitch. He controlled himself, however. The tavern, the degraded appearance of the man, the five nights in the hay barge, and the pot of spirits, and yet this poignant love for his wife and children bewildered his listener. Raskolnikov listened intently but with a sick sensation. He felt vexed that he had come here.

"Honoured sir, honoured sir," cried Marmeladov recovering himself—"Oh, sir, perhaps all this seems a laughing matter to you, as it does to others, and perhaps I am only worrying you with the stupidity of all the trivial details of my home life, but it is not a laughing matter to me. For I can feel it all. . . . And the whole of that heavenly day of my life and the whole of that evening I passed in fleeting dreams of how I would arrange it all, and how I would dress all the children, and how I should give her rest, and how I should rescue my own daughter from

dishonour and restore her to the bosom of her family . . . And a great deal more . . . Quite excusable, sir. Well, then, sir, Marmeladov suddenly gave a sort of start, raised his head and gazed intently at his listener), well, on the very next day after all those dreams, that is to say, exactly five days ago, in the evening, by a cunning trick, like a thief in the night, I stole from Katerina Ivanovna the key to her box, took out what was left of my earnings, how much it was I have forgotten, and now look at me, all of you! It's the fifth day since I left home, and they are looking for me there and it's the end of my employment, and my uniform is lying in a tavern of the Egyptian bridge. I exchanged it for the garments I have on . . . and it's the end of everything!"

Marmeladov struck his forehead with his fist, clenched his teeth, closed his eyes and leaned heavily with his elbow on the table. But a minute later his face suddenly changed and with a certain assumed slyness and affectation of bravado, he glanced at Raskolnikov, laughed and said:

"This morning I went to see Sonia, I went to ask her for a pick-me-up!"

"You don't say she gave it to you?" cried one of the newcomers; he shouted the words and went off into a guffaw.

"This very quart was bought with her money," Marmeladov declared, addressing himself exclusively to Raskolnikov. "Thirty copecks she gave me with her own hands, her last, all she had, as I saw . . . she said nothing, she only looked at me without a word . . . Not on earth, but up yonder . . . they grieve over men, they weep, but they don't blame them, they don't blame! Thirty copecks, yes! And maybe she needs them now, eh? What do you think, my dear sir? For now she's got to keep up her appearance. It costs money, that smartness, that special smartness, you know? Do you understand? And there's pomatum, too, you see, she must have things: petticoats, starched ones; shoes, too, real jaunty ones to show off her foot when she has to step over a puddle. Do you understand, sir, do you understand what all that smartness means? And here I, her own father, here I took thirty

copecks of that money for a drink! And I am drinking it! And I have already drunk it. Come, who will have pity on a man like me, eh? Are you sorry for me, sir, or not? Tell me, sir, are you sorry or not? He-he-he!"

He would have filled his glass, but there was no drink left. The pot was empty.

"What are you to be pitied for?" shouted the tavern-keeper who was again near them.

Shouts of laughter and even oaths followed. The laughter and the oaths came from those who were listening and also from those who had heard nothing, but were simply looking at the figure of the discharged government clerk.

"To be pitied! Why am I to be pitied?" Marmeladov suddenly declaimed, standing up with his arms outstretched, as though he had been only waiting for the question.

"Why am I to be pitied, you say? Yes! There's nothing to pity me for! I ought to be crucified, crucified on a cross, not pitied! Crucify me, oh judge, crucify me, but pity me! And then I will go of myself to be crucified, for it's not merry-making I seek but tears and tribulation! . . . Do you suppose, you that sell, that this pint of yours has been sweet to me? It was tribulation I sought at the bottom of it, tears and tribulation, and have found it, and I have tasted it; but He will pity us Who has had pity on all men, Who has understood all men and all things, He is the One, He, too, is the judge. He will come in that day and He will ask: 'Where is the daughter who gave herself for her cross, consumptive step-mother and for the little children of another? Where is the daughter who had pity upon the filthy drunkard, her earthly father, undismayed by his beastliness!' And He will say, 'Come to me! I have already forgiven thee once . . . I have forgiven thee once . . . Thy sins which are many are forgiven thee for thou hast loved much . . . ' And He will forgive my Sonia, He will forgive, I know it . . . I felt it in my heart when I was with her just now! And He will judge and will forgive all, the good and the evil, the wise and the meek . . . And when He has done with all of them, then He will summon us. 'You,

too, come forth, ye weak ones, come forth, ye children of shame!' And we shall all come forth, without shame and shall stand before Him. And He will say unto us, 'Ye are swine, made in the Image of the Beast and with his mark; but come ye also!' And the wise ones and those of understanding will say, 'Oh, Lord, why dost Thou receive these men?' And He will say, 'This is why I receive them, oh, ye wise, this is why I receive them, oh, ye of understanding, that not one of them believed himself to be worthy of this.' And He will hold out His hands to us and we shall fall down before Him . . . and we shall weep . . . and we shall understand all things! Then we shall understand all! . . . and all will understand, Katerina Ivanovna even . . . she will understand . . . Lord, Thy kingdom come.'" And he sank down on the bench exhausted, and helpless, looking at no one, apparently oblivious of his surroundings and plunged in deep thought. His words had created a certain impression; there was a moment of silence; but soon laughter and oaths were heard again.

"That's his notion!"

"Talked himself silly!"

"A fine clerk he is!"

And so on, and so on.

"Let us go, sir," said Marmeladov all at once, raising his head and addressing Raskolnikov—"come along with me . . . Kozel's house, looking into the yard. I'm going to Katerina Ivanovna—time I did."

Raskolnikov had for some time been wanting to go and he had meant to help him. Marmeladov was much unsteadier on his legs than in his speech and leaned heavily on the young man. They had two or three hundred paces to go. The drunken man was more and more overcome by dismay and confusion as they drew nearer the house.

"It's not Katerina Ivanovna I am afraid of now," he muttered in agitation—"and that she will begin pulling my hair. What does my hair matter! Bother my hair! That's what I say; indeed it will be better if she does begin pulling it, that's not what I am afraid of . . . it's her eyes I am afraid of . . . yes, her eyes . . . the red on her cheeks, too,



frightens me . . . and her breathing, too . . . Have you noticed how people in that disease breathe . . . when they are excited? I am frightened of the children's crying, too . . . For if Sonia has not taken them food . . . I don't know what's happened! I don't know! But blows I am not afraid of . . . Know, sir, that such blows are not a pain to me, but even an enjoyment. In fact I can't get on without it . . . It's better so. Let her strike me, it relieves her heart . . . it's better so . . . There is the house. The house of Kozel, the cabinet maker . . . a German, well-to-do. Lead the way!"

They went in from the yard and up to the fourth story. The staircase got darker and darker as they went up. It was nearly eleven o'clock and although in summer in Petersburg there is no real night, yet it was quite dark at the top of the stairs.

A grimy little door at the very top of the stairs stood ajar. A very poor-looking room about ten paces long was lighted up by a candle-end; the whole of it was visible from the entrance. It was all in disorder, littered up with rags of all sorts, especially children's garments. Across the furthest corner was stretched a ragged sheet. Behind it probably was the bed. There was nothing in the room except two chairs and a sofa covered with American leather, full of holes, before which stood an old deal kitchen-table, unpainted and uncovered. At the edge of the table stood a smouldering tallow-candle in an iron candlestick. It appeared that the family had a room to themselves, not part of a room, but their room was practically a passage. The door leading to the other rooms, or rather cupboards, into which Amalia Lippevechsel's flat was divided, stood half open, and there was shouting, uproar and laughter within. People seemed to be playing cards and drinking tea there. Words of the most unceremonious kind flew out from time to time.

Raskolnikov recognized Katerina Ivanovna at once. She was a rather tall, slim and graceful woman, terribly emaciated, with magnificent dark brown hair and with a hectic flush in her cheeks. She was pacing up and down in her little room, pressing her hands against her chest; her

lips were parched and her breathing came in nervous, broken gasps. Her eyes glittered as in fever and looked about with a harsh immovable stare. And that consumptive and excited face with the last flickering light of the candle-end playing upon it made a sickening impression. She seemed to Raskolnikov about thirty years old and was certainly a strange wife for Marmeladov . . . She had not heard them and did not notice them coming in. She seemed to be lost in thought, hearing and seeing nothing. The room was close, but she had not opened the window; a stench rose from the staircase, but the door on to the stairs was not closed. From the inner rooms clouds of tobacco smoke floated in; she kept coughing, but did not close the door. The youngest child, a girl of six, was asleep, sitting curled up on the floor with her head on the sofa. A boy a year older stood crying and shaking in the corner, probably he had just had a beating. Beside him stood a girl of nine years old, tall and thin, wearing a thin and ragged chemise with an ancient cashmere pelisse flung over her bare shoulders, long outgrown and barely reaching her knees. Her arm, as thin as a stick, was round her brother's neck. She was trying to comfort him, whispering something to him, and doing all she could to keep him from whimpering again. At the same time her large dark eyes, which looked larger still from the thinness of her frightened face, were watching her mother with alarm. Marmeladov did not enter the door, but dropped on his knees in the very doorway, pushing Raskolnikov in front of him. The woman seeing a stranger stopped indifferently facing him, coming to herself for a moment and apparently wondering what he had come for. But evidently she decided that he was going into the next room, as he had to pass through hers to get there. Taking no further notice of him, she walked towards the outer door to close it and uttered a sudden scream on seeing her husband on his knees in the doorway.

"Ah!" she cried out in a frenzy, "he has come back! The criminal! the monster . . . And where is the money? What's in your pocket, show me! And your clothes are all different! Where are your clothes? Where is the money? Speak!"

And she fell to searching him. Marmeladov submissively and obediently held up both arms to facilitate the search. Not a farthing was there.

"Where is the money?" she cried. "Mercy on us, can he have drunk it all? There were twelve silver roubles left in the chest!" and in a fury she seized him by the hair and dragged him into the room. Marmeladov seconded her efforts by meekly crawling along on his knees.

"And this is a consolation to me! This does not hurt me, but is a positive con-so-la-tion, ho-nou-red sir," he called out, shaken to and fro by his hair and even once striking the ground with his forehead. The child asleep on the floor woke up and began trembling and screaming and rushed to his sister in violent terror, almost in a fit. The eldest girl was shaking like a leaf.

"He's drunk it! he's drunk it all," the poor woman screamed in despair—"and his clothes are gone! And they are hungry, hungry!"—and wringing her hands she pointed to the children. "Oh, accursed life! And you, are you not ashamed"—she pounced all at once upon Raskolnikov—"from the tavern! Have you been drinking with him? You have been drinking with him, too! Go away!"

The young man was hastening away without uttering a word. The inner door was thrown wide open and inquisitive faces were peering in. Coarse laughing faces with pipes and cigarettes and heads wearing caps thrust themselves in at the doorway. Further in could be seen figures in dressing gowns flung open, in costumes of unseemly scantiness, some of them with cards in their hands. They were particularly diverted, when Marmeladov, dragged about by his hair, shouted that it was a consolation to him. They even began to come into the room; at last a sinister shrill outcry was heard: this came from Amalia Lippevechsel herself pushing her way amongst them and trying to restore order after her own fashion and for the hundredth time to frighten the poor woman by ordering her with coarse abuse to clear out of the room next day. As he went out, Raskolnikov had time to put his hand into his pocket, to snatch up the coppers he had received in exchange for his rouble in the tavern and to lay them

unnoticed on the window. Afterwards on the stairs, he changed his mind and would have gone back.

“What a stupid thing I’ve done,” he thought to himself; “they have Sonia and I want it myself.” But reflecting that it would be impossible to take it back now and that in any case he would not have taken it, he dismissed it with a wave of his hand and went back to his lodging. “Sonia wants pomatum, too,” he said as he walked along the street, and he laughed malignantly—“such smartness costs money . . . Hm! And maybe Sonia herself will be bankrupt today, for there is always a risk, hunting big game . . . digging for gold . . . then they would all be without a crust tomorrow except for my money. Hurrah for Sonia! What a mine they’ve dug there! And they’re making the most of it! Yes, they are making the most of it! They’ve wept over it and grown used to it. Man grows used to everything, the scoundrel!”

He sank into thought.

“And what if I am wrong,” he cried suddenly after a moment’s thought. “What if man is not really a scoundrel, man in general, I mean, the whole race of mankind—then all the rest is prejudice, simply artificial terrors and there are no barriers and it’s all as it should be.”



## THE LIFE OF MAN

## PROLOGUE

LEONID ANDREYEV

*A BEING IN GREY called HE speaks of the life of MAN. The scene resembles a large, rectangular, perfectly empty room, without doors or windows. Everything in it is grey and misty and of uniform colour: Grey walls, grey ceiling, grey floor. From an invisible source comes a feeble, diffused light, which, also grey, is monotonous, uniform, and unreal, casting neither shadows nor spots of light. The BEING IN GREY comes gradually into view against the background of the wall, with which he has been merged. He wears a broad, shapeless, grey robe which vaguely outlines the contours of a large body. Upon his head there is a heavy grey scarf which throws a dark shadow over the upper part of his face. The eyes are not visible. That which is visible—the cheek-bones, nose, and sharp chin—is massive and solid, as if hewn from grey stone. The lips are firmly compressed. Slightly raising his head, he begins to speak in a firm, cold voice, calm and passionless, like a hired lector reading with severe indifference the Book of Fate:*

“Look and listen, ye who have come hither for mirth and laughter. Lo, there will pass before you all the life of Man, with its dark beginning and its dark end. Hitherto non-existent, mysteriously hidden in infinite time, without thought or feeling, utterly unknown, he will mysteriously break through the barriers of non-existence and with a cry will announce the beginning of his brief life. In the night of non-existence will blaze up a candle, lighted by an unseen hand. This is the life of Man. Behold its flame. It is the life of Man.

“After birth he will take on the image and the name of Man, and in all respects he will be like other people who already live on the earth, and their cruel fate will be his fate, and his cruel fate will be the fate of all people. Irresistibly dragged on by time, he will tread inevitably all the

steps of human life, upward to its climax and downward to its end. Limited in vision, he will not see the step to which his unsure foot is already raising him. Limited in knowledge, he will never know what the coming day or hour or moment is bringing to him. And in his blind ignorance, worn by apprehension, harassed by hopes and fears, he will complete submissively the iron round of destiny.

"Behold him, a happy youth. See how brightly the candle burns. The icy wind blowing from infinite space puffs and whirls about, causing the flame to flutter. The candle, however, burns clearly and brightly, though the wax is melting, consumed by the fire. The wax is melting.

"Lo, he is a happy husband and father. Yet look! How dim and strange the candle glimmers, as if the flame were a yellowing leaf, as if the flame were shivering and shielding itself from the cold. For the wax is melting, consumed by the fire. The wax is melting.

"Lo, now he is an old man, feeble and sick. The path of life has been trodden to its end and now the dark abyss has taken its place, but he still presses on with tottering foot. The livid flame, bending toward the earth, flutters feebly, trembles and sinks, trembles and sinks, and quietly goes out.

"Thus Man will die. Coming from the night he will return to the night. Bereft of thought, bereft of feeling, unknown to all, he will perish utterly, vanishing without trace into infinity. And I, whom men call He, will be the faithful companion of Man throughout all the days of his life and in all his pathways. Unseen by Man and his companions, I shall unfailingly be near him both in his waking and in his sleeping hours; when he prays and when he curses; in hours of joy when his free and bold spirit soars high; in hours of depression and sorrow when his weary soul is overshadowed by death-like gloom and the blood in the heart is chilled; in hours of victory and defeat; in the hours of heroic struggle with the inevitable I shall be with him—I shall be with him.

"And ye who have come hither for mirth, ye who are doomed to die, look and listen. Lo, the swiftly flowing life

of Man will pass before you, with its sorrows and its joys, like a far-off, thin reflection.”

*The BEING IN GREY ceases, and in the silence the light goes out and darkness envelops him and the grey, empty room.*

## MAN

BY MAXIM GORKY

## I

. . . In hours of mental fatigue—when memory revives shadows of the past sending a chill into my heart, when thought, like autumn's listless sun, illuminates the chaos of the present and ominously circles over the same spot, powerless to rise higher, to fly forward—in the heavy hours of mental fatigue, I invoke by the force of my imagination the majestic image of Man.

Man! As though a sun springs forth in my breast, and in its brilliant light, enormous like the world, slowly marches—forward! and higher!—tragically beautiful Man.

I see his proud brow and bold deep eyes, and in them—the rays of fearless, mighty Thought, that serene force which has grasped the wondrous harmony of the universe. Thought—creator of gods in moments of fatigue, and their destroyer, in periods of vigor and alertness.

Lost amidst the wastes of the universe, alone on a small chunk of earth rushing with immense speed into the depth of limitless space, tormented by the question, Why exist?—he bravely moves on—forward! and higher! on his road to victory over all the secrets of earth and heaven.

He moves on, fertilizing with his heart's blood the hard, lonely, proud road, and out of this hot blood he creates immortal flowers of poetry. The anguished cry of his rebel soul he transforms into music, his experience he shapes into science and, embellishing life with every step, he moves on, ever higher, and forward, a guiding star for the earth.

Armed only with the power of Thought, which is now lightning like, now coldly calm like a sword, free and proud Man marches far ahead of men and above life, alone amidst the riddles of existence, alone amongst the host of his mistakes. These fall as a heavy burden on his proud mind, wound his heart, gnaw his brain, and, rousing in him a burning shame for them, they summon him—to destroy them.



He marches! Instincts roar in his breast; the voice of vanity whines, an impudent beggar wheedling alms; the sticky fibres of conventions ivy-like entangle his heart, suck its hot blood, and clamor for concessions; all his senses desire to possess him, to lord over his mind. And swarms of life's petty trifles cover his road like filthy toads.

As the sun is encircled by planets, so is man surrounded by the creations of his mind: ever hungry Love; Friendship, limping far behind; tired Hope ahead of him; Hatred, gripped by Anger, rattles its chains of patience, while Faith peers with its dark eyes into his restless face, and awaits him into her calm embraces.

He knows this sad suite of his, the ugly, imperfect, weak creatures of his mind.

Clothed in the rags of old truths, poisoned with the venom of prejudices, they hostilely follow Thought, lagging behind its flight, as the raven lags behind the eagle, and yet they dispute its primariness, and rarely merge into one mighty and creative flame.

Here, too, is Man's eternal companion, dumb and mysterious Death, always ready to kiss his heart burning with a thirst for life.

He knows this immortal suite of his, and yet another he knows—Madness.

Winged, powerful like a hurricane, it watches him with a look of enmity, and bewings Thought with its force, endeavoring to draw it into its savage dance.

Thought alone is Man's inseparable friend, only the flame of Thought throws light on the obstacles along his road, on life's riddles, the twilight of nature's secrets, and the dark chaos within his heart.

Man's free friend, Thought, looks everywhere with its keen, clear eye, and mercilessly illuminates everything:

Love's cunning and trivial stratagems, its desires to possess the beloved, its striving to humiliate and be humbled, and the filthy face of Sensuality lurking behind its back.

Hope's timid impotence, and its sister just behind her—Falsehood, spruce, painted Falsehood, ever ready to console, and deceive, every one with its pretty word.

In the flabby heart of Friendship, Thought illuminates its calculating caution, its cruel, hollow curiosity, its mouldy spots of envy and growths of calumny.

Thought sees the power of black Hatred, and knows: should its fetters be removed, it will destroy everything on earth, not sparing even the buds of justice.

Thought throws light on motionless Faith, its thirst for boundless power and domination over all feelings, on its hidden claws of bigotry, the impotence of its empty eyes.

Thought challenges even Death. This fruitless and often silly and malignant force is repugnant and hostile to free and deathless Thought, sublimator of Man out of an animal, creator of gods, systems of philosophy and science—keys to the world's riddles.

To Thought, Death is like unto a rag picker, who rummages in back yards, gathers into her dirty sack things outlived, rotten, cast away, but at times impertinently pilfers something strong and healthy.

Saturated with the odor of decay, wrapped in a cloak of horror, disimpassioned, impersonal, silent Death always hovers over Man, a grave and black riddle, while Thought jealously studies it, creative and bright like the sun, imbued with mad daring and the awareness of immortality.

Thus marches rebellious Man through the fearful gloom of life's riddles—forward! and higher! ever forward! and higher!

## II

Lo, he is tired, he quakes and moans; his frightened heart seeks Faith, and loudly asks for Love's tender caresses.

And three birds, begotten of Weakness, three black hideous birds—Dejection, Despair, Melancholy—ominously hover above his mind, and sullenly harp a song to him: that he is an insignificant moth, that his consciousness is limited, his Thought powerless, his holy pride ridiculous, and that whatever he may do, he will die.

His tormented heart trembles under this song, false and malignant; needles of doubt prick his brain, and tears of injury sparkle in his eyes.

And if his pride does not rebel, the fear of Death drives Man ruthlessly into the Dungeon of Faith, and Love, smiling triumphantly, draws him into her embrace, hiding in the loud promises of happiness its grievous inability to be free, and instinct's greedy tyranny.

In alliance with Falsehood, timid Hope sings to him of the joys of peace, sings of reconciliation's quiet happiness, and with soft, pretty words it lulls his dozing spirit, pressing it into the slime of sweet Indolence and into the paws of her daughter, Boredom.

Inspired by his myopic senses, he hastily satiates his brain and heart with the pleasant poison of that cynical Falsehood which openly teaches that Man's only road is the one that leads him to the barnyard of tranquil self satisfaction.

But Thought is proud, and cherishing Man, it engages Falsehood in keen battle. Man's heart is the field of battle.

Thought pursues him, like an enemy; indefatigably bores his brain, like a worm; blasts his breast, like a drought; and, like an executioner, it tortures him, pitilessly gripping his heart with the invigorating chill of yearning after truth, life's severe, wise truth, which is growing, however slowly, clearly visible through the dusk of errors—a fiery flower begotten by Thought.

But if Man is incurably poisoned by Falsehood's venom, and firmly believes that there is no happiness on earth above a full stomach, that there are no higher joys than satiety, peace and small comforts of existence, then Thought, prisoner of the triumphant senses, droops its wings, and dozes, forsaking Man to the rule of his heart.

Like unto an infectious cloud, putrid Vulgarity, daughter of vile Boredom, creeps from every side upon Man, enveloping with a stinging grey dust his brain, and heart, and eyes.

Man loses himself, transformed by his weakness into an animal without Pride and Thought.

But should Indignation flare up in him, it will awaken Thought, and once again he will march onward, alone amidst the thorns of his mistakes, alone amongst the burn-

ing sparks of his doubts, alone in the midst of the ruins of old truths.

Majestic, proud, and free, he valiantly looks into the eyes of Truth, and speaks to his doubts:

“You lie about my impotence, and the limitations of my consciousness. It is growing! I know this, I see and feel that it is growing within me! I perceive the growth of my consciousness by the measure of my suffering, for I know: if it did not grow, I should not suffer more than I did before.

“But with every step I desire more, I feel more, I see more and deeper, and this swift growth of my wants is the mighty growth of my consciousness. For the present it is like a spark in me—What of it? Are not sparks mothers of conflagrations? I am, in the future, a conflagration in the darkness of the universe! I am summoned to illumine the world, to melt the darkness of its secret riddles, to find harmony between me and the world, in myself to create harmony, and, after having exposed to light the whole gloomy chaos of life on this much suffering earth, covered as with a skin disease by a crust of unhappiness, sorrow, misery, and malice, to sweep away all its ugly filth into the grave of the past!

“I am summoned to untie the knots of all errors and misconceptions, which have tangled up cowed men into a bloody and repellant bundle of beasts devouring one another.

“I have been created by Thought for the purpose of overthrowing, destroying, trampling down all that is old, all that is narrow and filthy, all that is malicious, and with the aim of building a new life on the unshakable foundations, forged by Thought, of freedom, beauty, and respect for men.

“Implacable foe of the disgraceful niggardliness of human desires, I want every one of our men to be a Man.

“Senseless, shameful, and abominable in this life, in which the gruesome, slavish toil of some men is spent without trace for the oversatiation of others both with bread and with gifts of the spirit.

“Accursed be all prejudices, all superstitions and cus-



toms, which have fettered men's brains and life, as though with sticky cobwebs. They interfere with life, they violate men—I will destroy them!

“My weapon is Thought, and the inexhaustible source of my strength is in my firm conviction in the freedom of Thought, in its deathlessness, and in the everlasting growth of its creative powers.

“Thought is for me the eternal and the only true beacon in the gloom of life, the light in the dark of its gross blunders. I see it burn ever deeper the abysses of mysteries, and I march in the rays of immortal Thought, following it, ever higher! and forward!

“There are no impregnable strongholds for Thought, nor immutable holies on earth or in heaven. Creator of all, it has the sacred inviolable right to destroy everything which may hamper the freedom of its growth.

“I am calmly aware that prejudices are fragments of old axioms, and that the clouds of errors soaring over life today have been formed from the ashes of old truths, consumed by the flame of the very Thought which once created them.

“I am aware, too, that not those who gather the fruit of the victory are the conquerors, but those who are left on the battlefield.

“I see the sense of life in creative work, and creativeness is self sufficient and limitless.

“I move on, in order to burn up as brilliantly as possible, and the deeper to brighten the darkness of life. My reward is in my destruction.

“I need no other rewards, for I see: authority is base and boresome, wealth oppressive and silly, and fame is a prejudice which rose out of men's inability to value themselves, and their slavish habit of self humiliation.

“Doubts! You are only Thought's sparks, nothing more. To test itself, Thought generates you out of its surcharge of force, and feeds you on this very force.

“A day will come, when within my breast will merge into one great and creative flame the world of my feeling and my immortal Thought. With this flame I shall sear from my soul all that is dark, cruel, and mean, and I shall

reassemble those gods whom my Thought created and creates.

“All in Man. All for Man!”

Lo, once again, serene and free, his proud head raised high, he marches slowly but with firm gait across the ashes of old prejudices, alone in the hoary mist of blunders. Behind him the dust of the past hovers in a heavy cloud, and ahead of him looms a host of riddles, awaiting him indifferently.

They are as numerous as the stars in the abyss of heaven, and there is no end to the road of man!

Thus marches rebellious Man—forward! and—higher! ever forward and higher.

## A MALEFACTOR

ANTON CHEKHOV

An exceedingly lean little peasant, in a striped hempen shirt and patched drawers, stands facing the investigating magistrate. His face overgrown with hair and pitted with smallpox, and his eyes scarcely visible under thick, overhanging eyebrows have an expression of sullen moroseness. On his head there is a perfect mop of tangled, unkempt hair, which gives him an even more spider-like air of moroseness. He is barefooted.

"Denis Grigoryev!" the magistrate begins. "Come nearer, and answer my questions. On the seventh of this July the railway watchman, Ivan Semyonovitch Akinfov, going along the line in the morning, found you at the hundred-and-forty-first mile engaged in unscrewing a nut by which the rails are made fast to the sleepers. Here it is, the nut! . . . With the aforesaid nut he detained you. Was that so?"

"Wha-at?"

"Was this all as Akinfov states?"

"To be sure, it was."

"Very good; well, what were you unscrewing the nut for?"

"Wha-at?"

"Drop that 'wha-at' and answer the question; what were you unscrewing the nut for?"

"If I hadn't wanted it I shouldn't have unscrewed it," croaks Denis, looking at the ceiling.

"What did you want that nut for?"

"The nut? We make weights out of those nuts for our lines."

"Who is 'we'?"

"We, people . . . The Klimovo peasants, that is."

"Listen, my man; don't play the idiot with me, but speak sensibly. It's no use telling lies here about weights!"

"I've never been a liar from a child, and now I'm telling lies . . ." mutters Denis, blinking. "But can you do with-

out a weight, your honour? If you put live bait or maggots on a hook, would it go to the bottom without a weight? . . . I am telling lies," grins Denis . . . "What the devil is the use of the worm if it swims on the surface! The perch and the pike and the eel-pout always go to the bottom, and a bait on the surface is only taken by a shillisper, nor very often then, and there are no shillisipers in our river. . . . That fish likes plenty of room."

"Why are you telling me about shillisipers?"

"Wha-at? Why, you asked me yourself! The gentry catch fish that way, too, in our parts. The silliest little boy would not try to catch a fish without a weight. Of course anyone who did not understand might go to fish without a weight. There is no rule for a fool."

"So you say you unscrewed this nut to make a weight for your fishing line out of it?"

"What else for? It wasn't to play nuckle-bones with!"

"But you might have taken lead, a bullet . . . a nail of some sort . . ."

"You don't pick up lead in the road, you have to buy it, and a nail's no good. You can't find anything better than a nut. . . . It's heavy, and there's a hole in it."

"He keeps pretending to be a fool! as though he'd been born yesterday or dropped from heaven! Don't you understand, you blockhead, what unscrewing these nuts leads to? If the watchman had not noticed it the train might have run off the rails, people would have been killed—you would have killed people."

"God forbid, your honour! What should I kill them for? Are we heathens or wicked people? Thank God, good gentlemen, we have lived all our lives without ever dreaming of such a thing. . . . Save, and have mercy on us, Queen of Heaven! . . . What are you saying?"

"And what do you suppose railway accidents do come from? Unscrew two or three nuts and you have an accident."

Denis grins, and screws up his eye at the magistrate incredulously.

"Why! how many years have we all in the village been unscrewing nuts, and the Lord has been merciful; and you



talk of accidents, killing people. If I had carried away a rail or put a log across the line, say, then maybe it might have upset the train, but . . . pouf! a nut"

"But you must understand that the nut holds the rail fast to the sleepers!"

"We understand that. . . . We don't unscrew them all . . . we leave some. . . . We don't do it thoughtlessly . . . we understand . . ."

Denis yawns and makes the sign of the cross over his mouth.

"Last year the train went off the rails here," says the magistrate. "Now I see why!"

"What do you say, your honour?"

"I am telling you that now I see why the train went off the rails last year . . . I understand!"

"That's what you are educated people for, to understand, you kind gentlemen. The Lord knows to whom to give understanding. . . . Here you have reasoned how and what, but the watchman, a peasant like ourselves, with no understanding at all, catches one by the collar and hauls one along. . . . You should reason first and then haul me off. It's a saying that a peasant has a peasant's wit. . . . Write down, too, your honour, that he hit me twice—in the jaw and in the chest."

"When your hut was searched they found another nut.

"At what spot did you unscrew that, and when?"

"You mean the nut which lay under the red box?"

"I don't know where it was lying, only it was found. When did you unscrew it?"

"I didn't unscrew it; Ignashka, the son of one-eyed Semyon, gave it to me. I mean the one which was under the box, but the one which was in the sledge in the yard Mitrofan and I unscrewed together."

"What Mitrofan?"

"Mitrofan Petrov. . . . Haven't you heard of him? He makes nets in our village and sells them to the gentry. He needs a lot of those nuts. Reckon a matter of ten for each net."

"Listen. Article 1081 of the Penal Code lays down that every wilful damage of the railway line committed when it

can expose traffic on that line to danger, and the guilty party knows that an accident must be caused by it . . . (Do you understand? Knows! And you could not help knowing what this unscrewing would lead to . . .) is liable to penal servitude."

"Of course, you know best. . . . We are ignorant people. . . . What do we understand?"

"You understand all about it ! You are lying, shamming!"

"What should I lie for? Ask in the village if you don't believe me. Only a bleak is caught without a weight, and there is no fish worse than a gudgeon, yet even that won't bite without a weight."

"You'd better tell me about the shillisper next," said the magistrate, smiling.

"There are no shillispers in our parts. . . . We cast our line without a weight on the top of the water with a butterfly; a mullet may be caught that way, though that is not often."

"Come, hold your tongue."

A silence follows. Denis shifts from one foot to the other, looks at the table with the green cloth on it, and blinks his eyes violently as though what was before him was not the cloth but the sun. The magistrate writes rapidly.

"Can I go?" asks Denis after a long silence.

"No. I must take you under guard and send you to prison."

Denis leaves off blinking and, raising his thick eyebrows, looks inquiringly at the magistrate.

"How do you mean, to prison? Your honour! I have no time to spare, I must go to the fair; I must get three roubles from Yegor for some tallow!"

"Hold your tongue; don't interrupt."

"To prison. . . . If there was something to go for, I'd go; but just to go for nothing! What for? I haven't stolen anything, I believe, and I've not been fighting. . . . If you are in doubt about the arrears, your honour, don't believe the elder. . . . You ask the agent . . . he's a regular heathen, the elder, you know."

“Hold your tongue.”

“I’m holding my tongue, as it is,” mutters Denis; “but that the elder has lied over the account, I’ll take my oath for it. . . . There are three of us brothers: Kuzma Grigoryev, then Yegor Grigoryev, and me, Denis Grigoryev.”

“You are hindering me. . . . Hey, Semyon,” cries the magistrate, “take him away.”

“There are three of us brothers,” mutters Denis, as two stalwart soldiers take him and lead him out of the room. “A brother is not responsible for a brother. Kuzma does not pay, so you, Denis, must answer for it. . . . Judges indeed! Our master the general is dead—the Kingdom of Heaven be his—or he would have shown the judges. . . . You ought to judge sensible, not a random. . . . Flog if you like, but flog someone who deserves it, flog with conscience.”

## A LIVING RELIC, IN SPORTSMAN'S SKETCHES

IVAN TURGENEV

"O native land of long suffering,  
Land of the Russian people."

—F. Tyutchev.

A French proverb says that "a dry fisherman and a wet hunter are a sorry sight." Never having had a taste for fishing, I cannot decide what are the fisherman's feelings in fine bright weather, and how far in bad weather the pleasure derived from the abundance of fish compensates for the unpleasantness of being wet. But for the sportsman rain is a real calamity. It was to just this calamity that Yermolai and I were exposed on one of our expeditions after grouse in the Byelevsky district. The rain never ceased from early morning. What didn't we do to escape it? We put macintosh capes almost right over our heads, and stood under the trees to avoid the rain-drops. . . . The waterproof capes, to say nothing of their hindering our shooting, let the water through in the most shameless fashion; and under the trees, though at first, certainly, the rain did not reach us, afterwards the water collected on the leaves suddenly rushed through, every branch dripped on us like a waterspout, a chill stream made its way under our neck-ties, and trickled down our spines. . . . This was "quite unpleasant," as Yermolai expressed it. "No, Piotr Petrovitch," he cried at last; "we can't go on like this. . . . There's no shooting today. The dogs' scent is drowned. The guns miss fire. . . . Pugh! What a mess!"

"What's to be done?" I queried.

"Well, let's go to Aleksyevka. You don't know it, perhaps—there's a settlement of that name belonging to your mother; it's seven miles from here. We'll stay the night there, and tomorrow . . ."

"Come back here?"

"No, not here. . . . I know of some places beyond Aleksyeva . . . ever so much better than here for grouse!"



I did not proceed to question my faithful companion why he had not taken me to those parts before, and the same day we made our way to my mother's peasant settlement, the existence of which, I must confess, I had not even suspected up till then. At this settlement, it turned out, there was a little lodge. It was very old, but, as it had not been inhabited, it was clean; I passed a fairly tranquil night in it.

The next day I woke up very early. The sun had just risen; there was not a single cloud in the sky; everything around shone with a double brilliance—the brightness of the fresh morning rays and of yesterday's downpour. While they were harnessing me a cart, I went for a stroll about a small orchard, now neglected and run wild, which enclosed the little lodge on all sides with its fragrant, sappy growth. Ah, how sweet it was in the open air, under the bright sky, where the larks were trilling, whence their bell-like notes rained down like silvery beads! On their wings, doubtless, they had carried off drops of dew, and their songs seemed steeped in dew. I took my cap off my head and drew in a glad deep breath. . . . On the slope of a shallow ravine, close to the hedge, could be seen a beehive; a narrow path led to it, winding like a snake between dense walls of high grass and nettles, above which struggled up, God knows whence brought, the pointed stalks of dark-green hemp.

I turned along this path; I reached the beehive. Beside it stood a little wattled shanty, where they put the beehives for the winter. I peeped into the half-open door; it was dark, still, dry within; there was a scent of mint and balm. In the corner were some trestles fitted together, and on them, covered with a quilt, a little figure of some sort. . . . I was walking away. . . .

"Master, master! Piotr Petrovich!" I heard a voice, faint, slow, and hoarse, like the whispering of marsh rushes.

I stopped.

"Piotr Petrovich! Come in, please!" the voice repeated. It came from the corner where were the trestles I had noticed.

I drew near, and was struck dumb with amazement. Be-

fore me lay a living human being; but what sort of a creature was it?

A head utterly withered, of a uniform coppery hue—like some very ancient holy picture, yellow with age; a sharp nose like a keen-edged knife; the lips could barely be seen—only the teeth flashed white and the eyes; and from under the kerchief some thin wisps of yellow hair straggled on to the forehead. At the chin, where the quilt was folded, two tiny hands of the same coppery hue were moving, the fingers slowly twitching like little sticks. I looked more intently; the face, far from being ugly, was positively beautiful, but strange and dreadful; and the face seemed the more dreadful to me that on it—on its metallic cheeks—I saw, struggling . . . , and unable to form itself—a smile.

“You don’t recognize me, master?” whispered the voice again; it seemed to be breathed from the almost unmoving lips. “And, indeed, how should you? I’m Lukerya. . . . Do you remember, who used to lead the dance at your mother’s, ast Spasskoye? . . . Do you remember, I used to be leader of the choir?”

“Lukerya!” I cried. “Is it you? Can it be?”

“Yes, it’s I, master—I, Lukerya.”

I did not know what to say, and gazed in stupefaction at the dark, motionless face with the clear, death-like eyes fastened upon me. Was it possible? This mummy Lukerya—the greatest beauty in all our household—that tall, plump, pink-and-white, singing, laughing, dancing creature! Lukerya, our smart Lukerya, whom all our lads were courting, for whom I heaved some secret sighs—I, a boy of sixteen!

“Mercy, Lukerya!” I said at last; “what is it has happened to you?”

“Oh, such a misfortune befell me! But don’t mind me, sir; don’t let my trouble revolt you; sit there on that little tub—a little nearer, or you won’t be able to hear me. . . . I’ve not much of a voice now-a-days! . . . Well, I am glad to see you! What brought you to Aleksyevka?”

Lukerya spoke very softly and feebly, but without pausing.

"Yermolai, the huntsman, brought me here. But you tell me . . ."

"Tell you about my trouble? Certainly, sir. It happened to me a long while ago now—six or seven years. I had only just been betrothed then to Vassily Polyakov—do you remember, such a fine-looking fellow he was, with curly hair?—he waited at table at your mother's. But you weren't in the country then; you had gone away to Moscow to your studies. We were very much in love, Vassily and me; I could never get him out of my head; and it was in the spring it all happened. Well, one night . . . not long before sunrise, it was. . . . I couldn't sleep; a nightingale in the garden was singing so wonderfully sweet! . . . I could not help getting up and going out on to the steps to listen. It trilled and trilled . . . and all at once I fancied some one called me; it seemed like Vassya's voice, so softly, 'Lusha!' . . . I looked round, and being half asleep, I suppose, I missed my footing and fell straight down from the top step, and flop on to the ground! And I thought I wasn't much hurt, for I got up directly and went back to my room. Only it seems something inside me—in my body—was broken. . . . Let me get my breath . . . half a minute . . . sir!"

Lukerya ceased, and I looked at her with surprise. What surprised me particularly was that she told her story almost cheerfully, without sighs and groans, nor complaining nor asking for sympathy.

"Ever since that happened," Lukerya went on, "I began to pine away and get thin; my skin got dark; walking was difficult for me; and then—I lost the use of my legs altogether; I couldn't stand or sit; I had to lie down all the time. And I didn't care to eat or drink; I got worse and worse. Your mamma, in the kindness of her heart, made me see doctors, and sent me to a hospital. But there was no curing me. And not one doctor could even say what my illness was. What didn't they do to me?—they burnt my spine with hot irons, they put me in lumps of ice, and it was all no good. I got quite numb in the end. . . . So the gentlemen decided it was no use doctoring me any more, and there was no sense in keeping cripples up at the great

house . . . well, so they sent me here—because I've relations here. So here I live, as you see."

Lukerya was silent again, and again she tried to smile.

"But this is awful—your position!" I cried . . . and not knowing how to go on, I asked: "And what of Vassily Polyakov?" A most stupid question it was.

Lukerya turned her eyes a little away.

"What of Polyakov? He grieved—he grieved for a bit—and he is married to another, a girl from Glinnoe. Do you know Glinnoe? It's not far from us. Her name's Agrafena. He loved me dearly—but, you see, he's a young man; he couldn't stay a bachelor. And what sort of a helpmeet could I be? The wife he found for himself is a good, sweet woman—and they have children. He lives here; he's a clerk at a neighbour's; your mamma let him go off with a passport, and he's doing very well, praise God."

"And so you go on lying here all the time?" I asked again.

"Yes, sir, I've been lying here seven years. In the summer-time I lie here in this shanty, and when it gets cold they move me out into the bath-house: I lie there."

"Who waits on you? Does any one look after you?"

"Oh, there are kind folks here as everywhere; they don't desert me. Yes, they see to me a little. As to food, I eat nothing to speak of; but water is here, in a pitcher; it's always kept full of pure spring water. I can reach to the pitcher myself; I've one arm still of use. There's a little girl here, an orphan; now and then she comes to see me, the kind child. She was here just now. . . . You didn't meet her? Such a pretty, fair little thing. She brings me flowers. We've some in the garden—there were some—but they've all disappeared. But, you know, wild flowers, too, are nice; they smell even sweeter than garden flowers. Lilies of the valley, now . . . what could be sweeter?"

"And aren't you dull and miserable, my poor Lukerya?"

"Why, what is one to do? I wouldn't tell a lie about it. At first it was very wearisome; but later on I got used to it, I got more patient—it was nothing! there are others worse off still."

"How do you mean?"



“Why, some haven’t a roof to shelter them, and there are some blind or deaf; while I, thank God, have splendid sight, and hear everything—everything. If a mole burrows in the ground—I hear even that. And I can smell every scent, even the faintest! When the buckwheat comes into flower in the meadow, or the lime-tree in the garden—I don’t need to be told of it, even; I’m the first to know directly. Anyway, if there’s the least bit of a wind blowing from that quarter. No, he who stirs God’s wrath is far worse off than me. Look at this, again: anyone in health may easily fall into sin; but I’m cut off even from sin. The other day, Father Alexsy, the priest, came to give me the sacrament, and he says: ‘There’s no need,’ says he, ‘to confess you; you can’t fall into sin in your condition, can you?’ But I said to him: ‘How about sinning in thought, father?’ ‘Ah, well,’ says he, and he laughed himself, ‘that’s no great sin.’

“But I fancy I’m no great sinner even in that way, in thought,” Lukerya went on, “for I’ve trained myself not to think, and above all, not to remember. The time goes faster.”

I must own I was astonished. “You’re always alone, Lukerya; how can you prevent the thoughts from coming into your head? Or are you constantly asleep?”

“Oh, no, sir! I can’t always sleep. Though I’ve no great pain, still I’ve an ache, there, right inside, and in my bones, too; it won’t let me sleep as I ought. No . . . but there, I lie by myself; I lie here and lie here, and don’t think; I feel that I’m alive, I breathe; and I put myself all into that. I look and listen. The bees buzz and hum in the hive; a dove sits on the roof and coos; a hen comes along with her chickens to peck up crumbs; or a sparrow flies in, or a butterfly—that’s a great treat for me. Last year some swallows even built a nest over there in the corner, and brought up their little ones. Oh, how interesting it was! One would fly to the nest, press close, feed a young one, and off again. Look again: the other would be in her place already. Sometimes it wouldn’t fly in, but only fly past the open door; and the little ones would begin to squeak, and open their beaks directly. . . . I was hoping for them back

again the next year, but they say a sportsman here shot them with his gun. And what could he gain by it? It's hardly bigger, the swallow, than a beetle. . . . What wicked men you are, you sportsmen!"

"I don't shoot swallows," I hastened to remark.

"And once," Lukerya began again, "it was comical, really. A hare ran in, it did really! The hounds, I suppose, were after it; anyway, it seemed to tumble straight in at the door! . . . It squatted quite near me, and sat so a long while; it kept sniffing with its nose, and twitching its whiskers—like a regular officer! and it looked at me. It understood, to be sure, that I was no danger to it. At last it got up, went hop-hop to the door, looked round in the door-way; and what did it look like? Such a funny fellow it was!"

Lukerya glanced at me, as much as to say, "Wasn't it funny?" To satisfy her, I laughed. She moistened her parched lips.

"Well, in the winter, of course, I'm worse off, because it's dark; to burn a candle would be a pity, and what would be the use? I can read, to be sure, and was always fond of reading, but what could I read? There are no books of any kind, and even if there were, how could I hold a book? Father Alexsy brought me a calendar to entertain me, but he saw it was no good, so he took and carried it away again. But even though it's dark, there's always something to listen to: a cricket chirps, or a mouse begins scratching somewhere. That's when it's a good thing—not to think!"

"And I repeat the prayers, too," Lukerya went on, after taking breath a little; "only I don't know many of them—the prayers, I mean. And, besides, why should I weary the Lord God? What can I ask Him for? He knows better than I what I need. He has laid a cross upon me: that means that He loves me. So we are commanded to understand. I repeat the Lord's Prayer, the Hymn to the Virgin, the Supplication of all the Afflicted, and I lie still again, without any thought at all, and am all right!"

Two minutes passed by. I did not break the silence, and did not stir on the narrow tub which served me as a

seat. The cruel stony stillness of the living, unlucky creature lying before me communicated itself to me; I, too, turned, as it were, numb.

"Listen, Lukerya," I began at last; "listen to the suggestion I'm going to make to you. Would you like me to arrange for them to take you to a hospital—a good hospital in the town? Who knows, perhaps you might be cured; anyway, you would not be alone. . . ."

Lukerya's eyebrows fluttered faintly. "Oh, no, sir," she answered in a troubled whisper; "don't move me into a hospital; don't touch me. I shall only have more agony to bear there! How could they cure me now? . . . Why, there was a doctor came here once; he wanted to examine me. I begged him, for Christ's sake, not to disturb me. It was no use. He began turning me over, pounding my legs, and pulling me about. He said, 'I'm doing this for Science; I'm a servant of Science—a scientific man. And you,' he said, 'really oughtn't to oppose me, because I've a medal given me for my labours, and it's for you simpletons I'm toiling.' He mauled me about, told me the name of my disease—some wonderful long name—and with that he went away; and all my poor bones ached for a week after. You say 'I'm all alone; always alone.' Oh, no, I'm not always; they come to see me—I'm quiet—I don't bother them. The peasant girls come in and chat a bit; a pilgrim woman will wander in, and tell me tales of Jerusalem, of Kiev, of the holy towns. And I'm not afraid of being alone. Indeed, it's better—ay, ay! Master, don't touch me, don't take me to the hospital. . . . Thank you, you are kind; only don't touch me, there's a dear!"

"Well, as you like, as you like, Lukerya. You know, I only suggested it for your good."

"I know, master, that it was for my good. But, master dear, who can help another? Who can enter into his soul? Every man must help himself! You won't believe me, perhaps. I lie here sometimes so alone . . . and it's as though there were no one else in the world but me. As if I alone were living! And it seems to me as though something were blessing me. . . I'm carried away by dreams that are really marvellous!"

"What do you dream of, then, Lukerya?"

"That, too, master, I couldn't say; one can't explain. Besides, one forgets afterwards. It's like a cloud coming over and bursting, then it grows so fresh and sweet; but just what it was, there's no knowing. Only my idea is, if folks were near me, I should have nothing of that, and should feel nothing except my misfortune."

Lukerya heaved a painful sigh. Her breathing, like her limbs, was not under her control.

"When I come to think, master, of you," she began again, "you are very sorry for me. But you mustn't be too sorry, really! I'll tell you one thing: for instance, I sometimes, even now. . . Do you remember how merry I used to be in my time? A regular madcap! . . . So do you know what? I sing songs even now."

"Sing? . . . You?"

"Yes; I sing the old songs, songs for choruses, for feasts, Christmas songs, all sorts! I know such a lot of them, you see, and I've not forgotten them. Only dance songs I don't sing. In my state now, it wouldn't suit me."

"How do you sing them? . . . to yourself?"

"To myself, yes; and aloud, too. I can't sing loud, but still one can understand it. I told you a little girl waits on me. A clever little orphan she is. So I have taught her; four songs she has learnt from me already. Don't you believe me? Wait a minute, I'll show you directly. . . ."

Lukerya took breath. . . . The thought that this half-dead creature was making ready to begin singing raised an involuntary feeling of dread in me. But before I could utter a word, a long-drawn-out, hardly audible, but pure and true note, was quivering in my ears . . . it was followed by a second and a third. "In the meadows," sang Lukerya. She sang, the expression of her stony face unchanged, even her eyes riveted on one spot. But how touchingly tinkled out that poor struggling little voice, that wavered like a thread of smoke; how she longed to pour out all her soul in it! . . . I felt no dread now; my heart throbbed with unutterable pity.

"Ah, I can't!" she said suddenly. "I've not the strength. I'm so upset with joy at seeing you."



She closed her eyes.

I laid my hand on her tiny, chill fingers . . . she glanced at me, and her dark lids, fringed with golden eyelashes, closed again, and were still as an ancient statue's. An instant later they glistened in the half-darkness . . . They were moistened by a tear.

As before, I did not stir.

"How silly I am!" said Lukerya suddenly, with unexpected force, and opened her eyes wide; she tried to wink the tears out of them. "I ought to be ashamed! What am I doing? It's a long time since I have been like this . . . not since that day when Vassya Polyakov was here last spring. While he sat with me and talked, I was all right; but when he had gone away, how I did cry in my loneliness! Where did I get the tears from? But, there! we girls get our tears for nothing. Master," added Lukerya, "perhaps you have a handkerchief . . . If you won't mind, wipe my eyes."

I made haste to carry out her desire, and left her the handkerchief. She refused it at first . . . "What good's such a gift to me?" she said. The handkerchief was plain enough, but clean and white. Afterwards she clutched it in her weak fingers, and did not loosen them again. As I got used to the darkness in which we both were, I could clearly make out her features, could even perceive the delicate flush that peeped out under the coppery hue of her face, could discover in the face, so at least it seemed to me, traces of its former beauty.

"You asked me, master," Lukerya began again, "whether I sleep. I sleep very little, but every time I fall asleep I've dreams—such splendid dreams! I'm never ill in my dreams; I'm always so well, and young . . . There's one thing's sad; I wake up and long for a good stretch, and I'm all as if I were in chains. I once had such an exquisite dream! Shall I tell it to you? Well, listen. I dreamt I was standing in a meadow, and all round me was rye, so tall, and ripe as gold! . . . and I had a reddish dog with me—such a wicked dog; it kept trying to bite me. And I had a sickle in my hands; not a simple sickle; it seemed to be the moon itself—the moon as it is when it's the shape of

a sickle. And with this same moon I had to cut the rye clean. Only I was very weary with the heat, and the moon blinded me, and I felt lazy; and cornflowers were growing all about, and such big ones! And they all turned their heads to me. And I thought in my dream I would pick them; Vassya had promised to come, so I'd pick myself a wreath first; I'd still time to plait it. I began picking cornflowers, but they kept melting away from between my fingers, do what I would. And I couldn't make myself a wreath. And meanwhile I heard someone coming up to me, so close, and calling, 'Lusha! Lusha!' . . . 'Ah,' I thought, 'what a pity I hadn't time' No matter, I put that moon on my head instead of cornflowers. I put it on like a tiara, and I was all brightness directly; I made the whole field light around me. And, behold! over the very top of the ears there came gliding very quickly towards me, not Vassya, but Christ Himself! And how I knew it was Christ I can't say; they don't paint Him like that—only it was He! No beard, tall, young, all in white, only His belt was golden; and He held out His hand to me. 'Fear not,' said He; 'My bride adorned, follow Me; you shall lead the choral dance in the heavenly kingdom, and sing the songs of Paradise.' And how I clung to His hand! My dog at once followed at my heels . . . but then we began to float upwards! He in front . . . His wings spread wide over all the sky, long like a sea-gull's—and I after Him! And my dog had to stay behind. Then only I understood that that dog was my illness, and that in the heavenly kingdom there was no place for it."

Lukerya paused a minute.

"And I had another dream, too," she began again; "but may be it was a vision. I really don't know. It seemed to me I was lying in this very shanty, and my dead parents, father and mother, come to me and bow low to me, but say nothing. And I asked them, 'Why do you bow down to me, father and mother?' 'Because,' they said, 'you suffer much in this world, so that you have not only set free your own soul, but have taken a great burden from off us, too. And for us in the other world it is much easier. You have made an end of your own sins; now you are expiating our sins.' And having said this, my parents bowed down to me again,

and I could not see them; there was nothing but the walls to be seen. I was in great doubt afterwards what had happened with me. I even told the priest of it in confession. Only he thinks it was not a vision, because visions come only to the clerical gentry."

"And I'll tell you another dream," Lukerya went on. "I dreamt I was sitting on the high-road, under a willow; I had a stick, had a wallet on my shoulders, and my head tied up in a kerchief, just like a pilgrim woman! And I had to go somewhere, a long, long way off, on a pilgrimage. And pilgrims kept coming past me; they came along slowly, all going one way; their faces were weary, and all very much like one another. And I dreamt that moving about among them was a woman, a head taller than the rest, and wearing a peculiar dress, not like ours—not Russian. And her face too was peculiar—a worn face and severe. And all the others moved away from her; but she suddenly turns, and comes straight to me. She stood still, and looked at me; and her eyes were yellow, large, and clear as a falcon's. And I ask her, 'Who are you?' And she says to me, 'I'm your death.' Instead of being frightened, it was quite the other way. I was as pleased as could be; I crossed myself! And the woman, my death, says to me: 'I'm sorry for you, Lukerya, but I can't take you with me. Farewell!' Good God! how sad I was then! . . . 'Take me,' said I, 'good mother, take me, darling' And my death turned to me, and began speaking to me . . . I knew that she was appointing me my hour, but indistinctly, incomprehensibly. 'After St. Peter's day,' said she . . . With that I awoke . . . Yes, I have such wonderful dreams!"

Lukerya turned her eyes upwards . . . and sank into thought . . .

"Only the sad thing is, sometimes a whole week will go by without my getting to sleep once. Last year a lady came to see me, and she gave me a little bottle of medicine against sleeplessness; she told me to take ten drops at a time. It did me so much good, and I used to sleep; only the bottle was all finished long ago. Do you know what medicine that was, and how to get it?"

The lady had obviously given Lukerya opium. I prom-

ised to get her another bottle like it, and could not refrain from again wondering aloud at her patience.

"Ah, master!" she answered, "why do you say so? What do you mean by patience? There, Simeon Stylites now had patience certainly, great patience; for thirty years he stood on a pillar! And another saint had himself buried in the earth, right up to his breast, and the ants ate his face . . . And I'll tell you what I was told by a good scholar: there was once a country, and the Ishmaelites made war on it, and they tortured and killed all the inhabitants; and do what they would, the people could not get rid of them. And there appeared among these people a holy virgin; she took a great sword, put on armour weighing eighty pounds, went out against the Ishmaelites and drove them all beyond the sea. Only when she had driven them out, she said to them: 'Now, burn me, for that was my vow, that I would die a death by fire for my people.' And the Ishmaelites took her and burnt her, and the people have been free ever since then! That was a noble deed, now! But what am I!"

I wondered to myself whence and in what shape the legend of Joan of Arc had reached her, and after a brief silence, I asked Lukerya how old she was.

"Twenty-eight . . . or nine . . . It won't be thirty. But why count the years! I've something else to tell you . . ."

Lukerya suddenly gave a sort of choked cough, and groaned . . .

"You are talking a great deal," I observed to her; "it may be bad for you."

"It's true," she whispered, hardly audibly; "it's time to end our talk; but what does it matter! Now, when you leave me, I can be silent as long as I like. Any way, I've opened my heart . . ."

I began bidding her good-bye. I repeated my promise to send her the medicine, and asked her once more to think well and tell me—if there wasn't anything she wanted!

"I want nothing! I am content with all, thank God!" she articulated with very great effort, but with emotion; "God give good health to all! But there, master, you might speak a word to your mamma—the peasants here are poor—if she could take the least bit off their rent! They've not



land enough, and no advantages . . . They would pray to God for you . . . But I want nothing; I'm quite contented with all."

I gave Lukerya my word that I would carry out her request, and had already walked to the door . . . She called me back again.

"Do you remember, master," she said, and there was a gleam of something wonderful in her eyes and on her lips, "what hair I used to have? Do you remember, right down to my knees! It was long before I could make up my mind to it . . . Such hair as it was! But how could it be kept combed? In my state . . . So I had to cut it off . . . Yes . . . Well, good-bye, master! I can't talk any more." . . .

That day, before setting off to shoot, I had a conversation with the village constable about Lukerya. I learnt from him that in the village they called Lukerya the "Living Relic"; that she gave them no trouble, however; they never heard complaint or repining from her. "She asks nothing, but on the contrary, she's grateful for everything; a gentle soul, one must say, if any there be. Stricken of God," so the constable concluded, "for her sins, one must suppose; but we do not go into that. And as for judging her, no—no, we do not judge her. Let her be!"

. . . . .  
A few weeks later I heard that Lukerya was dead. So her death had come for her . . . and "after St. Peter's day." They told me that on the day of her death she kept hearing the sound of bells, though it was reckoned over five miles from Aleksyevka to the church, and it was a weekday. Lukerya, however, had said that the sounds came not from the church, but from above! Probably she did not dare to say—from heaven.

## THE SWEDES AND THEIR CIVILIZATION

### I. LAND AND PEOPLE

IN ancient times the North held a strong fascination for the people of the South. It was to them the land of the Hyperboreans where, according to the Greeks, the cradle of both Apollo and Artemis had stood. In the far North, even beyond the land of the Suiones (Swedes), the gods, according to the Latin historian, Tacitus, walk about in the company of the blessed with garlands on their heads. Other classic writers speak of existence among the Hyperboreans as a blissful communion with the gods and as an uninterrupted peace among men under the brightest skies and on fields eternally green. Their year consisted of one day and one night, each six months in duration, and thus it was said that they sowed in the morning, reaped at noon and brought in their harvest in the evening.

It is of course idle to conjecture as to the extent to which these words referred to the Scandinavians, but later writers have pointed more directly to Scandinavia as the original home of a great civilization. In the seventeenth century, Olof Rudbeck, a famous professor at the University of Upsala, who was endowed with a lively imagination and boundless enthusiasm for everything Swedish, wrote a ponderous book, *Atland*, in which was marshalled a vast learning in archaeology and in classic and saga literature, which sought to prove that in Sweden the first signs of Western culture had been sown and sprouted. Later generations rejected this seemingly fanciful theory but recent scholars, while not making as sweeping a claim as Rudbeck, have, as will be brought out later, attributed to Scandinavia a most important place in the history of the beginning of our Western civilization. Before considering the specific contributions which Sweden has made to civilization, we shall endeavor first to make clear the elements that have combined to make Sweden capable of a noteworthy contribution to human progress. These elements are found in

the physical conditions under which the people have lived and in their racial heritage.

The kingdom of Sweden comprises the southern and eastern portions of the Scandinavian Peninsula and with its 173,075 square miles of territory forms one of the largest political divisions of Europe. Its area is only slightly less than that of France or Germany and almost one and one-half as large as England and Ireland combined. Its roughly rectangular area runs nearly north and south, with the southern terminus near the 55th degree north latitude and its extreme northern point at the 69th degree north latitude. If the entire land could be swung half way round on the southern terminal point as a pivot, the other end would touch upon a point lying considerably south of Rome; in fact the distance from the southern limit of the land to the northern is approximately the same as the distance between London and the North African coast. While from north to south Sweden extends over fourteen degrees of latitude, or more than one-seventh the distance from the equator to the pole, its width is only about one-third its length. The Scandinavian peninsula has been aptly likened to a huge overturned boat—beaten and twisted by the elements and by geological changes, it is true—with its great keel extending the greater part of the distance from north to south and equidistant from the coast line. The mountain range that constitutes this high ridge and forms the boundary between Sweden and Norway very appropriately bears the name The Keel (Kölen). From this western mountain range the land slopes through a series of terraces toward the eastern coast line. The winds from the Atlantic, passing over the Gulf Stream, carry an abundance of moisture, which is precipitated over the land, especially along the higher altitudes, in the form of rain or snow. Many large lakes have been formed in the high altitudes, but they also lie scattered in great numbers all over the land. From the lakes of the high altitude, rivers flow toward the Baltic. One-twelfth of the surface of Sweden consists of water in the form of lakes or rivers, which is a larger proportion of water area compared to the total than is found in any other country with the exception

of Finland. Sweden is drained by a very large number of rivers. The majority of these, as has been stated, rise in the high regions of the western boundary and flow into the Baltic, and because of the terraced nature of the land their descent is very rapid, waterfalls being very numerous. This feature constitutes one of the charms of Sweden and has had and in an increasing degree will have an important bearing upon the economic development of the Swedish people. The waterfalls have been utilized in a limited degree for power during many hundred years, but it is especially in our industrial age that the "white coals" are changing the whole aspect of life in the land. Sweden has gone further in the process of electrifying her industries and homes than any other country in the world. The extent of Sweden's potential waterpower may be grasped when it is compared with the waterpower resources of other countries. Thus Sweden has available 1173 horsepower of energy for every one hundred inhabitants as compared with 382 for Switzerland, 152 for Italy, 147 for France, 25 for Germany, and 23 for Great Britain. As some of the large rivers are navigable for great distances they have been an important factor not only in the economic life of the people, in affording means of transportation, but also in their political life they have tended to knit the different parts together. The rivers were particularly important before the advent of railroads, because streams and lakes were then the principal highways of travel and served as the strongest factors in uniting the different sections of the land.

Approximately twelve per cent. of the area of Sweden is cultivated. This agricultural land is found mainly in the southern and central parts and along the river basins in the northern regions. Although the arable land is thus comparatively limited in extent, agriculture has until recently been the principal industry of Sweden, but in the last decades this order of things has undergone a considerable change. The very things that were obstacles to material development formerly, namely mountains and forests, now constitute the chief sources of wealth and give promise of a remarkable industrial development in the future.



The forest regions of Sweden are vast, covering between fifty-five and sixty per cent. of the area. Pine, fir, beech, oak, and birch are the most common species. The mountains contain large deposits of high grade iron ore. It has been computed that ninety-two per cent of the high grade iron ore of Europe is found in Sweden.

Although Sweden is approximately in the same northern zone as Labrador and the Hudson Bay territory, fifteen per cent. of its area lying north of the Arctic circle, the fortunate circumstance that the Gulf stream sends its warm water to the western shores of the Scandinavian peninsula, and that south winds are prevalent, gives to it a far more favorable climate than that of the Hudson Bay region. Thus the mean annual temperature for Stockholm is 64.4 Fahrenheit as against 66 for Paris. Because of its location and altitude the far northern region of Sweden shows a considerably lower mean annual temperature than the central and southern sections. The length of the summer days has a great influence on vegetation and life. Haparanda in the far North has only eighty-eight summer days as against one hundred and forty-two in the extreme southern section, but vegetation is remarkably rapid in the northern section during the limited summer period, as the sun shines almost continually. Even as far south as Stockholm, the sun sinks below the horizon for only five and one-half hours during the midsummer season while in the far north the sun never sets for several weeks. The climate of Sweden is bracing and is most favorable to development of physical strength and health. Sweden has for many years shown the most favorable mortality rate in the world and in this respect it has only recently yielded first place to Norway. The Swedes are leaders in all international athletic contests, having captured the greatest number of prizes at the Olympic games in 1912. It is coming more and more to be realized that cold climates are particularly favorable to the development of endurance and strength.<sup>1</sup>

According to the census of 1924, the population of Sweden is a little over six million, with the greatest density naturally in the southern and central sections. The average per square mile for the country is thus only thirty-four.

The fact that the people of Sweden have never been compelled to live congestedly has been conducive to the fostering of a sense of independence among them. Large parts of unoccupied areas have at all times invited the young and enterprising, and Sweden has always had a frontier. A constant movement of population has thus during all historic time been going on in Sweden from the old and densely populated regions to the virgin land of the north and central regions, as well as to Finland. It is a recognized fact that emigration has salutary effects upon the people of the land from which it is proceeding because it affords an escape from tyranny and oppression, develops enterprise, and counteracts tendencies toward stagnation. Another physical factor which has profoundly influenced the life and character of the Swedes is their proximity to the sea. The productive lands are for the most part the lowlands bordering on the Baltic and the North Sea and here is naturally where the greater part of the people have made their homes. As in the case of the early Greeks and Phoenicians this proximity to and acquaintance with the sea has developed traits of physical strength, self-reliance, and enterprise.

The physical features—broad expanse of land, vast silent forests, innumerable lakes with crystal clear water, roaring waterfalls, storms of the sea, long summer days and midnight sun, brilliant winter stars and radiant *Aurora Borealis*—these have given to the Swede his characteristic mental traits, have stimulated his imagination, and above everything else, have made him a nature lover.

While the Swedish people have since time immemorial lived in a country and under conditions that are conducive to physical and mental vigor, as a spirit of independence, individualism, courage, enterprise, and idealism, their racial heritage has also a strong bearing upon their national character. It is conceded by anthropologists that the Swedes are the purest Nordics, "the great race," as Madison Grant calls them. Not only do they dwell in the region where Nordic character was primarily developed, but they have never seen any considerable infiltration of foreign blood into their race. Intermarriages with Finns and Laps have

been almost negligible and the number of immigrants to Sweden from Belgium, France, Scotland, Germany, Poland, and England—named approximately in the order in which they have given of their stock to Sweden—has never been large enough to modify in any appreciable degree the national character.

The Swedes are not only the purest of the Nordics today, but the land they inhabit is, according to leading authorities in the field of archæology and anthropology, the very region where in ancient times the special characteristics of the Teutonic group were developed. The old theory that all Indo-Europeans or Aryans have emigrated from Asia at some very remote period into Europe has now been generally abandoned by scientists. Inasmuch as their ancestral home must therefore be sought in Europe, scientists have advanced and ably defend various theories regarding the particular regions that formed their original habitat in Europe. Undoubtedly the theory that this was in the lands bordering on the Baltic with southern Sweden and Denmark as the center has found the strongest support and has been most generally accepted. In this region the ancestors of present-day Swedes have lived for approximately fifteen thousand years, as determined by a series of most ingenious geological investigations by the Swedish geologist, Gerhard De Geer. All evidence goes to prove that they came in and took possession of the land as the ice of the Glacial Age receded. As Professor Montelius, the leading archæologist of recent times says (in an article in "The Swedish Nation" by Runnerstrom and Bergquist): "When they (the Swedes) arrived here, the country which is called Sweden was not at all inhabited. We Swedes possess a country which neither we nor our forefathers have taken from any other race. We Swedes have ourselves made our country, have cultivated the land and made the roads. We thus have an unusually good 'title to our land.' " The Swedes have lived a longer time in their present habitat than any other people of Europe, with the possible exception of the Danes.

The Swedes conform to the Teutonic or Germanic type both physically and mentally to a larger degree than any

other race. In stature they are perhaps not surpassed by any civilized people. They have light hair, blue or gray eyes and broad high foreheads. As predominant traits of the Swedish character may be mentioned a spirit of independence, daring enterprise, industry, honesty, love of nature and humanity. Their spirit of independence and ability to understand and maintain an institution of freedom are the results partly of racial qualities, partly of physical conditions—nearness to the sea, wide expanse of territory and presence of frontier life, and partly to the fortunate circumstance that in critical times great leaders for the popular cause have appeared. The result of these combined factors has been a degree of political and social freedom among the people which no people in historic times have surpassed and very few have equalled. It is the proud boast of the Swedes that they have never yielded to foreign rule or that the common people of their land have never sunk to the lowly position of serfdom. Their courage, which is prone at times to run into recklessness, was shown in the stirring Viking times as well as in the period of wars in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, when Sweden was for almost a hundred years the leading military power of Europe. This courage has been equally well revealed in the realm of peaceable pursuits, as pioneers in new lands and as sailors on every sea.

The limitations of natural resources in their home lands has brought out inherent talent for practical enterprise and has trained them to consistent labor. The land they inhabit is a region of unusual beauty and charm, and love of nature is indelibly a part of Swedish character. This trait explains why Sweden has produced an unusually large number of scientists, inventors and explorers. It has made Swedish poetry predominantly lyrical. The predominance of the humanitarian sentiment among the Swedes has been strikingly shown, not only in their recent social legislation—the most advanced in the world—but in their eight centuries of administration of Finland. At the very time when other nations used conquered territories merely for exploitation Sweden conferred upon Finland the protection of her own laws and gave it securities equal to her own. No one has



ever with justice charged Sweden with selfish exploitation of Finland. The same sense of justice and humanity was dominant in Sweden's colony on the Delaware in the seventeenth century. The Swedes were the only Europeans who succeeded in living in perfect amity with the Red Man, largely because they always paid for the lands that they procured from the Indians and for other property.

Being the purest of the Germanic people, and thus having the salient trait of this race in the fullest measure, "a capacity for civilization," it is natural that the Swedes have stood in the front rank in the advancing march toward a higher civilization. Their skill as workers has antecedents that reach back to the Stone Age: No people made as fine stone articles as the Scandinavians. A study of the enormous collection of articles from the Younger Stone Age in the National Museum at Stockholm will give most convincing testimony on this point. The superiority in workmanship and artistic tastes of the Swedish people stand most fully revealed in the Bronze Period. The bronze articles such as swords, knives, axes, utensils and ornaments, show an elegance of form which reminds one of Greek workmanship and artistic design. As among the people of ancient Mycenæ, "the making of bronze articles became in Scandinavia a fine art." While the greater part of these fine bronze articles evidently were made in Sweden, others unearthed in Swedish soil have come from other lands, even from Greece. This indicates that commerce was carried on to a considerable extent and that Sweden was in communication with even remote centers of culture. This is proven further by the fact that Swedish amber, which existed in large quantities in the north and was largely sought in exchange by the people of the south, who used it for amulets and ornaments, has been found in many places in Greece, and even in the ancient graves of Mycenæ.

While Roman political dominion never extended to the Scandinavian countries, these nevertheless did not remain untouched by the culture of the great world power. The first Germanic tribes to threaten Rome were the Scandinavian people from Jutland in Denmark and later the Goths, Heruli, and other kindred tribes went out from

Sweden and overran the Empire. Many were conquered by Rome, or entered voluntarily into her service. These kept up frequent intercourse with their kinsmen in the North, which is proven by the surprisingly great number of coins, vases, weapons and utensils of Roman make which have become unearthed in Sweden.

When the Scandinavians entered upon their first great enterprise, the Viking expeditions, Sweden was already an organized state and had been so for several hundred years. According to the Roman writer Tacitus, who wrote the *Germania* in 98 A. D., the Swedes had already in his day developed a state organization. There is therefore good ground for asserting that among existing European nations Sweden has the greatest age as an organized state. The foundation of its national life antedates that of either France or Denmark. This fact suggests that the Swedes already at that time possessed a great amount of political sense and a marked ability to work in unity.

It is a significant fact that while Sweden today takes second place to no country in point of free political institutions and humanitarian legislation, she has never gone through any bloody revolution. No people has had as consistent and orderly a development as the Swedes. One reason for this may be found in their innate sense of justice and of order. Their experience in popular government goes back for its beginning to the early mediæval times when the people met periodically at the Things or judicial assemblies to administer justice or deliberate upon matters that pertained to local or national interests. The idea of self government has never been lost to the Swedish people. When in the seventeenth century the parliamentary system broke down in other European lands, the national Riksdag of Sweden secured added powers and dignity. This can well be illustrated by an interesting event. When the erratic daughter of Gustavus Adolphus, Christina, in 1654 abdicated her throne, the members of the higher nobility and clergy, as well as the chancellor, entreated her in the most earnest manner to reconsider her rash resolution, but she remained obdurate before all these appeals. Then a representative from the lower class, a bonde,<sup>2</sup> stepped forth.

He was dressed in a suit of rough homespun, his boots were ponderous and his hands were rough and hard with toil. Standing directly before the queen, the man spoke so earnestly and solemnly of her obligations to her native country and of the devotion that the Swedish people felt for their sovereign, that the frivolous young woman for a moment wavered and tears came to her eyes. The French, Italian, and Spanish representatives that were present—and this is the main point of the story—were amazed that this man of lowly estate should thus dare to stand in the presence of the queen and boldly speak his mind, for in their lands he could not have been admitted to such a body, at all, and still less would he have dared to speak.

The reason for this class consciousness and political influence, which the common people of Sweden enjoyed during all the centuries of the country's history, except for a brief period of about three decades at the end of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth century when, influenced by the example of other European countries, absolutism in government prevailed, is found in a combination of most fortunate circumstances. Their pure Teutonic ancestry meant that individualism and love of freedom were their ancestral heritage. Their success in perpetuating their free institution was also due to the fortunate appearance of remarkable leaders at a time when their liberties were threatened. Thus in the fifteenth century Denmark endeavored to impose the Kalmar Union upon the three Scandinavian countries with the result that a Danish overlordship was partly established. Norway succumbed to the rule of Denmark and remained a part of the Danish realm until 1814. Attempts were made by the Norwegians to shake off Danish rule, but these attempts failed because no capable leader appeared among them. In Sweden, on the other hand, a remarkable leader came forth in the person of Engelbrekt Engelbrektson. He had the sagacity to make his appeal for assistance in the revolt against Danish rule directly to the common people of the land and this wise act on his part had a momentous meaning for Sweden, not only because it enabled Engelbrektson to win a complete victory, but because it gave to the bönder a clear realization of their own power and importance. It



was a lesson that they never in all the subsequent centuries forgot. Engelbrektson had shown the way and subsequent leaders profited by his experience. At critical times they always went directly to the common people for assistance. The self-consciousness of the common people of Sweden thus grew apace and at the beginning of our modern age the position of the middle class in Sweden was unique. In no other country had they been able so well as in Sweden to withstand the encroachments of feudal aristocracy. Gustavus Vasa, the great king who reorganized Sweden and made it a modern state, leaned on the common people and only in this way could he carry through his thorough-going reforms in the economic, political and ecclesiastical domains. Though the genius of Gustavus Adolphus, Sweden's hero king, the leading statesman and warrior on the Protestant side during the Thirty Year war period, placed him in a position where he could easily have arrogated to himself the power of an absolute monarch, he chose to co-ordinate with himself the representative of the people. During his reign the Swedish Riksdag or national assembly was re-organized and given power and influence that no other national assembly in Europe at that period enjoyed. In all other countries, with the exception of England, the national assembly had suffered loss of power and prestige. During his reign, extending from 1611 to 1632, Gustavus Adolphus summoned the Riksdag to meet no less than eleven times.

The decades following the death of Gustavus Adolphus, especially the reign of his frivolous and splendor loving daughter Christina, saw a rapid decline in the power of the commons. The nobles through various devices secured enormous gifts of land from the queen, and the tax burdens came to rest with crushing weight upon the bönder. These were threatened with the speedy extinction of their liberties, but they had too long been accustomed to the enjoyment of privilege and power to relinquish without a heroic struggle the rights which for centuries had been theirs. Again the bönder had the good fortune to get a leader. This was the King Charles XI (1660-1697), the most democratic of all Swedish rulers. He secured through a most rigorous



policy of confiscation the unlawfully acquired lands of the aristocracy for the crown and people, and aristocratic power was broken so completely that Sweden never after that was seriously threatened with a rule by the privileged few.

Sweden, like England, responded in the nineteenth century to the demands for reform that would make the National assembly more directly responsive to the will of the people and in 1866 the Swedish Riksdag was re-organized according to English model and the country was given a more adequate representative government. The Swedish king is truly a constitutional monarch. The right to vote is now enjoyed by men and women alike and on the same basis.

## II. EDUCATION AND MENTAL CULTURE

The democracy of Sweden has resulted in the enactment of laws and the establishment of institutions which aim to serve the common good. This evidence of democracy is most clearly and beneficently expressed in Sweden's educational system. In the Saga of the Viking period the training of the young was already a matter of serious concern to the people of the Northland. In that day, however, the responsibility for the training of the young people rested entirely upon the home. The home was the unit of all activity, largely because of the isolated conditions under which family life was developed in the North. On the importance of the Scandinavian home in olden times Professor William McDougall of Cambridge University, England, in his book, *The Group Mind*, says: "The family was forced to become the individualistic family; and the home of each such family was necessarily isolated, widely separated from that of every other, owing to the scattered distribution of the little areas of fertile soil. Thus were formed the first homes in the English sense of the word; the home in which the father ruled supreme over his own little household, brooking no interference from the outside; the home in which the children were brought up to look forward to establishing, each child for himself, similar independent individualistic homes. Such homes have been

established by the Northmen in every part of the world in which they have settled; and they are peculiar to them and their descendants."

When Christianity came to the Northland the Church assumed the responsibility for the training of the young people. It devolved upon the priests to give some instruction to the young. This instruction was naturally limited to the imparting of certain fundamental truths as taught by the Church. With the introduction of the Reformation in Sweden an increased interest in the education of the young people was aroused. Gustavus Vasa, through whose aggressive energy Sweden soon became a Protestant land, issued very strict orders to the pastors of all districts that they provide at least elementary education to all young people within their respective dioceses. By the middle of the seventeenth century, the people in many parts of Sweden were able to read.

As early as 1686 a law was passed regulating public elementary education. By this law the education of the young people became a state and not merely a church affair. In 1842 the first public elementary education statute was passed, providing for the establishment of at least one school in every community in the land, and stipulating that competent teachers be provided. This statute also provided for compulsory attendance at school, and at the present time all children between the ages of seven and fourteen must attend school during regular sessions.

Sweden has for many years held the most enviable position in matters of illiteracy, less than one-tenth of one per cent. of the conscripts of Sweden being unable to read or write. No other nation has a lower percentage of illiterates.

Two features of the Swedish educational system are unique and constitute distinct contributions to the educational systems of the world. The first is gymnastics. This was developed in the early part of the nineteenth century and grew out of the newly awakened national spirit which set as its aim the spiritual and physical regeneration of the nation. The country had just suffered great reverses, the most serious being the loss of Finland to Russia. Serious

minded Swedes earnestly pondered this question: "How has it come about that our nation, which was once so mighty, has now fallen so low?" They found the answer in the prevalent desire for ease and luxury and in a foolish aping of foreign customs. The remedy, they held, must be found in simple living and in a strict observance of the homely virtues of the past. The leader of the new movement for the regeneration of the people was Per Henrik Ling (1776-1839). Ling first took a thorough course in anatomy in order thoroughly to familiarize himself with all the muscles of the body and their functions and how best these muscles could be exercised and kept fit. The result was the Ling, or Swedish, system of gymnastics which is now a part of educational systems throughout the world. Every school in Sweden, elementary as well as secondary, has equipment for physical exercise according to the Ling system and regular periods are devoted to it under the guidance of teachers who must have had special courses in this branch. The Swedish system of gymnastics has been introduced into Norway, Denmark, England, Belgium, France, Greece, Japan, Spain, Switzerland, and the United States. It is used at the famous Eton school in England and in the English navy. In the United States we find a modified form of it as a part of the curriculum at West Point Military Academy and the Naval Training School at Annapolis; in fact it may be said that physical exercises as now taught and practiced in the schools throughout the world are an adaptation of the Swedish system of gymnastics.

Another distinct contribution of Sweden to educational theory and practice is Sloyd. This was developed about the middle of the nineteenth century and grew out of a desire to counteract some of the influences of the modern factory system. The founder was August Abrahamson (1817-1898), who on his large estate near Gottenburg founded the Naas Institute. The influence of this institution has extended to the most remote parts of the civilized world. No less than forty nations are represented among its graduates and former students. As in the case of gymnastics, one is justified in saying that the manual train-

ing instruction now given in schools in the different countries is an adaptation of the system developed in Sweden.

Sweden has taken an advanced position in caring for the health of the pupils. Swimming pools and baths are found in connection with most city schools and a system of regular swimming instruction generally forms a part of the routine of these schools. In cities like Stockholm and Gottenburg, and in other important communities, regular examination of the teeth of the school children is made by licensed dentists. The Swedish cities are also leaders in the establishment of workshops for children. Children from the poorer homes, especially where both parents are compelled to work in factories or stores during the day, may during vacation time and in the hours after school spend their time in these workshops under proper supervision and engage in interesting and useful work. The underlying idea of these workshops is that children are kept away from evil influences of city life and are permitted to learn to do useful work. The Swedish system of education includes other features for the proper care and safeguarding of children during vacation time. Thus vacation colonies have been established in all parts of the country to which children are sent during the summer months for the improvement of their health and in order to keep them away from bad influences. The City of Stockholm has acquired an entire island of considerable size in the Baltic whither thousands of children from the poorer homes in Stockholm are sent every summer. This is properly known as "The Children's Island."

For the sake of protecting the children against evil influences a state censor passes upon all films shown in Sweden. Associated with this censor is generally an advisor who represents the Teachers' Federation of Sweden. No film of any kind, except those presenting current events may be shown anywhere in Sweden until approved by the state censor. Children under sixteen are not permitted to visit theaters when films are shown that have been declared by the state censor deleterious to youthful minds.

From the primary grades the Swedish system of educa-



tion advances through the secondary schools and gymnasiums to the universities and technical schools. Sweden has established advanced secondary schools in practically every important community, and gymnasia, which correspond to American colleges, are well distributed over the country. The oldest Swedish gymnasium goes back as far as 1623 for its beginning.

The People's High Schools are a unique feature of the educational system of the Scandinavian countries and of Finland. These are distributed fairly well over the rural part of the country and aim to give an opportunity to everyone who desires to improve his mind. There are no prerequisites for admission either with respect to age, sex, or previous education and the subjects studied are mainly cultural, as history, economics, literature, and sciences. Many of these People's High Schools have their own buildings with quarters for the teachers and in some places also for a certain number of pupils.

A system of popular lectures, offered to all communities in the country at a merely nominal cost, supplement the work of the schools. In 1914 there were nine hundred and fourteen lecture institutions in the country. These institutions have enjoyed state aid ever since 1885. Practically every community in Sweden has at least one library to which the public has access.

The system of technical education which has been established in Sweden justly ranks high. The Technical High School of Stockholm, established in 1798, is world famous. Its theoretical courses are especially thorough and it has also been eminently successful in giving to its graduates skill in practical pursuits. The result has been that graduates of this school have come to play a leading part in the development of industry throughout the world. An exceptionally large number of them are found occupying high places in American industry. Another technical school whose graduates are counted among the leaders in the industrial world is the Chalmers Institute in Gottenburg.

The University of Upsala was founded in 1477 and is therefore one of the oldest in the world. Almost a century prior to this date the desire for a national university began

to find expression, but wars and other obstacles delayed its establishment. It came into existence as a result of strong national sentiment in Sweden. The University of Lund was founded in 1668, the University of Stockholm in 1878 and the University of Gottenburg in 1891. The Caroline Institute is supported by the state and has won the distinction of being one of the leading medical schools of Europe.

Tuition is free in all the institutions of learning in Sweden with the exception of those which provide a purely professional training. The educational system is co-educational. The state has ever since 1861 supported colleges for women teachers. By 1856 women had obtained admission to the Academy of Music and in 1870 the universities of the country were thrown open to them. In the same year women obtained the right to graduate from the department of medicine, and since 1873 they have been privileged to pass all university examinations except in theology. The first woman professor in Europe was appointed by the University of Stockholm. The postal and telegraph service has been open to women ever since 1863 and they have held positions in the railway service since 1869.

The democracy of Sweden and her efficient educational system have been an important factor in bringing about an extensive program of social legislation and every sphere of life in the country has been most beneficently touched by it. The building of homes for individual families has been especially encouraged in late years. The state has very generously made provisions for loans for this purpose at an exceedingly low rate of interest and with easy repayment of the principal. Industries have followed the example of the state in promoting home building and this movement has extended to the country districts as well as to the city. Under its stimulus and with its support, considerable sections of arable land have been settled.

Swedish legislation has favored the co-operative movement and co-operation in industry has been made highly efficient. In legislation for the protection of women and children in industry Sweden has come to serve as a model for the rest of the world. By the law of 1910 sick benefit is

provided under state supervision to a very large per cent of the population. The Old Age and Invalidity Insurance Bill of 1895, subsequently amended in 1913, provides for combined invalidity and old age pension for the whole nation. Three-fourths of the expense for this insurance is defrayed by the state.

### III. SCIENCE AND INVENTION

The love of nature, which is an inherent trait of the Swedish people, and their broad cultural interests in general have given to Sweden a creative scientific spirit and the list of its great men in science is an imposing one. Only leading ones can be mentioned.

Carl von Linneus (1707-1776) ranks as one of the foremost scientists of all times and his researches and scientific writings are fundamental to scientific research in all lines. He laid the foundation for the science of botany and by his deductions and classifications introduced system into the study of the animal kingdom. His enthusiasm and profound insight into the hitherto unknown or obscure processes of nature inspired a host of disciples in every land, especially in his native Sweden, to search for knowledge with diligent care and never failing devotion to truth. Under his direction disciples studied the flora and to some extent the fauna of Sweden, Spain, North America, Asia Minor, Palestine, Arabia, Africa, and Japan. Some of the special sciences dealing with the vegetable kingdom were developed by the disciples of Linneus. His researches and writings as well as those of his disciples are fundamental to other sciences such as chemistry, zoology, and pharmacology.

Sweden's contributions to the science of chemistry have likewise been epoch making. The first chair in chemistry was established at Upsala already in 1750. Karl V. Scheele (1741-1786), a druggist in an out-of-the-way Swedish town, was well referred to by Dr. Ira Remsen, former president of Johns Hopkins University and one of the leading chemists of America, as "the first scientist in the modern sense of the word." Though without an academic training or influential friends, Scheele began at an early age to conduct experiments in the field of chemistry and in his primitive



laboratories several of the known substances were first revealed to man. His discovery of oxygen antedates that of Priestly by a couple of years, although Priestly's book on the subject was published before Scheele's treatise appeared.

Jacob Berzelius (1779-1848) is called the founder of modern chemistry. He ascertained the quantitative composition of the principles in organic substances, developed and improved chemical nomenclature, and was virtually the creator of the system of chemical notation still in use. Berzelius is the founder of physiological chemistry. Svante Arrhenius (1859-), present head of the Noble Institute in Stockholm and generally considered the leading scientist in the world today, is the founder of the electrolytical dissociation theory, which is the basis of modern electrochemistry. In anthropology, the career of Anders Retzius (1796-1860) was epoch making. He was the originator of the system of index numbers used in cranial measurements which is fundamental in all study of races. A chair in anatomy was established at the University of Upsala by about 1650. It has been asserted that this was the first chair of its kind in the world.

Olof Rudbeck (1630-1702), mentioned before as the author of *Atlant*, was an early anatomist who made distinct contributions to this science. He discovered the lymphatic glands and supplemented with valuable data Harvey's revelations regarding the circulation of the blood in the human system. Rudbeck also made epoch-making contributions to the science of botany, especially by establishing at Upsala a Botanical Garden and publishing a description of no less than 1873 plants. A recent investigator in the field of anatomy is Dr. Allvar Gullstrand (1862-), who has recast the whole theory of optical images. His researches have won for him the Nobel prize in medicine.

It is in the field of archaeology that Sweden's contributions have been especially great. It may perhaps with justice be said that no other people have made as large contributions to this science as the Swedes. One of the great names in archæology is Sven Nilson (1787-1883), who introduced into this science the comparative method



of the natural sciences. Oscar Montelius (1843-1921), generally recognized as perhaps the greatest archæologist of all times, has by his so-called typological method brought a revolution into archæological research. Montelius has made a profound study of pre-historic culture in Italy, Greece, Asia Minor, Northern Italy, as well as in his own Scandinavia, and has conclusively established the fact that cultural relationship existed among widely scattered peoples in primitive times. He has laid a solid foundation for primeval chronology of the whole of Europe.

Closely allied to scientific investigation is mechanical invention. The high status of scientific investigation in Sweden, coupled with the practical skill in workmanship on the part of the people, has resulted in a number of inventions which have had a profound influence upon modern economic and social life. John Ericsson, the inventor of the ironclad Monitor, which defeated the Merrimac at Hampton Roads in 1863, thus contributing as much as any individual to the triumph of the Northern cause, was Swedish born and received his technical education in his native land. During a sojourn in England he constructed a steam locomotive which took part in a competition in which George Stephenson's locomotive also took part. While the latter was declared the winner, thus giving to Stephenson the credit for having invented the steam locomotive, it should be remembered that subsequent locomotives have embodied the features introduced by Ericsson rather than those by Stephenson. Ericsson's most important invention and one that has revolutionized ocean travel was that of the screw propeller. The steam fire engine was also invented by Ericsson. This great inventor has approximately a thousand patents to his credit. Alfred Nobel (1833-1896), member of a distinguished Swedish family, invented dynamite and smokeless powder. Dynamite, it should be said, was never thought of by the inventor as an agency of destruction in warfare but as an aid to man in the construction of railroads, canals, and other enterprises designed to improve the lot of man. Safety matches were invented by G. E. Pasch, professor at the Caroline Institute in Stockholm in 1844. G. F. Göransson (1819-1900) effected im-

provements in the Bessemer process for making steel, which first rendered this method of practical use. A Stille (1814-1893) will always be remembered by medical men because of his improved surgical instruments and appliances.

J. G. V. Zander, born 1835, was the founder of medical-mechanical gymnastics and constructed the necessary apparatus and appliances for this system. In perhaps no sphere has Swedish invention been so important and revolutionary as in the dairy industry. About 1861, J. G. Swartz, a Swedish land owner, invented and introduced the so-called ice method in dairy farming and it was first with this method that dairying on a large scale became possible. One of the most useful inventions of all times is the cream separator, the creation of G. de Laval (1845-1913), a Swedish engineer who has a number of other inventions in the dairying industry to his credit. Only through the inventions of de Laval could dairying be made profitable and one of the important food elements be provided for the human race in enormously increased quantities. A remarkably ingenious contrivance for lighthouses is the invention of Gustaf Dalen (b. 1869). The Dalen system permits the erection of lighthouses in the most remote parts of any coast line as they work automatically and without any care being given them for an entire year. Light appears automatically when darkness comes and goes out automatically when daylight returns. The mechanism sends out its light in intermittent flashes and the intervals between these can be regulated so that each lighthouse has its own individuality. This is said to be a great safeguard to sailors. The Panama Canal is lighted by the Dalen lights. These lights are especially a boon to sailors who travel the lanes far removed from the main highways of ocean travel. In the production of machinery, especially in the manufacture of heavy artillery and shells for the same, the Johanson precision gauge, a Swedish invention, is of great importance. It is said to measure accurately to one-four millionth part of an inch. According to newspaper reports, which seem authentic, Henry Ford has recently purchased this invention, paying a million dollars for it.

Swedish inventive skill has made great contributions to

the improvement of telephone apparatus and organization. For many years Sweden held first place among all countries of the world in the number of telephones per capita. It is a debatable question whether she does not still retain that position. Swedish-made telephones are used throughout the world and Swedish telephone manufacturing concerns have established telephone exchanges in Mexico City, Japan, Canton, China, Copenhagen, Warsaw, Moscow, Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Paris, Calcutta, Johannesburg, Singapore, and Shanghai.

Sweden takes a leading place in its system of forest conservation and reforestation. In the first place the state itself has taken possession of large tracts of forest land, in all approximately twenty-two million acres, where therefore exploitation of the timber lands can be prevented. Cities and other communities likewise own and control large tracts of forest land. The forestry regulations of Sweden prevent exploitations not only of state, city, or community owned forest lands, but also of privately owned. The strict control of timber cutting and extensive reforestation has resulted in a remarkable conservation of timber. Such are the excellent results of the system that, although an enormous amount of timber is consumed annually for lumber, paper, and paper-pulp, the amount of standing timber is as large at the end of the year as at its beginning. Whatever has been used has been replaced by natural growth.

As Sweden's agricultural area is limited in extent, it has been incumbent upon the people to make the arable tracts highly productive. This has been done both by a scientific system of fertilization and by seed improvement. The Institute of the Swedish Seed Association is recognized as a model of its kind for the rest of the world. Wheat, barley, oats, rye, peas, potatoes, clover, grass and root crops have all been greatly improved at this institute located at Svalöv in Southern Sweden. This is the first establishment which was fully equipped with scientific resources and employed exclusively for the purpose of improving cultivated agricultural plants. The average yield per acre of grain in Southern Sweden is approximately three times that of the United States.

## IV. LITERATURE AND ART

A people may achieve great results in the development of science and invention and in the creation of great material wealth, but literature and art are, after all, the crown and blossom of its intellectual culture. A survey of Swedish literature and art reveals great creative imagination and lofty ideals. Relative to their number, the Swedes have created a remarkably large number of superior works in literature and art. Love of nature, which is such a marked characteristic of the Swedish people, has made its distinct impress upon Swedish literature. Under this stimulus, which appears in such striking forms in their country, they have developed a rich lyric or lyric-epic poetry. Rooted as they are in an age-long culture and with a past replete with stirring events, they have developed a great chronicle literature. Their serious reflective nature and lively imagination have made the moralizing element a prominent feature of their literary products. Swedish writers as a rule have shown a penetrating insight into reality.

Swedish literature goes back to most ancient times for its beginning. Reminiscences of the earliest literature are found in the numerous runestones that dot the country districts in certain parts of Sweden. No less than two thousand of these impressive literary remains from a remote past have been found in the country. The largest of these, the famous "Rökstenen," contains no less than seven hundred and fifty letters inscribed in granite. The text, which is partly in verse, contains references to Theodoric the Great, king of the Ostrogoths, a Germanic people that, according to their own traditions, had emigrated from Sweden at an early date and in 493 A. D. established a great kingdom in Italy. Snatches of poetry inscribed on the runestones suggest that the poetry and prose accounts of the Icelandic Sagas were a part also of Swedish culture at the time. Many facts suggest that the Anglo-Saxon poem *Beowulf* is founded on older poems of Swedish origin.

Next to runestone inscriptions, the provincial laws appeared as important literary products. That the laws



might the more readily be remembered they were at first put into metrical verse, which was gradually expanded as additional laws were made.

With the introduction of Christianity into the country most of the old pagan literature was lost, and mysticism and scholasticism came to hold sway. The greatest representative of literature in Sweden during the entire mediaeval period was St. Birgit (1303-1373), the first internationally known person of Swedish descent, as far as is known. Her *Revelations* was first written in Swedish and later translated into Latin by her father-confessor. It shows a glowing fancy and imagery.

Almost spontaneously and unconsciously, it seems, there grew up in the Middle Ages a great literature in the form of national ballads that have survived to this day. A compilation of these ballads that have lived in the hearts and on the lips of the Swedish people throughout the centuries was made in the early part of the nineteenth century and fills several volumes.

With the coming of the Reformation to Sweden, literature became preëminently a servant of the new faith. The foremost reformer of Sweden, Olaus Petri (1493-1552), an unusually tolerant, courageous, and learned man and a personal disciple of Luther, perceived that literature was the most formidable ally that could be enlisted in the new cause. In 1526 he completed the translation of the New Testament into Swedish, an event that for the Swedish language had the same significance as Luther's translation of the Bible into German had for that language. Petri was also the first historian of Sweden. He had the true historian's sense of perspective and regard for truth.

During the period of Sweden's greatness as a military power (approximately from 1611 to 1718) the energies of the people were consumed largely by warfare and no great literary production can be noted. Some great names appear in this period, however, as George Stiernhelm (1598-1672), generally called the "Father of Swedish Poetry" and Olof Rudbeck (1630-1702), the aforementioned archæologist and anatomist. This period, though so barren of literary growth, was, however, of tremendous importance to the

development of Swedish culture as it brought Sweden into close contact with the civilization of Germany, France, and Holland, and with the tendencies of the Renaissance. Through this contact new and fructifying cultural forces were to be set in motion in Sweden.

The collapse of Sweden's military and political power at the death of Charles XII. (1718) saw a remarkable renaissance of interest in cultural aims and a virile scientific and artistic spirit becoming dominant in Swedish life. It was as though the Swedes had suddenly been seized with a solemn determination to re-establish their greatness, not in the political field and with military means, but in the cultural realm and by means of scientific and literary achievements. The decades following the death of Charles XII. saw the creative work of scientists like Linneus, Scheele, Berzelius, Swedenborg, Bergman, and a host of others. The period likewise saw a remarkable revival of literary interest and creative imagination. The most original and in some respects the greatest of all Swedish poets, Karl Michael Bellman (1740-1795), is the forerunner of a long line of great literary men and women, among whom only the most outstanding can be mentioned. Bellman gives expression to a boundless joy of life and to a melancholy lament at the transitoriness of earthly pleasures. Few poets in the world of literature have been able to give as beautiful poetic expression as he to the admiration of nature and joy in its contacts that the ascetic soul feels. Hedvig Charlotte Nordenflycht (1718-1763) was the first Swedish writer that made literature a means of livelihood. Her poetry is characterized by the most tender sentimentality and beauty of diction. J. H. Kellgren (1751-1795) was a fearless champion of humanity and with the sharp weapons of satire he fearlessly fought against the hosts of ignorance, brutality, and superstition. All kinds of prejudices and abuses of power found in him an implacable enemy. J. O. Wallin (1779-1839) and F. M. Franzen (1772-1847) were pre-eminent hymnologists and the Swedish hymnbook of 1819, which is still used in the state church of Sweden and in the creation of which Wallin and Franzen had a leading part, is recognized by authorities in the field as perhaps the

best and most adequate work of its kind that any age or people has produced.

It was with Esaias Tegner (1782-1846) and E. G. Geijer (1783-1847) that the Golden Age of Swedish literature began. Both were native sons of the picturesque province of Värmland and both were imbued with a patriotic desire to rejuvenate their race. By placing before their own generation in story and song the heroic deeds and qualities of the Viking period they would incite their own generation to new energy and resolute courage. Geijer is the great historian of Sweden, but he also gave to his country a number of poems that are literary masterpieces. Tegner was influenced by the literature of Greece and by the Saga literature of Iceland; his poetry is pure in style and shows a dazzling metaphor. His principal creation, "Fritiof's Saga" in twenty-four cantos, gives an idealized and impressive picture of men and women in the heroic days of the Northland. His masterpiece has been translated into the tongues of practically all civilized people and several different translations into English exist. The first translation into English was made by Henry W. Longfellow, who also rendered other great poems of Tegner into English. K. J. L. Almquist (1793-1866) was one of the early realists in literature. He subjected existing institutions to severe criticism and aimed to build on the old foundations new structures of civilization that would be abiding, since Justice was enthroned at their portals. Almquist had a most trenchant style and a powerful imagination.

The period of liberal thought began in Sweden about the year 1830 and was ushered in by a number of periodicals and newspapers with decidedly liberal tendencies. Now also appears the first great novel writer of Sweden in the person of Fredrika Bremer (1801-1865). By her intimate and genial sketches of Swedish life she gained immediate popularity. Miss Bremer employed literature as a means to the education of her own people to the need of reforms among them, especially in matters pertaining to her own sex. She was the first great woman's rights advocate of Sweden and also exerted great influence upon leaders of the movement in England and the United States, with whom



she was closely associated. In one of her earlier works, *The President's Daughters*, she makes an impassioned plea for woman's right to secure a higher education if she so desires, and in *Hertha*, written after she has spent two years in travel in the United States in order to observe our home life and especially woman's part in society, she advocates the right of Swedish women to secure full legal rights in matters of marriage and control of property at the age of twenty-five. The agitation started by Miss Bremer resulted very soon in the enactment of a series of laws for woman's protection in Sweden. One of the most delightful among Miss Bremer's books is *Homes in the New World*, which contains in two volumes the delightful letters that she sent her sisters while on her travels in America. These, as well as many other of her books, have been translated into English and *Homes in the New World* in abridged form was republished in 1924 under the title *America of the Fifties*.

A contemporary of Fredrika Bremer, Emelie Flygare Carlen (1804-1892) won fame as a novelist by her portrayal of life among the fishermen on the West coast of Sweden. Her books are characterized by a remarkable delineation of character and ingenuity of plot. Her books have been translated into several languages, including English. J. L. Runeberg (1804-1877) is the greatest representative of Swedish literature in Finland. There breathes through his poetry a profound love of country and kinsmen. He has, as have few writers, glorified the heroic qualities of a people that amidst privations and poverty and disasters build strong characters and learn the great lesson of duty and contentment. His *Tales of Ensign Stål* dealing with the tragic events of the Russian-Finnish War of 1808-1809 ranks next to Tegner's *Fritiof's Saga* as the great literary masterpiece of the Swedish people. Viktor Rydberg (1828-1895) was a versatile and prolific writer; poetry, fiction, philology, history, mythology being all enriched by his creative mind. He was an idealist of the deepest dye and waged a courageous and successful battle against superstition, prejudice, and injustice. His poem, "*The New Mills of Grötte*" is perhaps the most vehement protest that was



ever written against the exploitation of women and children in factories.

August Strindberg (1849-1912) was the iconoclast. With titanic energy he fought all his life against that which he considered wrong. Few writers have had as incisive a mind or as trenchant a style as Strindberg. He passed through every possible mood, but was always true to the principle that truth must always be the guide. He saw in our modern culture certain tendencies which to his mind boded ill and believed they must be combated while it was possible to check them. The great evils, as he saw them, were hypocrisy and spineless submission to conventionalities. Strindberg is perhaps the most bitter, not to say vulgar, critic of woman that has appeared in recent decades, but he would never himself have admitted that he was a woman hater. He honestly believed that certain tendencies of our age were ultimately going to bring great harm to woman, and therefore to our entire civilization, and it was because he exalted woman so much that he wanted to check these tendencies before they had gained complete mastery and had vitiated all our relations. One is fairly safe in assuming that a very careful study of Strindberg's works will bring the conviction that this was his attitude. Strindberg is Sweden's greatest writer of dramas in the social and historical field. In the technique of the drama he has made distinct contributions.

In complete contrast to Strindberg stands Selma Lagerlöf (b. 1858), the foremost writer of Sweden today and probably the foremost woman writer of our generation. Her writings are distinguished by something of the simplicity and clearness of the classical epic. Her imagery is inexhaustible and she has extraordinary intuitive insight into the deep and hidden forces of the human soul. She is the story-teller *par excellence*. In passing it may be worthy of notice that perhaps the greatest story-tellers of literature have been Scandinavians—Hans Christian Anderson, Dane; Jonas Lie, Norwegian, and Selma Lagerlöf, Swedish. Selma Lagerlöf impresses not merely by her brilliant style and wierd imagery but also by her unconquerable optimism. She sees the good in men far more readily than she sees

evil and thus she serves as a splendid antidote to the hopeless pessimism of the writers of the realistic school. Miss Lagerlöf has been honored in her own country by the award of the Nobel prize in literature and by election to the Swedish Academy, the only woman so honored since the founding of the Academy in 1786.

Music has flourished in Sweden since the earliest times. The Swedes may be justly said to be "a singing people." The majority of their kings have given enthusiastic support and encouragement to the musical art and by the sixteenth century a court chapel was established and a group of Italian singers engaged to assist in elevating the opera. In the reign of Gustavus Adolphus (1611-1632) music was made a part of the curriculum at the University of Upsala. The Swedish Academy of Music, founded in 1771, has exerted a profound influence in musical creation and interest.

Native music in Sweden more and more has given expression to the character of the country and its people. It has therefore to a very large extent utilized the folksongs, in which the Swedish people are exceptionally rich, by imitating them or employing them as a foundation on which to rear a more artistic musical fabric. This is especially discernible in the work of A. F. Lindblad (1801-1871) and the poet Geijer, who in his leisure hours produced excellent musical compositions. J. A. Josephson (1818-1880) composed symphonies, cantatas, and choral works of abiding value. Gunnar Wennerberg (1817-1901) set the Psalms of David to music and thus created a most beautiful and exalted composition. His student songs have perhaps no equal in any language. It was especially August Söderman (1832-1876) who created a wealth of new musical compositions based on the old folk songs. Among the younger Swedish composers of major rank may be mentioned Wilhelm Stenhammar (b. 1871), Hugo Alfvén (b. 1872), and Jean Sibelius, the latter a native of Finland, but of Swedish ancestry.

The most popular and best cultivated form of musical expression in Sweden is the male chorus. The number of men's singing organizations is exceedingly large in the land,

with the university students setting the standards in excellence of harmony and vigor. Ever since the student chorus of the University of Upsala won first prize in an international contest at Paris in 1867, Swedish male chorus singing has been claimed as superior in this kind of musical expression.

It was Jenny Lind (1820-1887) who set new and higher musical standards in the world, especially in America, and is almost as cherished in the memory of music lovers throughout Europe and America as that other "Swedish Nightingale," Christina Nilsson (1843-1921). Sweden's high place in song today may be inferred from the fact that seven of the leading artists of the Metropolitan Opera Company of New York at this time are Swedes or of Swedish descent.

The list of Swedish painters of note is a long and impressive one. At first foreign influences predominated, but Swedish painting is now in a large measure independent and national. To illustrate the dominant position of Sweden in art in the last few decades mention need only be made of Anders Zorn (1860-1920), the portrait painter and etcher who perhaps had no superior in his day; Brun Liljefors (b. 1860), the greatest painter of animal life of our generation; Carl Larsson (1853-1921), painter of charming scenes of home and child life, as well as of great historic scenes; and Prince Eugene (b. 1865), brother of the present king of Sweden, who is the preëminent painter of Swedish landscapes.

An account of Swedish cultural ideas would not be complete without some mention of the spirit of peace and justice that is dominant among the Swedish people. For over one hundred years they have been engaged in no war, not because there have been no provocations, but because reason and restraint have been enthroned in place of passion and brute force. A finer example of self-restraint and justice was never shown by any nation than that which Sweden displayed in the controversy with Norway in 1905. With twice the population and material resources of Norway, Sweden would in all probability have won a victory if armies had been called upon to decide the issue in

bloody conflict, but Sweden preferred to send representatives to meet similar representatives from Norway and in a spirit of good will discuss with them the matters at issue. As a result a friendly agreement was made, the two countries were saved from the awful calamities of war, and the bonds of friendship and good understanding were knit more firmly than ever before. Says Lathorp Stoddard:<sup>3</sup> "The dispute was settled without a drop of blood . . . the result of this peaceable settlement was of the happiest nature. Within a few years all traces of mutual bitterness had vanished. With no more causes of friction, the two peoples began looking at their common interests. . . . Judged by three of the most trying criteria of human conduct, the Scandinavian people have brilliantly met the test. Toward each other, toward their neighbors, and toward the world, they have displayed a striking degree of poise, insight, and self-control. They have settled some of the most crucial problems that can confront nations, and these settlements have been peaceful, just, and with every prospect of constructive permanence . . . even though the world as a whole may be incapable of measuring up to the Scandinavian standard, we have the comforting assurance that one region of the earth exists whose peoples are habitually guided by long views and can be counted on consistently to support the best interests of the race." With the same episode in mind, William Lyon Phelps, editor of Scribner's, writes in the October, 1925, issue: "If I had to name today the most civilized country in the world, I should name Sweden. Not only because of the way Sweden manages national and municipal affairs, and hygiene, not only because she amputated Norway without blood. . . . Is there any other country that could have shown such statesmanship, such wisdom, such understanding, such conciliation?"

#### V. THE SWEDISH ELEMENT IN THE UNITED STATES

The number of Swedish immigrants in the United States and their descendants is estimated at approximately two million. Before 1890 the vast majority of immigrants from Sweden settled on the agricultural lands in the Middle



West, especially in the states of Illinois, Iowa, North and South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Minnesota. From these settlements there has been a later and considerable immigration to the Puget Sound region on the West coast. The Atlas of American Agriculture, Section I on Rural Population, published in 1919, shows in a most striking way the density of Swedish population in these regions. Since 1890 the immigrants from Sweden have been largely skilled workers who have settled in eastern industrial centers. Practically all Swedes who have come to this country have therefore been either agricultural workers or skilled mechanics. It is estimated that they have cleared and cultivated in all over ten million acres in the United States; two million acres in Minnesota alone. As skilled workers, they are found in large numbers in the factories where high skill is demanded. The great furniture factories of Jamestown, N. Y., and Rockford, Ill., are not only owned for the most part by Swedes, but the workers are almost exclusively Swedes. In a city like Minneapolis the Swedes have, according to estimates, done eighty per cent of the construction work in building the city and in Chicago, thirty-five per cent, although in this city they only constitute about three per cent of the population.

With their background of free institutions and democracy at home, based on compulsory education and a high culture, it is but natural that the Swedes have easily fitted into American life. Approximately ninety-two per cent of the Swedes who have been in this country ten years or more have become American citizens or secured their first papers. Again, those who have been in the country ten years or more have in nearly all cases acquired English; more than ninety-eight per cent, according to government statistics. These same statistics show that the Swedes stand first among immigrant groups in annual average earning power, first in the matter of sanitary living conditions and room space per individual, first in the matter of attractive home surroundings, second in home ownership. There are no Swedish slums anywhere in the United States.

All Swedes who have come to this country have had religious training in their homeland and in this country

they have in a very large degree retained their religious affiliations and interests. They have built more than two thousand churches in the land. Closely allied with their religious life has been the establishment of educational institutions. Five colleges and approximately fifteen academies are at the present time maintained by the Swedes in this country. The instruction in the colleges is of such high grade that their diplomas entitle the holder to admission to graduate or professional courses in any university in America, Sweden, or Germany. The number of hospitals and charitable institutions founded and maintained by the Swedes in this country can be safely set at approximately seventy-five, and among these are institutions like the Augustana Hospital, Chicago, and the Swedish Hospital, Minneapolis, which in matter of equipment have a leading position in their respective localities.

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<sup>1</sup> See *Literary Digest*, Sept. 12, 1925, on this question of climate and athletic prowess.

<sup>2</sup> The word *bonde* is used rather than *peasant*, the usual English word, as the latter suggests a man that lived on the land of some one else and paid rent. The *bonde* was an independent land owner, corresponding to our farmer. In using the word I am simply following the practice of English terminology in Scandinavian history.

<sup>3</sup> *Scribner's Magazine*, Vol. 68, Nov., 1920, in an article, "Scandinavia's Lesson to the World."

## HISTORICAL RÉSUMÉ

### 1. IN ANTIQUITY

**T**HERE is every reason to think that the ancestors of the present inhabitants of Sweden occupied a portion of that country long centuries before the Christian era. Practically cut off from contact with Western Europe, they progressed from one stage of primitive culture to another very slowly.

In antiquity the present kingdom of Sweden fell into three parts: the northern half belonged to the Suioni—the Swedes; of the southern half, the upper part was occupied by Goths, while the southmost portion of the peninsula, Scania, belonged to the Danes. It was this third part which finally gave its name to the whole peninsula—Scandinavia.

The ancient rulers of the Suioni lived at Upsala, their capital. Here stood their chief temple, surrounded by a sacred grove. Within this temple, resplendent with barbaric beauty, stood the statues of the most powerful Norse deities, Odin, the father of the gods; Thor, armed with his hammer; and Frey. Every nine years a sacred festival was held at Upsala, representatives coming thither from all the tribes to witness the ceremonies. Nine animals of each kind used for sacrifice were offered; human sacrifices were regarded as most sure to appease and propitiate the Mighty Ones.

For knowledge of this remote age the testimony of the earth has been sought, the spade of the excavator disclosing mute evidences of the past. There are also stories, composed long before the art of writing was known. Handed down for untold periods by word of mouth, they reflect an indefinite antiquity.

Christianity was brought to the Swedes by a Frankish missionary, Ansgar. Of noble birth, he devoted his life to carrying the Gospel to the men of the North. He labored in Denmark and Germany, pressing on to the land of the Swedes in 830. After remaining for eighteen months, he

returned to some of his earlier missions. Again in 853 he came back to the Swedes. However, the hold of the old faith was so tenacious that the churches he founded were short-lived.

Settlements were made by the Swedes in Russia and Finland. Eastern Europe was occupied by the Slavs. It is said that in 860 Swedes founded Novgorod, later settling Kiev. An old legend relates that three brothers, Rurik, Askold and Dir, overcame the Slavs and that Rurik, eldest of the three, ruled from Novgorod, his capital. Later, the story goes, the second kingdom of Kiev joined with Novgorod and the people became known as *Ruotsi*, from their rulers. Another explanation is that the name Russia was derived from *Rodds*—rowing-men.

Certain it is that the Swedes were able to establish a water-way to Constantinople, where they carried on a flourishing trade. Furs, skins and *slaves* were commodities which they carried south to exchange for coveted wares of the East. Although the institution of slavery seems to have been almost as old as humanity itself and was the subject for legislation in the Code of Hammurapi, 2,000 B. C., our word *slave* is of mediæval origin and seems to have grown up when human chattels were Slavs, kidnaped by the Swedes or procured by them in barter, to be offered for sale in the marts of Constantinople.

Due to their rigorous climate, the Swedes were a rugged, independent people, exulting in their freedom. As a result of their isolated position, they remained undisturbed when Europe generally was the scene of commotion, tumult and chaos, after the fall of Rome.



## THE EARLIEST MENTION OF THE SWEDES

From Tacitus: *Germania*

(Written about 98 A. D.)

The people that next occur are the Suiones [Swedes], who may be said to inhabit the ocean itself. In addition to the strength of their armies, they have a powerful naval force. The form of their ships is peculiar. Every vessel has a prow at each end, and by that contrivance is always ready to make head either way. Sails are not in use, nor is there a range of oars at the sides. The mariners, as often happens in the navigation of rivers, take different stations, and shift from one place to another, as the exigence may require. Riches are by this people held in great esteem; and the public mind, debased by that passion, yields to the government of one, with unconditional, with passive obedience. Despotism is here fully established. The people are not allowed to carry arms in common, like the rest of the German nations. An officer is appointed to keep in a magazine all the military weapons, and for this purpose a slave is always chosen. For this policy the ostensible reason is, that the ocean is their natural fence against foreign invasions, and in time of peace the giddy multitude, with arms ready at hand, soon proceeds from luxury to tumult and commotion. But the truth is, the jealousy of a despotic prince does not think it safe to commit the care of his arsenal to the nobles or the men of ingenuous birth. Even a manumitted slave is not fit to be trusted.

At the further extremity beyond the Suiones there is another sea, whose sluggish waters seem to be in a state of stagnation. By this lazy element the globe is said to be encircled, and the supposition receives some colour of probability from an extraordinary phenomenon well known in those regions. The rays of the setting sun continue till the return of day, to brighten the hemisphere with so clear a light, that the stars are imperceptible. To this it is added by vulgar credulity, that when the sun begins to rise, the sound of the emerging luminary is distinctly heard, and the very form of the horses, the blaze of glory round the head

of the god, is palpable to the sight. The boundaries of nature, it is generally believed, terminate here.

On the coast to the right of the Suevian ocean, the *Æstians* have fixed their habitation. In their dress and manners they resemble the Suevians, but their language has more affinity to the dialect of Britain. They worship the mother of the gods. The figure of a wild boar is the symbol of their superstition; and he, who has that emblem about him, thinks himself secure even in the thickest ranks of the enemy, without any need of arms, or any other mode of defence. The use of iron is unknown, and their general weapon is a club. In the cultivation of corn, and other fruits of the earth, they labour with more patience than is consistent with the natural laziness of the Germans. Their industry is exerted in another instance: they explore the sea for amber, in their language called *glese*, and are the only people who gather that curious substance. It is generally found among the shallows; sometimes on the shore. Concerning the nature or the causes of this concretion, the barbarians, with their usual want of curiosity, make no enquiry. Amongst other superfluities, discharged by the sea, this substance lay long neglected till Roman luxury gave it a name, and brought it into request. To the savages it is of no use. They gather it in rude heaps, and offer it to sale without any form or polish, wondering at the price they receive for it. There is reason to think that amber is a distillation from certain trees, since in the transparent medium we see a variety of insects, and even animals of the wing, which, being caught in the viscous fluid, are afterwards, when it grows hard, incorporated with it. It is probable, therefore, that as the east has its luxuriant plantations, where balm and frankincense perspire through the pores of trees, so the continents and islands of the west have their prolific groves, whose juices, fermented by the heat of the sun, dissolve into a liquid matter, which falls into the sea, and, being there condensed, is afterwards discharged by the winds and waves on the opposite shore. If you make an experiment of amber by the application of fire, it kindles like a torch, emitting a fragrant flame, and, in a little time taking the tenacious nature of pitch or rosin.

Beyond the Suiones we next find the nation of Sitones, differing in nothing from the former, except the tameness, with which they suffer a woman to reign over them. Of this people it is not enough to say that they have degenerated from civil liberty: they are sunk below slavery itself. At this place ends the territory of the Suevians.

## 2. THE MIDDLE AGES

Swedes and Goths were united under King Swerker I, who reigned from 1134 to 1150. Thenceforward for more than a century rulers were chosen alternately from the two nations.

King Olaf had been baptised a Christian in 1008 but it was left for Eric the Saint to complete the Christianizing of Sweden. He built churches and established monasteries in his own land and, his zeal unabated, made a crusade into Finland, where he emulated the earlier example of Charlemagne in offering the natives their choice: Christianity or the sword. After ten years of progressive administration he was slain in battle in 1160, opposing the Danish ruler, Magnus Henriksen, who now began a long series of Danish aggressions into Sweden. Two later crusades were carried on in Finland: in 1249 and 1293.

The outstanding interest for one who scans the accomplishment of the thirteenth century in Sweden centers around Earl Birger, who practically governed the country for nearly twenty years. The legislation he began paved the way for the later emancipation of the serfs.

The close of the fourteenth century saw the formal acceptance of a single ruler for Norway, Denmark and Sweden in the Kalmar Union. This was no sudden departure. The idea of unity was born of a happening at the beginning of the cycle, when three-year-old Magnus, son of Eric of Sweden and a Norwegian princess, was accepted by both Swedes and Norwegians as king. During a long minority so flagrant was the mismanagement that in the end Magnus lost both his kingdoms; yet the conception of union survived.

Scania was annexed to Sweden in 1332. The mid-century saw the codification of the laws. It also witnessed the

devastations of the Black Death, which had reaped a plentiful harvest in each country traversed.

Needing support against the nobles, ever seeking to encroach upon royal power, the king summoned the first Swedish *Riksdag*, or Parliament, in 1359. Representatives from the towns were invited to join in the proceedings with the nobility and clergy.

It is not certain whether any king of Sweden had been required to take a coronation oath before the ascension of Albert to the throne, in 1371. Before many years had passed, his conduct so enraged the nobles that they offered the crown to Margaret, Queen of Denmark and Norway. After the death of her son, Eric, her nephew became Crown Prince, then King, but so long as she lived Queen Margaret wielded authority.

While the Union of Kalmar had distinctly provided that the affairs of all three nations were to be held apart, even though they were united under one sovereign, this stipulation was not observed. The Danes were appointed to all positions of trust and as a result, the nobles divided, some supporting the union, some working for independence. The Swedish people were usually to be found favoring independence, while the nobility and clergy benefited in some ways by the union. Civil war was precipitated before the matter was settled. Sweden pulled away from the other kingdoms, thereafter to be found on one side, Norway and Denmark on the other. The spirit of independence was kept active by a remarkable family by the name of Sture, who furnished leaders for the popular cause for fifty years. Sten Sture was made Administrator in 1470. He was instrumental in establishing a university at Upsala in 1477. It was a happy circumstance that the ancient capital of fierce warrior kings, after the lapse of a thousand years, became the national seat of learning. Some little distance from the site of lecture halls now frequented by ambitious youth of Sweden may be seen the landmarks of pagan fame.

Sten Sture was also the means of bringing printing to this northern country. Its transforming touch was everywhere the same, for it made it possible for even the poor man to have books.



The succession of Christian II to the throne of Denmark inaugurated a new attempt to force Sweden to abide by the Kalmar Union, long superseded. The Danish ruler summoned a meeting of the leaders in the three northern kingdoms, making known his determination to govern them all. The Swedish leaders frankly stated that to accede to his sovereignty meant civil war at home; to decline, might mean war with him, and they added, that they chose the latter. Nor was he long in making good his boast. He invaded Sweden; Sture was defeated. Then by treachery King Christian gave orders to his followers to butcher some ninety nobles. This is called the Stockholm Massacre—the “Carnival of Blood.” Again a hero rose up to deliver his countrymen from the hated yoke: Gustavus Vasa, who led an uprising in 1521 and was chosen king in 1523. During his reign the teachings of Luther penetrated to Sweden. At first the people were slow to change. When the Papacy pronounced in favor of Christian II there was no longer delay. Lutheranism was made the state religion. Before his death Gustavus Vasa had built up trade, organized the kingdom, trained an efficient army and fleet and accumulated national funds. Unfortunately his immediate successors were unable to profit by his good example.

Eric XIV followed but presently became insane; whereupon his brother John III became king. His son, Sigismund, was elected King of Poland but was required to become a Catholic before he could ascend the throne. Later, when he attempted to restore Catholicism in Sweden, he was forced to resign. His uncle, a son of Gustavus Vasa, was first made Administrator, then crowned king. The election of Sigismund brought on an unhappy war regarding the succession of the Polish crown, which continued intermittently for sixty years.

It has well been said that the early history of the Scandinavian countries is the history of their rulers. Charles IX took up the threads of government where Gustavus Vasa had dropped them, doing everything in his power to obliterate the effects of the disturbing years which had intervened. To curb the haughty nobles, he favored the people. The benefits of his administration were soon to be forgotten

in light of the daring deeds of his son, Gustavus Adolphus, greatest of Sweden's kings.

With the advent of Sweden into the affairs of Europe, the modern history of Sweden begins.

### 3. GUSTAVUS II (GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS)

From earliest times but few kings have displayed the executive ability of Gustavus Adolphus. We can but observe the expression of genius: it is impossible to account for it. Until late times it fell to the king not only to administer his realm in time of peace but to take his place at the head of his troops in time of war. Gustavus was not only an able organizer, introducing progressive measures in his kingdom; he was also one of the few really great military leaders of all time. The story of his short career, fully told, would be as fascinating as a romance. Yet much that he achieved was lost by less able successors.

Grandson of Gustavus Vasa, founder of the line, Gustavus II was born in 1594. His education was conducted with greatest care. When thirteen years of age he was often sent to converse with visiting foreign ambassadors, in their own tongues. When fifteen he presided over a Parliament, which was opened by his speech. Thus during the life of his father the duties of the Swedish Crown were familiar to him.

When at seventeen he succeeded to the throne in 1611, his country was engaged in wars with three neighbors: Denmark, Russia and Poland. The disputes with the first two were territorial; more serious was the one with Poland, since Sigismund laid claim to the Swedish crown. Furthermore, religious strife was bitter in Europe of the early seventeenth century and Sigismund had the tacit support of the Emperor and of Spain. It was largely due to the diplomacy of Richelieu that after eight years of fighting, an armistice was negotiated, Gustavus being acknowledged king of Sweden.

Having been trained in Lutheranism from infancy, Gustavus Adolphus regarded himself as the champion of Protestantism and he had already won the title "Protestant Monarch of the North." There is no doubt but that his

sympathy with the oppressed Protestants of Germany was a strong factor in moving him to plunge into the Thirty Years' War. It would be misleading, however, to imagine that it was simply from a humanitarian motive that he left his realm and led his soldiers into the heart of Germany. It was well understood that the Emperor entertained the ambition of building up a Baltic kingdom. Such projection of Catholicism would jeopardize the cause of northern Protestants; more than this, it would spell the ruin of the Scandinavian states.

Gustavus Adolphus had the rare gift of being able to draw men to him and bind them fast. His father had found it necessary to curb the aggressive nobles. He deemed it wisest to restore their privileges and require of them whole-hearted service for the state. Not only the nobles and clergy but the citizens of the towns—the burghers—and the peasants caught the spirit of the king in his determination to make Sweden the dominant Baltic power.

Two experienced generals were enlisted in the Austrian cause. Against them the forces of the German Protestants soon melted away. Their strength was so diminished when the "Snow King" came out of the North that their leaders were disheartened. Believing that ultimate war with the Empire was inevitable, Gustavus determined that it should be fought on alien ground. In the presence of the representatives of the Estates, he gave his little daughter, Christina, his sole heir, into their keeping. Then in June, 1630, he set out with sixteen thousand of the best disciplined troops in Europe to relieve the German Protestants. Good roads being few, the war was fought along rivers and for their possession.

Tilly was defeated at the Battle of Leipzig; he died not long after of his wounds. In face of Swedish victories the Protestant states turned to their deliverer, whose triumphs were ever marked with clemency and kindness. Needless slaughter was abhorrent to him. With astonishing rapidity, Gustavus gained control of the roads that led to Vienna. The general Wallenstein had been dismissed for insubordination. Now the Emperor was obliged to recall him, making undignified concessions. It may be said of Wallenstein

that while his military ability equalled that of Gustavus, his erratic tendencies were such that when he made overtures to the Swedish king, Gustavus was wary of allying himself with so irresponsible a character. Now the two greatest generals of the day were matched against one another and not far from Leipzig the Battle of Lützen was fought in November, 1632. The Swedes were victorious but Gustavus fell—a costly triumph.

The spirit of the dead ruler still animated his army, which fought with deeper determination, to avenge his death.

At home the infant Christina, six years of age, was immediately acknowledged as successor. The great statesman Oxenstierna tutored her in politics. Her education was rigorously conducted; when eighteen years old, she was crowned. Unhappily she was not great enough to recognize the astute powers of her able chancellor; indeed, her jealousy of Oxenstierna's popularity led her into foolish actions. Moreover, her extravagances brought the kingdom near to bankruptcy, and when she reluctantly abdicated, in 1654, in favor of her cousin, Charles X, by this act alone she won gratitude from a nation sorely oppressed.

The sacrifice of Gustavus Adolphus had not been in vain. He was recognized as having saved religious liberty for Germany. When the anniversary of his untimely death was celebrated in 1832, a grateful people, the Protestants of Germany, raised a fitting memorial on the spot where he fell.



## 3. GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS

(From Schiller's History of The Thirty Years' War.)

The glorious battle of Leipzig effected a great change in the conduct of Gustavus Adolphus, as well as in the opinion which both friends and foes entertained of him. Successfully had he confronted the greatest general of the age, and had matched the strength of his tactics and the courage of his Swedes against the elite of the imperial army, the most experienced troops in Europe. From this moment he felt a firm confidence in his own powers—self-confidence has always been the parent of great actions. In all his subsequent operations more boldness and decision are observable; greater determination, even amidst the most unfavorable circumstances, a more lofty tone toward his adversaries, a more dignified bearing toward his allies, and even in his clemency, something of the forbearance of a conqueror. His natural courage was further heightened by the pious ardor of his imagination. He saw in his own cause that of heaven, and in the defeat of Tilly beheld the decisive interference of Providence against his enemies, and in himself the instrument of divine vengeance. Leaving his crown and his country far behind, he advanced on the wings of victory into the heart of Germany, which for centuries had seen no foreign conqueror within its bosom. The warlike spirit of its inhabitants, the vigilance of its numerous princes, the artful confederation of its states, the number of its strong castles, its many and broad rivers, had long restrained the ambition of its neighbors; and frequently as its extensive frontier had been attacked, its interior had been free from hostile invasion.

The consternation of the Emperor and the league at Tilly's defeat at Leipzig, was scarcely greater than the surprise and embarrassment of the allies of the King of Sweden at his unexpected success. It was beyond both their expectations and their wishes. Annihilated in a moment was that formidable army which, while it checked his progress and set bounds to his ambition, rendered him in some measure dependent on themselves. He now stood in

the heart of Germany, alone, without a rival or without an adversary who was a match for him. Nothing could stop his progress, or check his pretensions, if the intoxication of success should tempt him to abuse his victory. If formerly they had dreaded the Emperor's irresistible power, there was no less cause now to fear everything for the Empire from the violence of a foreign conqueror, and for the Catholic Church from the religious zeal of a Protestant king. The distrust and jealousy of some of the combined powers, which a stronger fear of the Emperor had for a time repressed, now revived; and scarcely had Gustavus Adolphus merited, by his courage and success, their confidence, when they began covertly to circumvent all his plans. Through a continual struggle with the arts of enemies, and the distrust of his own allies, must his victories henceforth be won; yet resolution, penetration, and prudence made their way through all impediments. But while his success excited the jealousy of his more powerful allies, France and Saxony, it gave courage to the weaker, and emboldened them openly to declare their sentiments and join his party. Those who could neither vie with Gustavus Adolphus in importance, nor suffer from his ambition, expected the more from the magnanimity of their powerful ally, who enriched them with the spoils of their enemies and protected them against the oppression of their stronger neighbors. His strength covered their weakness, and, inconsiderable in themselves, they acquired weight and influence from their union with the Swedish hero. This was the case with most of the free cities, and particularly with the weaker Protestant states. It was these that introduced the king into the heart of Germany; these covered his rear, supplied his troops with necessaries, received them into their fortresses, while they exposed their own lives in his battles. His prudent regard to their national pride, his popular deportment, some brilliant acts of justice, and his respect for the laws, were so many ties by which he bound the German Protestants to his cause; while the crying atrocities of the Imperialists, the Spaniards, and the troops of Lorraine, powerfully contributed to set his own conduct and that of his army in a favorable light.

If Gustavus Adolphus owed his success chiefly to his own genius, at the same time, it must be owned, he was greatly favored by fortune and by circumstances. Two great advantages gave him a decided superiority over the enemy. While he removed the scene of war into the lands of the League, drew their youth as recruits, enriched himself with booty, and used the revenues of their fugitive princes as his own, he at once took from the enemy the means of effectual resistance and maintained an expensive war with little cost to himself. And, moreover, while his opponents, the princes of the League, divided among themselves, and governed by different and often conflicting interests, acted without unanimity, and therefore without energy; while their generals were deficient in authority, their troops in obedience, the operations of their scattered armies without concert; while the general was separated from the lawgiver and the statesmen—these several functions were united in Gustavus Adolphus, the only source from which authority flowed, the sole object to which the eye of the warrior turned, the soul of his party, the inventor as well as the executor of his plans. In him, therefore, the Protestants had a centre of unity and harmony, which was altogether wanting to their opponents. No wonder, then, if favored by such advantages, at the head of such an army, with such a genius to direct it, and guided by such political prudence, Gustavus Adolphus was irresistible.

With a sword in one hand and mercy in the other, he traversed Germany as a conqueror, a lawgiver, and a judge, in as short a time almost as the tourist of pleasure. The keys of towns and fortresses were delivered to him, as if to the native sovereign. No fortress was inaccessible; no river checked his victorious career. He conquered by the very terror of his name. The Swedish standards were planted along the whole stream of the Main: the Lower Palatinate was free, the troops of Spain and Lorraine had fled across the Rhine and the Moselle. The Swedes and Hessians poured like a torrent into the territories of Mentz, of Wurtzburg, and Bamberg, and three fugitive bishops, at a distance from their sees, suffered dearly for their unfor-

fortunate attachment to the Emperor. It was now the turn for Maximilian, the leader of the League, to feel in his own dominions the miseries he had inflicted upon others. Neither the terrible fate of his allies, nor the peaceful overtures of Gustavus, who, in the midst of conquest, ever held out the hand of friendship, could conquer the obstinacy of this prince. The torrent of war now poured into Bavaria. Like the banks of the Rhine, those of the Lecke and the Donau were crowded with Swedish troops. Creeping into his fortresses, the defeated Elector abandoned to the ravages of the foe his dominions, hitherto unscathed by war, and on which the bigoted violence of the Bavarians seemed to invite retaliation. Munich itself opened its gates to the invincible monarch, and the fugitive Palatine, Frederick V, in the forsaken residence of his rival, consoled himself for a time for the loss of his dominions.

While Gustavus Adolphus was extending his conquests in the south, his generals and allies were gaining similar triumphs in the other provinces. Lower Saxony shook off the yoke of Austria, the enemy abandoned Mecklenburg, and the imperial garrisons retired from the banks of the Weser and the Elbe. In Westphalia and the Upper Rhine, William, Landgrave of Hesse, rendered himself formidable; the Duke of Weimar in Thuringia, and the French in the Electorate of Treves; while to the eastward the whole kingdom of Bohemia was conquered by the Saxons. The Turks were preparing to attack Hungary, and in the heart of Austria a dangerous insurrection was threatened. In vain did the Emperor look around to the courts of Europe for support; in vain did he summon the Spaniards to his assistance, for the bravery of the Flemings afforded them ample employment beyond the Rhine; in vain did he call upon the Roman court and the whole church to come to his rescue. The offended Pope sported, in pompous processions and idle anathemas, with the embarrassments of Ferdinand, and instead of the desired subsidy he was shown the devastation of Mantua.

On all sides of his extensive monarchy hostile arms surrounded him. With the states of the League, now overrun by the enemy, those ramparts were thrown down, be-



hind which Austria had so long defended herself, and the embers of war were now smoldering upon her unguarded frontiers. His most zealous allies were disarmed; Maximilian of Bavaria, his firmest support, was scarce able to defend himself. His armies, weakened by desertion and repeated defeat, and dispirited by continued misfortunes, had unlearned, under beaten generals, that warlike impetuosity which, as it is the consequence, so it is the guarantee of success.

The danger was extreme, and extraordinary means alone could raise the imperial power from the degradation into which it was fallen.

The most urgent want was that of a general; and the only one from whom he could hope for the revival of his former splendor had been removed from his command by an envious cabal. So low had the Emperor now fallen that he was forced to make the most humiliating proposals to his injured subject and servant, and meanly to press upon the imperious Duke of Friedland the acceptance of the powers which no less meanly had been taken from him. A new spirit began from this moment to animate the expiring body of Austria; and a sudden change in the aspect of affairs bespoke the firm hand which guided them. To the absolute King of Sweden, a general equally absolute was now opposed; and one victorious hero was confronted with another. Both armies were again to engage in the doubtful struggle; and the prize of victory, already almost secured in the hands of Gustavus Adolphus, was to be the subject of another and a severer trial. The storm of war gathered around Nuremberg; before its walls the hostile armies encamped, gazing on each other with dread and respect, longing for, and yet shrinking from, the moment that was to close them together in the shock of battle. The eyes of Europe turned to the scene in curiosity and alarm, while Nuremberg, in dismay, expected soon to lend its name to a more decisive battle than that of Leipzig. Suddenly the clouds broke, and the storm rolled away from Franconia, to burst upon the plains of Saxony. Near Lutzen fell the thunder that had menaced Nuremberg; the victory, half lost, was purchased by the death of the king. Fortune,

which had never forsaken him in his lifetime, favored the King of Sweden even in his death, with the rare privilege of falling in the fullness of his glory and an untarnished fame. By a timely death, his protecting genius rescued him from the inevitable fate of man—that of forgetting moderation in the intoxication of success, and justice in the plentitude of power. It may be doubted whether, had he lived longer, he would still have deserved the tears which Germany shed over his grave, or maintained his title to the admiration with which posterity regards him as the first and only *just* conqueror that the world has produced. The untimely fall of their great leader seemed to threaten the ruin of his party; but to the Power which rules the world, no loss of a single man is irreparable. As the helm of war dropped from the hand of the falling hero, it was seized by two great statesmen, Oxenstierna and Richelieu. Destiny still pursued its relentless course, and for full sixteen years longer the flames of war blazed over the ashes of the long-forgotten king and soldier.

## 4. AFTER GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS

It had been the dream of Gustavus Adolphus to establish a great Baltic state with a capital near the present site of Petrograd. His diversion into Germany had terminated this, since it cost his life, and however splendid the gain for German Protestants, from the standpoint of his own kingdom the enterprise was unfortunate. By the Peace of Westphalia, which ended the Thirty Years' War, Sweden was left in control of the Oder, Elbe and Weser; her size was augmented to twice the present dimensions of Sweden, but the various territories allotted to her were too scattered to constitute a consolidated kingdom. Instead of being a real gain, they blinded her statesmen to the actual situation and led them to fix their attention upon central Europe rather than the Baltic.

The astute Chancellor, Axel Oxenstierna, tried to guide the hand of Queen Christina. Had he been left unhampered, in all probability he would have been able to exact greater indemnities for Sweden's participation for eighteen years in the long war. As it was, Christina's wasteful policy wrought sad havoc. Much of the public income was derived from Crown lands. These she bestowed upon her favorites. One beneficial movement began during her reign: the foundation of popular education.

Always contemptuous of public opinion, she seems to have craved notice after her unwilling withdrawal from public life. She renounced Protestantism and espoused Catholicism, taking the new name Alexandra. Her death occurred in Rome in 1689, she being already "poor, neglected and forgotten."

Charles X was the son of Catherine, sister of Gustavus Adolphus. During the six years of his reign he practically wore himself out in military exploits. While he was engaged in war with Poland, the Danes invaded southern Sweden. Turning to protect his own kingdom, by a brilliant passage of an army 13,000 strong, he was able to surprise the Danes and to press into Copenhagen, where he dictated a stern peace.

His unexpected off-taking brought Sweden once more to the misfortune of a regency, for his son was but four years old. Sweden sunk to insignificance under the control of selfish nobles who entered into an ignominious agreement with Louis XIV to furnish him with an army of 16,000 men at any time, to fight anywhere. A single defeat of the army of Sweden dispelled the prevailing notion that her soldiers were invincible and her hostile neighbors fell upon her.

It was now that Charles XI, inexperienced, poorly educated, but endowed with an invincible will, assumed the command of his army and won two victories over the Danes. Because it accorded with his far-reaching plans to keep Sweden strong in the North, Louis XIV compelled restitution of all Swedish territories when peace was made in 1678. As a matter of fact, Charles XI hated the French king for forcing peace upon him. Nevertheless, it was fortunate for Sweden that this king was left for the remainder of his life to attend to internal affairs and no longer expend the manhood of his country and its resources in foreign wars. By dint of strictest economy, by thrift which he enforced upon the nation, and especially by his persistence in revoking grants of royal lands which Christina had made to nobles, he was able to restore the treasury of the realm. The people trusted their king implicitly. Whereas in some countries, notably in France, the sovereign became absolute because of personal aggressions, in Sweden he had absolutism thrust upon him. The people, including the townsmen, or burghers, peasants and the clergy, realized that the king stood for the state, whereas the nobles stood for themselves. Therefore they conferred greatest authority upon their ruler, passing in their Parliament the resolution that he was "an all-commanding sovereign king responsible for his actions to none on earth, but with power and authority as a Christian King to rule and govern his realm as it seemeth him best." To his glory be it said that he did not abuse their confidence.

The outstanding lessons taught by Charles XI were thrift and industry. He rose as early, worked as hard, lived as frugally as his peasants. Casting aside all personal in-



dulgences, subjecting himself to the strictest discipline and physical exercise, he made a companion of his son and successor, impressing his theories and habits upon him in boyhood years.

The prosperous condition of the country at the death of Charles XI explains in part how Sweden was able to pass through the trying experiences of the next quarter of a century. Charles XII was crowned when only fifteen years old. His slogan: "Nothing is impossible" was unqualified with the mental reservation that some achievements may be attained at too great a cost and that rulers would do well to set aside personal feelings and maintain a true perspective.

The Elector of Saxony occupied the Polish throne. Saxony, Denmark and Russia formed a coalition to wrest her continental possessions from peninsular Sweden. To the Senate the boy-king exclaimed: "I have resolved never to begin an unrighteous war; but I have also resolved never to finish a righteous war till I have utterly crushed my enemies." Setting out to repel the Danes, in the spring of 1700, Charles XII never returned to Stockholm again, although he reigned until 1718.

He soon forced a treaty from Denmark, then turned to Russia, where Peter the Great fled before his first battle and the Swedes won a signal victory at Narva. On this occasion Charles XII learned to despise the Russians as soldiers: an error that led to his later undoing.

The career of Charles XII offers an inviting field to one who thrills at military prowess, unexpected results and victories wrung in the very face of defeat. It also offers a fit subject for the student of psychology. Many times during the Great Northern War the king had opportunities to exact highly advantageous terms for Sweden: after his rapid invasion of Zealand, after the victory of Narva, after Klissow and upon his evacuation of Saxony. His ministers at home, his generals in the field fairly pled with him to end the "lean war" and become the arbiter of Europe. All argued in vain. He was determined to dethrone Augustus in Poland and no advantage to his kingdom counted for aught in his eyes till this was done. He set up his own

candidate, the pathetic Stanislaus Leszcynski, had him crowned king in the face of papal bulls and royal protestations. He guarded him on the throne, since his election was not welcomed by the Polish nation. He espoused the cause of the Protestants in Silesia. William III of England addressed him in a fatherly tone, advising him to make peace; Queen Anne sent Marlborough to him to learn his position during the war of the Spanish Succession. Charles XII never wasted useless time in discussion. He remained silent and left people to draw their own conclusions as to his attitudes. On one point he remained adamant: he would not permit Sweden to lose a foot of ground that had been bequeathed to him. His marvellous success as a military leader, his personal courage, cheerfulness and endurance under the severest tests—these heartened his soldiers to follow wherever he led, and even fascinated his generals, whose counsels would often have proved wiser than his own as to policy. During the dreadful march toward Moscow and its subsequent retreat south, to join the Cossacks, his army lessened from some forty to not more than twenty thousand soldiers. As they were overcome in great numbers by the relentless cold of a Russian winter, this seemed to make no more impression upon him than upon Napoleon, a century later, under similar circumstances.

Left alone as the Swedish army first withdrew from Russian borders, Peter the Great had founded Petrograd, overrunning Livonia and other territories claimed by Sweden. Sensing the danger from Russia, after Narva was retaken, the Swedish Senate entreated the king to make peace. The battle of Holowczyn was Charles' last great victory; it has been said to demonstrate the "utmost capability of cavalry." The battle of Poltava, fought almost a year later, was a defeat for Sweden.

During his entire military life Charles XII continually exposed himself to needless as well as necessary dangers and in the end he was taken off by a shot as he tarried around the ramparts of a camp, in face of the enemy, while invading Norway. In spite of his marvellous exploits as a commander of troops, his demise was a blessing for his country, prostrated by the inordinate drains which had been

put upon it for wellnigh two decades. Nor is there reason to believe that so long as he lived Charles would have ceased his warfare.

By the treaty of Nystad in 1721, most of her outside territories were lost to Sweden. Instead of yielding her advantage, her eighteen years of continual fighting had emptied her treasury, reduced the army and oppressed the peasantry, upon whom the cost of military affairs had fallen heaviest, almost beyond endurance.

With the death of Charles XII the dynasty founded by Gustavus Vasa came to an end.

### 5. RECENT TIMES

From the death of Charles XII until the accession of Gustavus III in 1771 kings were mere puppets in Sweden. Beyond question there was much reason for the feeling shared by the discriminating that never again ought the welfare of the kingdom to depend upon the mere caprice of a ruler, indifferent to everything but his personal animosities. Accordingly, a new Constitution was drawn up vesting power in the Riksdag. Despite its provisions it was the nobles who actually controlled the government and they soon split into two hostile parties. Chancellor Horn and his followers, being conservative and determined to preserve the peace at all cost, were dubbed the "Caps"—short for "Night-Caps" or drowsy ones; the more alert, eager to restore Sweden to her one-time position, took the name of "Hats," since they adopted the French head-gear. They favored an alliance with France, profiting by the gold sent from Paris to curry favor. The "Caps" inclined to an alliance with England.

The aged Chancellor was forced into retirement and the "Hats" came into power. They rushed blindly into a war with Russia which terminated in the loss of Finland, although this was re-ceded to them upon condition that Adolphus of Holstein be chosen as Crown Prince.

When Catherine II ascended the Russian throne, she looked forward to the dismemberment of Sweden at no far distant time and negotiated a secret alliance with Denmark anticipating such an event.

The prestige of the country was largely gone when the death of Adolphus brought his more aggressive son to the throne. He possessed many personal charms and had learned, during his sojourn in Paris, how materially the policy of his kingdom was dictated there.

Gustavus III was warmly welcomed when he returned to Sweden but found himself, none the less, little more than a figurehead. Unwilling to play such a rôle, alive to the real needs of the nation, he made common cause with conspirators and by the bloodless revolution of 1772 restored the monarchy of earlier times. A new Constitution was forced upon the Estates and the nobles were compelled to hear their selfish policies denounced by the young king who now deprived them of unwonted privilege. "Liberty has been transformed into aristocratic tyranny. Parties are united only in mangling and dishonoring their common fatherland. The majority is above the law and owns no restraint. Rid yourselves of fetters of foreign gold and domestic discord. If honor is dead in your hearts, my blushes ought to make you feel into what contempt the kingdom has been thrown by you."

Recognizing the justice of their sovereign's reproof, not unmindful of his armed Guard, the nobles permitted themselves to be relieved of their assumed authority. Gustavus III forbade the employment longer of the names of the two warring parties, who had sacrificed public standing for the satisfaction of carrying their measures. Everything possible was done to unite the Swedish people.

Sixteen years of wholesome reform followed. The press was freed from censorship. The courts were purified and justice reinstated.

It was but reasonable to expect that efforts would be made to win back their control when the nobles began to feel the disadvantages of a strong centralized government. They made secret overtures to Catherine of Russia, who promised to aid them in restoring the Constitution of 1720. This attempt of revolution failed and after the famous defeat of the Russian navy in 1790, peace was negotiated between the two countries, Catherine pledging herself to interfere no more in the domestic affairs of Sweden.



The true character of the French Revolution was apprehended by the Swedish king before most of the European powers understood it. For once he and the Empress of Russia were agreed in the desirability of upholding monarchical government and Gustavus formed a League to restore the Bourbons. Before anything came of it, he was assassinated by a discontented noble.

The estimates offered by different historians as to the value of the reign of Gustavus III show wide diversity of opinion. His reforms worked for strength and prosperity. That he did not hesitate to override the Constitution when the opinion of the nobles ran counter to his plans cannot be denied.

The regency provided to govern during the minority of the infant heir was soon set aside and the child's uncle, Charles XIII, ruled from 1809 until 1818. Finland was permanently gained by Russia. Under the stress of the Napoleonic wars, Denmark and Sweden were for the first time drawn closely together. This temporary alliance was destroyed when the Congress of Vienna acknowledged Finland as the permanent possession of Russia, awarding Norway to Sweden by way of compensation. The Norwegians were determined to establish a republic and the pressure of war was necessary before the Act of Union could be brought about.

It so happened that Charles XIII was advanced in years and had no sons. The strange conception of propitiating Napoleon by making one of his generals heir to the crown was now advocated and stranger still, the plan was carried out. Bernadotte, who took the name of Charles XIV at his accession, established the line which still rules in Sweden.

Charles XIV reigned from 1818 until his death in 1844. These years were prosperous for Sweden. The great Göta Canal was constructed at a heavy cost to unite Stockholm with Gothenburg. This has proved of immense commercial advantage.

Oscar I succeeded his father in 1844. He favored a firmly united Scandinavia, believing that Prussia was likely to make incursions into Baltic lands. The reluctance of

Norway to remain united to Sweden became more insistent as time went by.

Oscar I was followed by his son, Charles XV, progressive and disposed toward reform. The nation as a whole did not share his views and only one radical change was instituted. The Riksdag, cumbersome with its four departments of nobles, clergy, burgesses and peasants, all of which met separately, was organized into a modern Parliament of two chambers, the upper house composed of privileged orders, the lower, elective.

Agriculture, being a leading occupation of Sweden, considerable agitation has arisen between Protectionists and Free Traders. Latterly the abundant water power of the country has enabled manufacturing interests to develop.

Oscar II, brother of Charles XV, occupied the throne from 1872 until 1907. The separation of Norway from Sweden had become the engrossing theme and was consummated in 1905, after ninety-one years of restless acquiescence on the part of the Norwegians.

Gustavus V has been king of Sweden since 1907, succeeding upon the death of his father.

## NORWAY

Crooked and far is the road to a foe  
Though his house on the highway be;  
But wide and straight is the way to a friend,  
Though far away he fare.\*

**S**CANDINAVIA, during the last ten or twenty years, gradually has entered the consciousness of the American people. Fifty years back the name meant, to all but a few, a vague something suggesting ice and snow, polar bears and midnight suns. Gradually the names of Ibsen and Björnson, of Grieg and Sinding, of Nansen and Amundsen have become household terms, and in large sections of our country where immigrants from the North have taken land, formed communities, built schools and churches, gained control of politics, local and state, the words Danish, Swedish, and Norwegian have become terms to be reckoned with in public affairs.

During the year 1925, the word Norwegian has been especially prominent. Just one hundred years ago the first consistent emigration from Norway to America began, and since then it has progressed until the Norwegian-American population is not far short of that of the home-land. Throughout America citizens of Norwegian extraction have celebrated the centennial with enthusiasm; the government of the United States has taken enough cognizance of the event to print centennial postage stamps, and the President has found it worth while to journey the long way to Minneapolis to address the multitudes there assembled for the principal commemoration exercises.

It is natural, then, that we, who as a nation have absorbed and made citizens of this body of almost two millions of people, should ask what that nation is and for what that country stands, that has been bound to us by such close bonds of kinship. What are the characteristics of the people, what are the ideals and the ambitions of the nation, and what are its contributions to progress and civilization?

The land Norway, known to many Americans merely as a small country in Northern Europe, stretches south southwest to north northeast from latitudes 58 to 71, a distance of almost a thousand miles—as far as from New York to Chicago, or about the length of California. Her face is turned toward the North Sea, the North Atlantic, and the Arctic Ocean. Her back is upon Russia, Finland and Sweden. The southernmost point is six hundred miles north of the northernmost point of the United States, and the northernmost point corresponds with Northern Alaska. Her area is almost that of California and her rugged indented coastline equals in length half the circumference of the world at the equator. But of the comparatively large area, over two-thirds is rough mountain country that can in no way be used for agriculture, and even much of that which is tilled is rough and difficult of cultivation. Hard work and industry have been necessary to gain even a moderate living. Courage and endurance alone could conquer the hardships. In modern times, however, the development of industries, the systematic utilization of water power and other natural resources have increased the national wealth and put the country in the position to provide for an increasing population.

As a starting point for a consideration of the remarkable development of Norway of the nineteenth century, the year 1814 can best be taken. From that year dates the reestablishment of Norway as an independent sovereign nation; and it is the Napoleonic wars and new European alignments resulting from them that bring Norway once more into European politics and make her again take her place in the policies of the powers.

For over four hundred years—from 1380 to 1814—Norway had been united with Denmark. For four hundred years she had been buffeted by the ups and downs of the sister country. Finally she had been reduced to the position of a province of Denmark. Sometimes she was governed rather well, sometimes very badly; but usually she suffered from the neglect of kings who only once in a lifetime—if ever—visited her shores or tried to gain a real understanding of her needs. Not only politically but also





A SPINNER OF THE FJORD REGION, NORWAY  
Where the factory system has not penetrated.



FURNISHINGS OF A NORSE HOUSE IN THE PRE-CHRISTIAN ERA



intellectually, Norway had become dependent upon Denmark. The university at Copenhagen trained those of the Norwegians who gained a higher education. The forcible introduction of the Reformation by the Danish king ruined the schools that did exist in monastic centres and at the several cathedrals. Government officials and the clergy were Danish men or of Danish training. The language of the upper classes had become that of Denmark.

However, even far-off Norway was not untouched by the new movements and new tendencies—political, social, and philosophical—that seethed through Europe of the eighteenth century. The American war of Independence, the French Revolution, the new theories of the self-determination and of the rights of man, all made profound impression upon the Norwegian people and developed among them leaders who had positive ideas and a positive program when the crisis arrived.

During the Napoleonic wars Denmark carried on a vacillating policy, always, however, leaning toward alliance with France. This led to the war with England that from 1807-1814 almost wrecked Norway financially and economically. At the same time Sweden was gradually being drawn into the forces aligned against Napoleon. Czar Alexander of Russia sought in every way to win over the newly elected Crown Prince Charles John of Sweden (formerly Bernadotte and a marshal in the armies of Napoleon). Finally Charles John yielded on condition that the powers of Europe should secure for Sweden the whole of Norway as a recompense for Finland (taken by Russia in 1809). When, therefore, the great campaign of 1813 came to an end with the defeat of Napoleon near Leipzig, the powers in conference at Kiel (January, 1814) forced upon Denmark an agreement to cede Norway to Sweden.

When the news reached Norway, it served to awaken the whole nation and united it for the one purpose of preserving the national integrity. A sovereign power, at least theoretically united on equal terms with Denmark, could not without the consent of the people be bartered off to any one. Urged by political leaders, the Regent summoned a national assembly to lead the nation through the crisis. On

April 10 the National Assembly was convened at Eidsvold and by the 17th of the following month a constitution had been drawn and adopted, and the Prince Regent Kristian Frederik had been elected king. The assembly performed a marvelous piece of work. Without bloodshed and without the clamor of agitation or the clank of war a small group of resolute men had staged a complete revolution and adopted a constitution the sanest and the most democratic that had as yet appeared anywhere in the modern world.

But grim reality faced them. Sweden was not in the mood to yield easily, and soon her armies, reënforced by those of Russia, marched upon Norway. Impoverished and unorganized as Norway was, she might even then have made a real resistance had it not been for the weakness—not to say cowardice—of King Cristian Frederik as a military leader. After only a few minor conflicts the Norwegians accepted an armistice and on November 4, 1814, entered upon a union with Sweden, according to which the two countries as independent sovereign powers should be united upon a basis of full equality under the leadership of a common king. The terms were better than could have been hoped for, and were undoubtedly inspired by an ambition of Charles John to win to his standard a loyal and devoted nation.

But it soon seemed clear to Norwegian people that to the Swedes the union was based on the agreement of the Kieler conference, that any arrangement of equality was the result of Swedish generosity—not of Norwegian rights. And in consequence we find the first years of the new union largely taken up with attempts at adjustments by the two nations of their mutual relationship, which in Norway took the form of a jealous guarding of those rights granted her by the treaty of November 4, 1814, and the *Act of Union* adopted in 1815. Through the reign of Charles John the conflicts usually involved external regulations that to Norway indicated Sweden's claim for a superior place in the union. Norway claimed the right to celebrate as her national holiday the 17th of May; the king was incensed, for he wanted November 4 to be accepted as the day of union. Norway objected to a Governor in office while the



king resided in Stockholm; she also objected to the use of the Swedish flag and, later, to the use of the union mark in her own flag. Unimportant as these points might seem at first sight, to Norway they were vital; and her firm stand steeled her for the much more serious conflicts yet to come—conflicts that involved the very vitals of Norwegian economic development.

The reign of Oscar I (1844-1859) was comparatively quiet. The country was rapidly advancing commercially and economically. Able ministers guided the land, England's repeal of the Navigation Act opened the whole empire to Norwegian shipping, and the Crimean War made the prices favorable to Norway. Politically the country was most concerned with the rise of radicalism and the gradual gain of power of the peasant and laborer at the expense of the bureaucrat. Fear of this development led the bureaucrats to seek a closer *rapprochement* with Sweden and many plans came forth for revisions of the Act of Union and for a closer centralization of the government of the two countries. In every case these stranded on the stubborn watchfulness of the Norwegian liberals, often intensified by the high-handed imperiousness of bureaucratic Sweden.

Gradually a powerful radical party was organized through a union of the intellectual liberals under Johan Sverdrup and of the peasants under Ueland. The new party, little by little, forced through reforms in spite of the opposition of Norwegian conservatives and of the Swedes, who brought pressure to bear upon the king for the exerting of his power of veto. The office of Governor was abolished; but not till 1873 did the king approve the law. Extension of suffrage, revision of the military service law, the introduction of jury, the seating of the cabinet in parliament and the consequent enforcement of parliamentary government were all successfully sponsored by the radicals. The central struggle was for parliamentary government. i. e., for making the cabinet responsible to parliament, not to the king. Three times the law was passed and three times it was vetoed. Not till the governor had been impeached and removed from office did the king yield (1884). The political

power was now centered in parliament; the people had been victorious in their conflict with bureaucracy.

Norway now advanced to a recognized international position. Her commerce rose, her economic status became sound, her art and her literature were accorded a leading place in Europe. All this served to strengthen the nation's confidence, to make her more insistent upon her rights as an independent people within the Union. The growing commerce made the Norwegians realize the need of better foreign representation. The common consulates and legations representing the united countries reported to a Swedish minister of Foreign Affairs. Norway had no means of guarding her own rights, and the Swedish officials were often negligent where Norway's interests alone were involved. The demand of the Norwegians for a separate consular service met such severe opposition in Sweden that the conflict finally ended in the dissolution of the Union in 1905.

Thanks to the firm stand of the common people of Sweden, who were disposed to be friendly toward Norway and to the support of England, France, and, to a certain extent, of Germany, war was averted. Sweden recognized Norway's position as an independent sovereign power. And after a plebiscite in Norway, Prince Charles of Denmark was elected to fill the vacant throne. Prince Charles, son of Frederick VIII of Denmark, and his wife Maud, daughter of Edward VII of England, were crowned king and queen of Norway in the cathedral of Throndhjem, 1906. The new king assumed the name Haakon VII.

Under the new régime Norway grew and prospered during the period from 1905 to 1914, when the World War broke out. Extensive exploitation of natural resources gave work to many people and never in the century had emigration been so low. It was a period of experimental legislation. To guard their resources from foreign capital, strict concession laws were adopted and many regulations introduced that smacked of state socialism. Though in many cases the new laws have hampered individual enterprise and injured Norwegian citizens, it is generally con-

ceded that the legislation has been profitable for the economic stability of the country.

But the coming of the World War did much to upset the advantages gained. Threatened constantly from both sides, Norway with difficulty remained neutral. Although through commerce and shipping she made vast sums of ready money, it was an unwholesome wealth, much of which was carried away in the period of deflation. Norway lost in all more than a third of her whole merchant marine in the submarine warfare and over a thousand men. Her commerce was constantly subject to regulations from England upon whom she was dependent for coal, and from Germany from whom she needed iron.

The period following the war has been a constant struggle through the deflation to save as much as possible of the wealth gained. Banks and old business houses have often fought a losing battle, for Norway's wealth was formerly largely on the sea. The post-war slump in the shipping market reacted immediately upon the country. Hardly a bank in Norway but had heavy investments in the shipping world, and many a well-established firm went down as a result. They live in reorganized and reduced form or have passed entirely from the commercial index. Now, however, something approaching normal condition is gradually returning; the Norwegian money is slowly improving on the international market; and it is to be hoped that by the maintenance of a careful and safe policy Norway will finally regain her pre-war stability.

The reestablishment of Norwegian sovereignty and the awakening of national consciousness brought about a growth in art and literature that has few parallels in modern history. And the renewed self-confidence of the nation has led to an almost aggressive leadership in intellectual achievement, in science, in discoveries, and in social and economic experimentation.

In literature the beginning of the nineteenth century shows us in Norway a conventional and, while not very powerful, yet rather attractive reflection of the early romantic movement. Soon, however, after the establishment of independence and the union with Sweden, two out-

standing leaders came to the front who made of literature a vital question that touches the everyday life of the whole nation. The one, Henrik Wergeland, a fiery aggressive patriot and nationalist, a follower of Byron and Shelley, is even today a popular hero. He took the lead in asserting Norway's equality with Sweden and in the declaration of independence from the intellectual dominance of Denmark. An historian, a pamphleteer, a dramatist, and an epic poet—he is known today chiefly for his lyric poetry and for the staunch patriotism that has left its mark upon the history of the nation. After a short and active literary career (1830-1845) he died a premature death in 1845, only thirty-seven years of age. All Norway, friend and foe, mourned his death. The leader of the opposition was J. S. C. Welhaven, a finely tempered critic, a natural-born leader of the intelligentsia. Offended at the "crude" and "rough" work of Wergeland, he advocated refinement, classical control, and the continued subservience to Danish intellectual standards. Wergeland's poetry had the promise of future growth; Welhaven's did not. Yet the keen criticism and the cutting satire of Welhaven kept the opponents from going to foolish extremes.

While Wergeland was still living and Welhaven still in his prime, a new form of romanticism gained a complete control of Norwegian art and literature. The return to the Middle Ages, the cultivation of national tradition, a new interest in the common people—all are familiar slogans to students of European literature. In the forties the movement arrived in Norway via Denmark. Norway had asserted her independence; she was in the mood to boast; the past was her most glorious record. Asbjørnsen and Moe collected folk tales revealing the character of the peasant and the power of the every day Norwegian language. Landstad collected ballads and Lindemann folk music. Professors and historians turned to the study of the Viking period and to investigation of the Old Norse language. Ivar Aasen investigated the dialects of the country and prepared the first samples of the "landsmaal," the "languages of the country," that has come to be adopted as a second official language. In art, Tidemand and Gude turned to Norwegian



landscape and to the life of the peasant and gave us on their canvases what is the very peak of romantic adulation of national characteristics. But their art, dominated by the school of Düsseldorf, became a "studio art" that did not penetrate to the depths. A somewhat artificial roseate glamour dominates them; and not till Norwegian artists in the sixties began to turn to Munich for guidance do we see once more a national art of the highest power.

Out of the period of narrow romanticism rise two figures destined to assume the place of giants in Norwegian literary history. They are Björnson and Ibsen. Inspired partly by the romantic return to the national past, partly by the new rise to political power of the common people and by the general revolutionary stir in the Europe of 1848, Ibsen and Björnson began their work.

Ibsen in 1850—at the age of twenty-two—came to Christiania to enter the university and begin his literary career. Naively enough he and a young chum planned to cover their living expenses on the returns from Ibsen's poetry, particularly the early revolutionary tragedy *Catiline* published by the boys at their own risk. Nothing came of this hope, and the precarious financial position was relieved only by the sale of Ibsen's play for wrapping paper. Now this play, which is of value mostly as a curio, can hardly be obtained at any price.

After a year's struggle in which he made a meagre living from journalism or anything that came his way, Ibsen abandoned his original plan of studying medicine and accepted a position as director and stage poet at the Bergen National Theatre just established by Ole Bull. For five years Ibsen carried out his duties faithfully. He studied dramatic art in Denmark and Germany and applied his learning to his composition and production. His plays from this period brought nothing new. They were in the old romantic vein, in technique largely dominated by the artificial "well-made play" of the Frenchman, Scribe. To this period belong *St. John's Eve*, *The Warrior's Mound*, *Lady Inger of Östraat*, *The Feast of Solhaug*. In the plays, however, and especially in *Lady Inger* we find passages and

characterizations that suggest a power as yet unknown in Norwegian drama.

In 1856 Ibsen returned to Christiania to take control of the new *Norwegian Theatre*, established as a rival of the *Kristiania Theatre* where Danish influence was still dominant. After a precarious existence that left Ibsen penniless and almost starving, the theatre went into bankruptcy in 1862. In the meantime Ibsen had completed two new plays, *The Vikings of Helgeland* (1857) and *Love's Comedy* (1862) and began work on *The Pretenders* (1864), plays that mark a turning point in Norwegian drama. Built on Old Norse sagas, *The Vikings* and *The Pretenders* belong to the products of the romantic school. But the abandonment of poetic form for the vigorous saga prose; and the abandonment of intrigue for the action that grows out of and is dependent upon character shows a new trend. Not since Shakespeare had Europe produced an historical play the equal of *The Pretenders*. And yet Ibsen failed of recognition. Discouraged, bitter, and suffering, he vented his spleen in the modern social satire *Love's Comedy*, whose iambic couplets vie with Pope's in brilliance and acrid bite.

In the meantime Ibsen's friend and rival, Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson, though he did not walk upon a primrose path, had far more recognition and soon became an arbiter of literature. Bjørnson arrived in Christiania the same year as Ibsen (1850) and entered the same tutoring school—that of Old Heltberg described in Bjørnson's poem of that name—to prepare for a university career. But what a difference between the two young friends! Ibsen, a young man of twenty-two (born 1828) of small stature, with coal black hair, and a white complexion, the son of a bankrupt business man, since early boyhood had known want and had earned a meagre living as an apothecary's assistant. He had been marked for life by a bitterness that the Norwegian people later did their best to accentuate. Bjørnson, the son of a country parson of gigantic physique and strong character, and of a gentler mother of musical and poetic temperament, was the very antithesis of Ibsen. Tall and rawboned, with a ruddy complexion and a shock of fair hair, proud in carriage, the young Bjørnson was soon a

marked man in a community no larger than that of the Christiania of his day. Björnson was destined for the ministry, and to reach the goal he had assistance—though very meagre—from his father. Ibsen was quiet and retiring; Björnson open, generous, confident, aggressive. Björnson soon had a following of loyal friends and became a powerful leader in the student's union. Journalism soon engrossed him; and the pen made him desert theology. His living was scant enough at many times but he never met the cold hand of non-interest that took the joy out of Ibsen's early life.

Though Björnson did not turn so decidedly to the drama as did Ibsen, his early influence upon the stage was even stronger. In Norway the theatre as an institution was of very recent date. In private houses and in dramatic societies the art had flourished even in the eighteenth century. But not till 1827 did Norway have an established public play house. The management of the theatre was in the hands of a Dane; and leading supporters were of the bureaucratic group with strongly Danish literary affinities. As a critic, Björnson soon became the champion of nationalism. Through his articles he encouraged the Norwegian-born actors, and took their part when the Danish management set them aside for Danish favorites. When the pen was not a sufficiently powerful weapon, Björnson resorted to more drastic methods. In 1856 he organized among the students an opposition party that met in the theatre and broke up the performance three days in succession to prevent the début of a new Danish actor. In spite of support from the police the management had to yield; and from 1856 it is fair to say the nationalists had the upper hand. In less than a decade Björnson was himself (1865) elected director of the theatre, at that time after the closing of the Norwegian Theatre the only play house of any importance in the national capital.

Björnson's first significant work as an author, however, was not of a dramatic nature. When Björnson, with a flare characteristic of him, declared in 1856 "I will be a poet," it was the peasant tales and lyric poetry that first came from his pen. In both forms of literature Björnson was

carrying on the traditions of the romantic movement. But in power he far outreached his predecessors. Prolific as Björnson was, he sent forth in quick succession *Between the Battles* (1856) a short saga drama; *Thronð* (1856) a short story; *Synnöve Solbakken* (1857) and *Arne* (1858), both peasant tales; *Halte Hulda* (1858) a saga play; *A Happy Boy* (1860) a peasant tale. Though these works carried on the tradition of the age, they point decidedly toward something new, although, except for the prose style, Björnson was not conscious of breaking with tradition. For the first time we meet the real Norwegian peasant. Though plot and the happy endings have the flavor of romanticism, yet the details of characterization and description add a new realistic element to Norwegian literature. Björnson grew up among the common people; he knew them as no Norwegian author had ever known them; he was saturated with their peculiar phraseology, and, more than anything, he understood their element of taciturnity. His people are alive; we know them, love them, hate them. And to all this Björnson added that in which he has never been surpassed—the analysis and portrayal of child psychology.

In these few years Björnson found time, too, for considerable journalistic activity, for over a year's service as theatre director in Bergen and for an active political career. Embittered by the enmity aroused against him because of his political activity, he left the country in 1860 for study abroad. Though he came in contact with new ideas and continental thought, he wrote during the next four years plays that are a continuation of his earlier romantic work. The subjects are all drawn from history; but, as in Ibsen's plays, we can trace in Björnson's work a maturing mind and a trained workman. The high-water mark of this period, and in some ways of his whole dramatic career, is the trilogy *Sigurd Slembe* composed in Munich in 1862. William Archer has recently characterized it as the greatest drama since Shakespeare.

The work for nationalism in art and in life was soon carried forward in other forms and by other men than Björnson and Ibsen. Out of the same return to the plain and everyday peasant, sprang also the work of Ivar Aasen,



a west Norwegian peasant boy of a poor family, who became in time Norway's greatest authority on the language of the common people. Aroused by his discovery that present day dialects are pure and direct descendants of the Old Norse of the Sagas and Eddas, Aasen set out to make a systematic study of them. In 1848 he published a grammar and, in 1851, a compendious dictionary of the language of the people. Little by little he began the production of lyric poetry and even drama in the re-discovered language.

From this effort dates one of the most important literary and social movements of modern Norway, the so-called "landsmaal sak" of the *maalstrav*, an effort to abolish the Dano-Norwegian language of the bourgeoisie, the language of Ibsen and Björnson, and to adopt the artificial language "landsmaal" formed upon a "harmony," or fusion, of the different dialects. Little by little the radical party in politics was won over and for the past fifty years the question has been a vital political issue with untold ramifications in every social problem. The question has divided Norway in two camps that have carried on and still are carrying on a fight often acrimonious and undignified. The language question has served as an excuse for many a man to "play politics" and has, to the outsider, more than once made the country ridiculous. By 1885 the landsmaal faction was powerful enough to enact a law placing the two languages on an equal plane in national affairs. The laws were to be written in both tongues, and parliamentary debate could be carried on in either. In 1907 it was further enacted that every candidate for the B. A. degree must write an acceptable composition in both languages. It is the same fight that has flared up and resulted in the change of place names from the Dano-Norwegian period to those of Old Norse times. Thus on January 1, 1925, the capital of the country, known to all of us as Christiania, was renamed Oslo—its name in Saga days.

Though the strife has brought much that is evil—ill-will and quarrels, a costly machinery in government administration and in education—it has also had its good effect. It served to emphasize nationalism and the national element in the language; it led to collection and study of many

cultural traditions; and it promoted also the use of peculiar Norwegian idioms and constructions that served to vitalize the established language.

More immediate followers of the literary leaders also came to the fore. In fiction, Björnson's friend Jonas Lie soon followed his lead and in 1870 began a series of novels dealing with the life of northern Norway. The first, and in some ways the most significant of these novels, was the *Visionary* (or *Second Sight*) (1870), followed by *Sketches and Stories* (1872), *The Barque 'Future'* (1872), *The Pilot and His Wife* (1874). Lie, though lacking the ease and vigor of Björnson, has nevertheless captured the Norwegian people and has added to the growth in literature a new field—the novel of the sea and of the northern fisheries, which in recent years has been so successfully produced again by Bojer in *The Last of the Vikings*.

But by the time Lie and others had taken up the romantic novel, Björnson and Ibsen had advanced far into new fields of activity and had brought to Norway new forms in which they were destined to be leaders of world-literature.

Romanticism had received its death blow. Björnson and Ibsen had instinctively pruned away most of the sentimentalism that had been a serious blemish; and political events hastened the inevitable death. During the fifties a strong pan-Scandinavian sentiment had grown up. The conservatives in Norway sought closer contact with Sweden; and Denmark, terrified in 1848 by Prussian aggression, had turned for support to the sister countries. Both Ibsen and Björnson were carried away by the idea. Literature was full of reference to the brotherhood of the northern peoples. But in 1864—the very year in which Ibsen and Björnson produced their last romantic works—the pan-Scandinavian ideal received its death blow. Prussia and Austria united in war upon Denmark; and Bismarck wrested from his little neighbor all the land up to a boundary which was in force until the Versailles treaty provided for a plebiscite in the disputed area. Norway and Sweden talked much but did nothing. Pan-Scandinavianism had faded into pretty phrases.

Ibsen, now in Rome, flung at his homeland the two great

dramatic poems *Brand* (1866) and *Peer Gynt* (1867). All the confined bitterness of years burst its barriers. In *Brand* Ibsen ridiculed the pettiness of everything at home:

“You’ll find he has no virtue whole,  
But just a little grain of each.  
A little pious in the pew,  
A little grave,—his father’s way,—  
Over the cup a little gay,—  
It was his father’s fashion too!

. . . . .

A little free in promise making;  
And then, when vows in liquor will’d  
Must be in mortal stress fulfill’d,  
A little fine in promise-breaking.  
Yet, as I say, all fragments still  
His faults, his merits, fragments all,  
Partial in good, partial in ill,  
Partial in great things and in small;—  
But here is the grief—that, worse or best,  
Each fragment of him wrecks the rest.”<sup>1</sup>

And again in the words of the stern Brand, he takes a fling at the very romanticism he formerly had supported. To the Mayor who has spoken of ancient tradition he shouts:

Plough first your brag of old renown  
Into the main, and plow it down!  
The pigmy is not more the man  
For being of Goliath’s clan.<sup>2</sup>

And in *Peer Gynt*, Ibsen attacks romanticism itself with a lighter touch, more cleverly and more humanly than in *Brand*, but even more directly. In *Brand* he has found himself; and from its immediate recognition, he gained the courage to go on. Never again in all his life did Ibsen hesitate or show fear. When anything in his homeland roused his ire, satire burned forth quickly and intensively, no matter what the reaction.

Never had Norwegian literature had anything even

approaching *Brand* or *Peer Gynt* either in plan or conception, in power or directness of poetic force. And nothing in European literature in general is comparable to them except Goethe's *Faust*.

Two years of rest followed. And when Ibsen again approached his public it was with a new form of drama, *The League of Youth*, a prose drama of modern political intrigue—not significant in itself, but very significant as the forerunner of the new problem play that was to form the real foundation of Ibsen's place in European drama. From 1877 to 1899 Ibsen hammered away, experimenting and perfecting a new type of play that searched the very pith and marrow of modern society. A storm of protest at home and abroad failed to stop or turn aside Ibsen's activity; and today his influence has spread to all civilized nations and his plays are acted wherever European drama is known.

Although Björnson was slower to break with the older traditions, he soon swung into line both in drama and fiction, studying the problems of the day, political and social, and often using his art for furthering immediate and local reforms. For this reason the social drama of Björnson is less universal and less permanent than that of Ibsen. Björnson was always the political and social leader; wherever the fight raged he was at hand. Ibsen lived abroad, isolated and unhampered by local considerations.

The new tendency of the drama was only a phase of the whole awakening of Norway to continental thought. Evolution and the new study of science, the philosophy of John Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer, the literary criticism of Taine and Georg Brandes all took effect. At the university, where conservatism ruled supreme and where theology was the most highly reputed study, the young historian I. E. Sars took up the cudgels for the new science (1870). The new thought led to a questioning of the old tenets of society and of religion, and the dramatists and novelists were the first to bring home to the ordinary people doubts regarding the old.

The first novelist of consequence to carry on these ideas was Alexander Kielland, who broke with traditional theology and turned his satire, as Ibsen had done before



him, upon the established government. And soon Jonas Lie, though with great effort, joined the movement.

The new drama and the new fiction were vivid, direct and searching. Everyday themes and everyday people took the centre of the stage; realism was fully established. But soon a horde of young writers grew up, of little artistic ability but great radical zeal, who thought that a social problem made literature and that crude frankness meant art. With them naturalism ran rampant during the eighties. Norway was flooded as never before with all forms of literary production; but, now that the smoke of conflict has cleared away, little but the work of the four leaders remains.

In painting, Norway witnessed a development similar to that in literature, though its progress was slower. Young painters, dissatisfied with the sentimental romanticism of Düsseldorf, turned their eyes to the academicians of Munich. The Düsseldorf school had painted nature—a superficial studio-nature. They had lost contact with the power, vitality, and deeper significance of earth; their art bore the stamp of the atelier. In the rich galleries of Munich—Die Alte and Neue Pinakothek—Norwegians came in contact with the old masters. Under the leadership of Munich, historical painting and portraiture for a time caught the interest of the Norwegians. Eilif Pettersen and Hans Hyerdal in this genre soon rose to European fame and reached a height not before attained by Norwegian art. But in Munich a spirit of restlessness was in the air; Paris was beginning to make herself felt; and the Norwegians caught the lure of realism. They flocked now to Rome and to Paris for a strengthening of their new convictions. French naturalism and impressionism swept them away; the artists returned to Norway to paint home scenes—anything and everything they saw, ugly or beautiful, with a vividness entirely new. The eighties, with the rise of impressionism, witnessed the golden period of Norwegian art. Fritz Thoulow, Chr. Krogh, Erik Werenskiöld took the lead, and soon their forces were strengthened by Gerhard Munthe who deserted the Munich group for the banner of the naturalists. The new school displayed a brilliancy in

color, boldness in theme and treatment that at first offended, but later, captivated the public. The painters had carried through victoriously their struggles against a conservative public just as Ibsen and Björnson had done in literature.

Out of the new school sprang a leader, surpassing all his predecessors in boldness and genius, the greatest figure in Norwegian art. Edward Munch was not a follower; he, like Ibsen, was a leader of international rank. His recognition came in Berlin after a furious tempest over his first exhibition, which was closed by the authorities and scoffed at by an offended public. Munch sowed the wind and reaped the whirlwind. Now, however, the seemingly careless drawing and the violent pigments are taken for granted and people see rather the vivid imagination, the great poetic might and power of elemental feeling. With Krogh, Thoulow, Pettersen, Werenskiold, and Munch, Norwegian art has attained world power, has left a mark second only to that of her literature.

But when "tendencies" run rampant, reaction is inevitable. Literature and art ran rampant in the eighties. The declaration of independence from literary, political, and social conservatism had been successful. In politics the year 1884 was the turning point. The radicals had won every conflict and their supremacy soon led to disruption within their own ranks. In literature liberty had turned to license, realism to sordidness. In a social way the "Bohemians" broke every convention. A host of minor writers sprang up who thought theme and propaganda everything, the aesthetic nothing. Beauty fled.

Such a state must of necessity bring a change. A new plea for art came to the fore. And Knut Hamsun took the lead in an attack upon the old idols—Ibsen, Björnson, and Kielland and their "problem-dichtung." With the nineties the new movement became dominant, though the old forces and the old writers were still at work. Arne Garborg, chief poet of the "landsmaal," who had been in the camp of the naturalists, turned to a new mysticism that closely resembles that of Tolstoy. The reestablishment of religious reverence without the trappings of old dogma became a passion with him. Garborg was trying to find peace for

himself. An excellent example of his work of this period is *The Lost Father*, the only one of his books available in English. In style it suggests the best of the New Testament; in thought it clearly shows the influence of the Tolstoy of later years—the Tolstoy of the religious crisis.

Greatest of the new writers is Knut Hamsun who, from 1890 until the present day, has poured forth with marvelous fecundity a veritable stream of novels. To him humanity and nature are all, dogmatism nothing. He probes human nature to the quick, lays bare the emotions as unhesitatingly as the most rabid naturalist. His first book *Hunger* (1890) analyzes with the intensity of the Russians the psychology of suffering. The subconscious instincts and emotions are mercilessly exposed. People gasped and shuddered. Hamsun continued. In the books following human passions are still central but nature is also drawn in. Nothing can be more repulsive than bits of human passions laid bare in *Pan*, and yet nothing is more beautiful, in prose or poetry, than the almost uncanny revelations of the moods of nature and her meaning to man. In all of Hamsun's early work these two elements are prevalent. In his later works, such as the *Growth of the Soil* or *Segelfoss Town*, a greater calm prevails. He paints a broader canvas, the backgrounds are fuller, his interest catches a whole community or, as in the *Growth of the Soil*, all humanity. With the greater restraint, his humor also gains power and adds relief. But in spite of Hamsun's theories, didacticism creeps into his later works; pet hobbies must be aired, and the hobbies leave blemishes. Even in the *Growth of the Soil*, one of the greatest novels of the twentieth century, the carefully developed atmosphere—sensitive to any carelessness—is badly broken by a harangue on the leniency of Norwegian courts. A useless and artistically inferior subplot is developed to carry the thesis. And yet the broad humanness of the book carries us past its faults and leaves us with a sense of something new and powerful attained in the field of fiction.

Of Hamsun's contemporaries, Johan Bojer is the most prominent. Bojer does not seek to establish something

new; he builds, rather, on the traditions of Björnson and Kielland. Bojer always has something to say; but he usually has a problem to analyze, and for this reason his art often suffers. The power that is in him has, however, caught the world. France was first to recognize him. America has embraced him now and he is undoubtedly the most read Norwegian in our country today. Once—when he forgets theories—he rises to the height of Hamsun: I mean in *The Last of the Vikings* where he portrays the life and emotions so familiar to him from his boyhood days among the fishermen in the north country. Never before or since has Bojer done anything more sincere, more sympathetic, than the pictures of Kristaver Myran and his wife Marja, and of Jacob.

In the very last years a new romanticist, in the best sense of the word, has come forward in the person of Sigrid Undset, Norway's greatest woman writer. After a powerful start in problem novels dealing with modern Christiania life, Sigrid Undset turned to the Middle Ages for her inspiration. The result was the great trilogy *Kristin Lavransdatter*, two volumes of which have appeared in English translation under the titles *The Bridal Wreath* and the *Mistress of Husaby*. In these stories of fourteenth century Norway, Sigrid Undset reveals the erudition of a professor of history. However, this does not exclude a real sympathy with the people and their problems. She loves and understands them; and yet she analyzes them with a psychological keenness usually unknown in romance. In her work are combined the romance of old and the psychological novel of today.

Literature seemed in the first decade of the twentieth century to be stagnant; but has in the last years gained new vitality. Hamsun and Bojer are still writing, but they belong, historically, to the nineteenth century. Sigrid Undset rises above the rank and file, but in her first work she, too, belonged with the earlier tradition. Poets like Wildenvey and Olaf Bull cast a new grace over life. Olav Dunn and Johan Falkberget have turned as decidedly as Sinclair Lewis and Sherwood Anderson, and fully as successfully, to the interpretation of the provincial. Mikkjel



Fönhus tells of the woods and mountains, of the wild beasts and of the moods and mysteries of their life. The wide range and inherent power of the younger writers herald another age of literary distinction—though it may not attain the power of the “Golden Age” of Ibsen, Björnson, Lie and Kielland.

The nineteenth century brought to Norway a great progress in other intellectual fields. The young and immature university became, after the reestablishment of national integrity, the centre of a new historical and linguistic school. The study of Norse activities during the Middle Ages brought forth scholars of rank like Keyser, Unger, and Munch, who throughout the libraries and archives of Europe followed and rediscovered the progress of the nation from its first appearance on the historical horizon. A great many old texts and manuscripts were transcribed and published and the original sources thus made available for the next generation of scholars. In philology and linguistics Sophus Bugge made for himself an international name, and made necessary the revaluation of the work of older investigators of Germanic antiquities.

But in the abstract field of higher mathematics the new period brought possibly its most remarkable contribution. The young scholar Abel in the very first days of the university drew the attention of the world to Norway when, a mere youth of twenty, he began his publications. At his death in 1828, then only twenty-six years of age, he had become one of the founders of modern mathematical research. In the sixties, about the time of the rise of Ibsen and Björnson and of the new radicalism in the intellectual life, another mathematical genius came to the fore—Sophus Lie, a world-leader in geometry. He was called as professor to the University of Leipzig where his most fundamental work was carried on.

The general public is possibly best acquainted with the work of the Norwegians in the field of arctic and antarctic exploration. The sensational work of Roald Amundsen has again brought the subject to the fore. His completion of the Northwest passage, that is the sailing around the northern shores of the American continent; his discovery of the

south pole; and, finally his aeroplane dash toward the north pole undertaken recently with the assistance of an American, Mr. Elsworth—all are of a spectacular nature. And, in earlier days, the efforts of Nansen to reach the north pole were quick to catch the popular imagination. But what the general public hardly notices is that these spectacular efforts are merely incidents in the careful scientific investigations of oceanography and geophysical phenomena carried out largely with the support of the Norwegian government. Accurate mapping of ocean currents and streams, establishment of depths, investigation of ocean life—all are of interest in the purely scientific world, but to a nation like Norway, subsisting largely from the sea, the researches have been of practical importance to the shipping, fishing, and whaling industries.

The name Nansen leads us on to another field—that of international law and international relations. Since 1905, when Nansen, as minister to the court of St. James, did more than any one individual to win the support of England in Norway's political conflicts with Sweden, his name has been prominent in European affairs. The World War made it one to be reckoned with. In 1918 Nansen was the head of the Norwegian commission that negotiated the trade agreement with the American government. During the months of difficult and, as it often seemed, futile negotiations in Washington, one heard nothing but praise of Nansen from either our state or military authorities. And when he returned to Norway, the agreement signed, he became the staunchest friend and most ardent and outspoken interpreter of America in the Scandinavian north.

Since the armistice of November 11, 1918, Nansen has been a leader in bringing Europe back to the normal. First, for the Red Cross, he took charge of the repatriation of prisoners of war. Later he was the representative of the West in controlling Russian relief. Finally, he has been one of the strongest and most practical leaders in the activities of the League of Nations. Nansen has become Europe's outstanding leader in efforts for international understanding and good fellowship because of the implicit trust placed in his integrity and fairness by all factions. He has won

the confidence of the extremes; England and France trust him and so does Soviet Russia.

It is, therefore, with justifiable pride that Norwegians look back upon their efforts of the past century. The remarkable progress is not due to any superiority over other nations in general; it is rather due to an awakening of national consciousness that has made her citizens as a whole contribute their best. The sense of coming into maturity, the consciousness of being a nation of power and traditions, the realization of physical and mental reserve, have all served to stimulate activities and energies that had been latent for centuries.

That the progress has been accompanied by some unnecessary acclaim of her own greatness no one denies. The Norwegian nation has never been famed for tact or external polish. But, without belief in one's self; progress is seldom made; and we in America should be the last to throw stones at one who "blows his own horn." When all is said and done, a youthful freshness has characterized the rise of the Norwegian nation in the past century; and the best illustration of it is found in the poet Björnson. Björnson, as has no one else, has embodied to the highest degree national faults and national virtues. Large of stature, commanding in appearance, eloquent in his appeal, the fair-haired giant looms up over the multitude, proclaiming democracy, freedom, and fraternal love.

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\* *Hovamal* 34 tr. Bellows.

<sup>1</sup> *Brand* Act I: Archer's translation, p. 23.

<sup>2</sup> *Brand* Act III: Archer's translation, p. 104.

## HISTORICAL OUTLINE OF NORWAY

### 1. GLACIAL INFLUENCE

THE glacial age, that left its ineffaceable imprint on northern Europe, lingered longest in Scandinavia. Norway, occupying the western part of the peninsula, still exhibits numerous evidences of its inexorable reign. Here the great continental glacier reached a depth of six or seven thousand feet, remnants of it still surviving in the mountains. Popular impression to the contrary, it is in Norway, not Switzerland, where the largest extant glaciers of Europe are to be seen.

Gaining motion under tremendous pressure, the glacier began its slow progress to the sea, carrying huge boulders and uprooted trees along in its course. Mighty rivers of ice were formed which carved out deep gorges, leaving high walls of rock on either side. As a result, the coast of Norway is unlike that of most irregular shores. In the first place, the mainland is protected by a continuous chain of islands, many thousands of them forming a breakwater for the channel that separates them from the mainland. This "Norwegian Canal," as it has been called, is itself the result of glacial action, a river of ice having chiselled its course around the outer edge of the south-west and western peninsula, severing fragments of varying size and shape from the mainland; these form the present island barrier. From the mountain slopes, at right angles with this encompassing river of ice, portions of the great glacier were forced along on their way to the sea. Seeking outlets by many mouths, great estuaries or fiords were sculptured, their depth greater than that of the ocean. As a result, arms of the sea reach inland to a considerable distance, the Sogne Fiord having a length of one hundred and six miles.

The outstanding peculiarities of the surface formation, as they appear to those who look upon them for the first time, are the fiords, which give access to valleys enclosed by rocky parapets; beachless shores, since the deep bays allow



no sand or gravel to accumulate; and finally, the well rounded contour of the mountains, all sharp peaks and rocky spires having been worn away by grinding glaciers at work through untold centuries.

In both hemispheres the influence of glaciers has been far-reaching. The New England States have proved to be well adapted for manufacturing purposes since water power is abundant. Waterfalls abound in the partially eroded river-beds, which were cut down by new streams after the ice receded. The effects of the glacial age are quite as apparent in Norway, where they have exerted a permanent influence on the fortunes of the inhabitants. Due to the difficulties of land travel, the sea became the great highway. Although communication was often impracticable over the mountains, it was a simple matter to pass from one fiord to another by boat. In the quiet waters protected by the island reefs the fisherfolk who dwelt among the fiords learned to handle their craft under all conditions, until, having become expert seamen, they were ready to cope with the open deep. Finally, it scarcely needs to be observed that a country such as Norway would be difficult to weld together into a firmly united kingdom.

The islands of Norway make up about one-fourteenth of its land surface and at present they contain approximately one-eighth of the total population.

Despite its northerly position, the Gulf Stream modifies the climate and renders the land well suited to habitation. Sweden, lying beyond the high mountain range, experiences more radical climatic changes, despite the modifying influence of the Gulf Stream.

Like Sweden, Norway was peopled in remote times—perhaps several thousand years before our era. It is surmised that Teutons migrated here a thousand or more years before Christ, overcoming the earlier inhabitants and intermingling with them, at the same time pushing those who would not yield into the less accessible north.

## 2. LEGENDARY TIMES

For convenience the history of Norway may be divided into several periods: prehistoric; Viking Age; the kingdom;

Danish rule; Norway and Sweden; recent independence.

What we know of the prehistoric age is largely legendary. Excavations have thrown some light on the past, although they are chiefly the concern of the archaeologist. The old Norse literature reflects an indefinite past, although not committed to writing until mediæval times. It throws considerable light upon those remote days when the Northmen worshipped forces of nature personified as deities.

Odin was the father of the gods: he represented air and wind. Known to the Saxons as Woden, his name is preserved in one of our days of the week: Wednesday or Woden's day. The supreme god of the Northmen was Thor. His wagon, as it rushed along in the sky, was said to cause thunder; he wielded an immense hammer which returned to him of its own accord. This was hurled against the enemies of men, for Thor was the benefactor of mankind. Thor's day or Thursday is another weekly recurring reminder of Norse mythology.

Frey or Frizzo was the god of agriculture: he sent the rain and sunshine, insuring good pastures for the herds. Njörd was god of the sea. Balder was the beautiful god of youth and spring, the great sun-god. He was loved by everyone save Loki, who hated him for his popularity. Loki conspired to bring about his death. The sorrows that came upon mankind after the death of Balder call to mind the Greek myth of Demeter grieving for her daughter and her consequent neglect of earth.

As time went on and the life led by the Norse underwent many changes, it was natural that their conceptions of their deities should alter. Odin became the god of battle and of storm. The sea pirates, or Vikings, now entrusted themselves to the wide ocean, exulting in the storm, the very presence of Odin and in battle, where he was sure to be found.

The goddesses were only feminine counterparts of the gods. Frigg became the wife of Odin but at one time she had been the feminine aspect of Frey, the god of agriculture. Nanna was the wife of Balder but was a colorless goddess, none of the female deities having distinct personality.

There were lesser deities. One of these was Bragi, god of poetry and song. He often prompted men in their cups to boast of deeds they were about to undertake, although sober morning found them regretful of their rash words. So he has given us a word for our vocabulary: *brag*, its meaning unchanged. Aeger was a messenger of a sea-god; our word eagle is said to be derived from his name.

One of the Eddic legends relates that Ymir, the frost giant, was one of the most ancient creatures. Odin and his brothers killed him. "From his body they formed the earth; from his bones the mountains; from his blood the seas and lakes; from his hair the trees; from his skull the heavens, and from his brain the clouds, hail and snow . . .

"A mighty ash tree that sprung from the body of Ymir supports the earth. This tree has three immense roots—Asgard, the dwelling place of the gods; Jotunheim, the abode of the giants, and Nifflheim, the region of darkness. Asgard contains many gold and silver palaces, the most beautiful of all being Valholl-Walhalla—the abode of Odin. . . . Valholl was splendidly decorated with burnished weapons, the ceiling made of spears, the roof covered with bright shields, and the walls decorated with the armour and coats of mail of the warriors. The days were spent in fighting and the nights in eating and carousing. The Valkyries, the maidens of Odin, not only selected the warriors who were to be slain but they also waited upon them during the battle, filling their horns with mead and providing them with food in the form of swine flesh. When the maidens rode forth, their bright armour shed a strange flickering light which flashed up over the northern sky and caused the aurora borealis."<sup>1</sup>

The dead were sometimes importuned to give aid to mortals by way of prophecy or to guide them through the nether world. One of the fragments of the *Elder Edda* is an incantation, a son importuning his dead mother to give him counsel.

Son

Wake up, Groa!

Wake up, good woman!

At the gates of death I wake thee!

If thou rememberest,  
That thou thy son badst  
To thy grave-mound to come.

Mother

What now annoys my only son?  
With what affliction art thou oppresst  
That thou thy mother summons,  
Who to death is come,  
Who from earth is departed?²

Priceless is the *Prophecy of the Völve-Völuspä*, probably only a portion of an ancient chant. For the enlightenment of Odin the Völve or Seeress explains the origin of the world, according to the early Norse conceptions. In the beginning there existed "nor sand nor sea, nor gelid waves; earth existed not, nor heaven above, 'twas a chaotic chasm, and grass nowhere."<sup>3</sup>

Having described the creation, the Völve foretells the destruction of the world, to be preceded by three years wherein winter shall reign throughout and all earthly creatures perish. Then shall occur the final conflict between Good and Evil; in the chaos ensuing, earth will pass away.

"The sun darkens; the earth sinks into the sea.  
From heaven fall the bright stars.  
The Fire-wind streams round the all-nourishing tree;  
The Flame assails high heaven itself."

Two festivals have been observed by most primitive people: one celebrating the return of vegetation to the earth; the other, commemorating its passing, with the hope of invoking a resurrection. These became identified, in Scandinavia, with the mid-summer festival of St. John the Baptist's Day—the longest day of the year, and with the Yuletide. Even yet, in inaccessible parts of the Scandinavian peninsula, fires are kindled on Midsummer Eve and, in sport, youths jump over the fire—a custom that had its origin in far-off pagan days when all the family and the flocks passed through the fire of purification, to ward off evil and misfortune.

In the eleventh century Christianity was brought to



Norway; indeed, it had come before but the people would have none of it. After they had been baptised in the new faith, for generations the old beliefs were perpetuated with the new. It may have been Christian influence which led to the final stanzas of the *Prophecy*, mentioned above, in which the earth is foretold to rise again, Good at last triumphant over Evil. The Völve:

“Sees arise, a second time,  
Earth from ocean, green again;  
Waters fall once more; the eagle flies over,  
And from the fell fishes for his prey.

\* \* \* \*

A hall I see brighter than the sun,  
With gold adorned, on Gimil;  
There shall noble princes dwell,  
And without end the earth possess.

There rises the Mighty One, to the gods' doom going,  
The Strong One from above who all things governs.  
He strifes shall stay and dooms shall utter,  
Holiness establish which shall ever be.”

### 3. THE VIKINGS

The word Viking was formerly assumed to mean *men of the viks*, or fiords. Recently it has been explained to mean warrior or sea-rover.<sup>4</sup> The age of the Vikings may be roughly described as from 650 to about 950 A. D.

The Scandinavian tribes did not participate in the migrations attendant upon the collapse of Rome. Their lands were still too scantily populated to incline them to move about. Two hundred years later the situation had changed. They were now becoming crowded. The Swedes turned toward the east and settled what is now western Russia; the Danes and Norwegians pressed south and west.

The early raids of the Norsemen began about the middle of the seventh century, although 777 is the first authentic date preserved. In 787 they plundered the coast of Dorchester; in 794 they visited woe upon Northumberland.

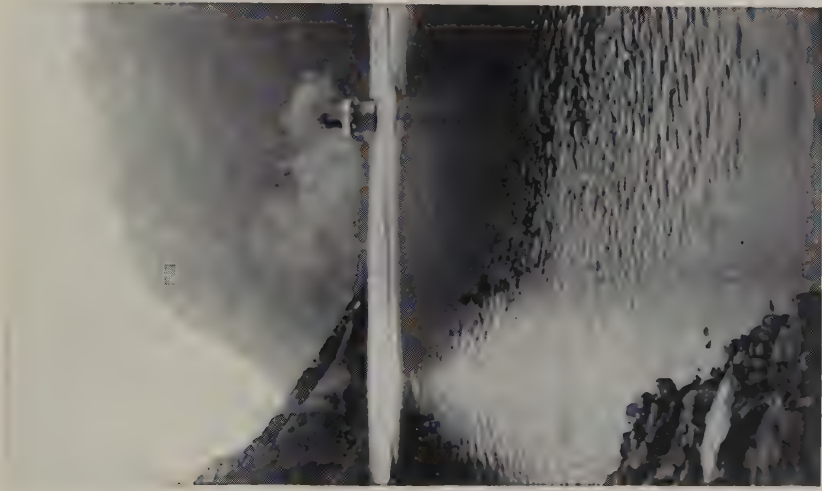
Three stages of Viking adventure are readily discern-

ible. Their earliest expeditions were mere predatory raids, undertaken for the sheer love of exploit and daring. Under a leader, several ships would swoop down upon a defenseless shore; the Vikings would load such spoils as could be carried away upon their boats, setting fire to the rest. There was little plan in these undertakings. Landing was made where convenience offered; they pillaged and destroyed whatever came within their reach, save only what they elected to take away. Before resistance could be organized, these fierce warriors had fled as suddenly as they had come.

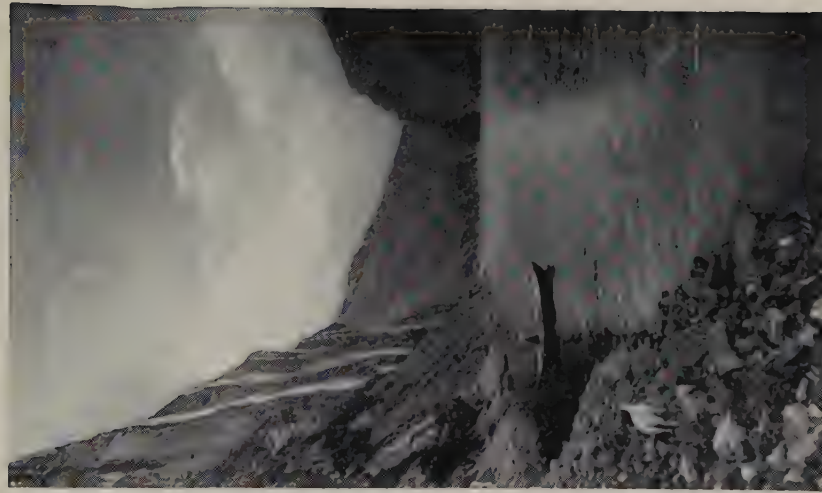
The islands north of Scotland attracted them. Iona was plundered; the Orkneys, Hebrides and Shetlands all came in for their share of despoliation. Ireland was invaded. The chronicler wrote of them: "The heathen came from the northern countries to Britain like stinging wasps, roamed about like savage wolves, robbing, biting, killing, not only horses, sheep and cattle, but also priests, acolytes, monks and nuns. They went to Lindesfarena church, destroying everything in the most miserable manner, and trod the sanctuary with their profane feet, threw down the altars, robbed the treasury of the church, killed some of the brothers, carried others away in captivity, mocked many and threw some into the ocean."

Holding fast to their native gods, they took especial pains to seek out churches and monasteries for destruction, for these were the monuments of another religion. Moreover they soon learned that gold and silver in the form of candlesticks, and other appurtenances of worship could be found in these sanctuaries, whither coin was often brought for safekeeping. As a result of their raids in Ireland, those excellent monastic schools which had attracted students from the continent of Europe were pillaged again and again.

The second stage of their aggressions gave evidence of more method and planning. Campaigns were mapped out and followed with some degree of fidelity. A captured town would be fortified to serve as the headquarters for a summer's undertaking. When fall set in, a few warriors were often left to hold such a fort until the ensuing year. In the



ENTRANCE TO THE FJORD AT GUDVANZEN



THE SEVEN SISTERS FALLS, GERANGER FJORD





ninth century invasions were begun within a few years of one another along the Loire and the Seine; around Dublin and on the English coast.

The final stage was that of conquest and settlement. The Norse having appropriated that district of France which became known from their name as Normandy, the French civilization was quickly assimilated; whereupon Norman barons became a powerful factor to be taken into consideration. Duke William established his line upon the throne of England. Another line was established in Sicily. Other barons founded great families in Ireland. Possessing remarkable adaptability, they quickly took on the customs of those among whom they came to dwell, and, withal, they displayed unusual organizing ability.

One of the many attractive subjects afforded by mediæval history for extended study is the Norsemen, the regions they invaded and the permanent influence which their descendants exerted upon subsequent times.

#### 4. THE KINGDOM OF NORWAY

Before 800, a number of tribes had dwelt in various parts of Norway, each under its chieftain. Every tribe was divided into the *fylker*, every fylke, or folk, having its own temple and its *Thing* or Assembly. The fylke was further divided into the *hereder*, corresponding to the Hundred: the social unit capable of furnishing one hundred fighting men. The land belonged to families and was called the *odel*. Confederacies of tribes were sometimes formed. One of these, the Heiner, dwelt in eastern Norway; its Thing met at Eidsvold. Another occupied the region of Trondhjemsfjord.

In 860 one of the provincial kings died, leaving Harald Haarfagre, but ten years of age, heir to his position. The legend runs that he presently sent messengers to ask the hand of Gyda, daughter of Eric, king of Hordaland, in marriage. Gyda replied that she was unwilling to wed a mere chieftain; only upon one who could rule Norway as Denmark and Sweden were ruled might aspire to her hand. Nothing loath, Harald Haarfagre made a vow neither to comb nor cut his hair until this had been accomplished—

until all Norway owned his sway. Some of the petty kings became his "men" willingly; others leagued against him. In the end he was victorious, whereupon the fair Gyda kept her promise and became his wife. His hair was now cut and its luxuriant growth gave him the nickname "fair-hair" by which he is still known.

Traditions notwithstanding, it is reasonable to suppose that the example of King Alfred in England inspired Harald to weld the disunited tribes into a compact state. Nor had the greater accomplishment of Charlemagne faded from men's minds; his exploits were still sung by the scalds. It will be remembered that Charlemagne was crowned Emperor in 800, while Harald overcame the chieftains banded against him in 878.

Many Norwegians refused to render implicit obedience to one great king. They took their families and possessions and sped over the sea, to find an abode in the islands near at hand: in the Orkneys, the Hebrides, the Shetlands and on the Isle of Man. Iceland was discovered by Norsemen about this time and presently became a Norwegian colony. The first Norsemen to come thither found books and bells, croziers and other evidences of Christian worship, left in the island by Celtic monks who fled before the coming of a people they had learned to dread in Ireland.

It is interesting to learn that within a few centuries a fine culture sprang up in Iceland, a Norwegian literature being produced by the descendents of the colonists.

Despite the fact that these first settlers had refused to remain in Norway after its subjection by Harald, and notwithstanding that he placed a tax upon migration thither—since western Norway bade fair to become sparsely populated as the result of the exodus—when a dispute arose in Iceland as to how much land any one family might claim, Harald was chosen to arbitrate the question. His decision was that none might take "more land than he and his ship's crew could carry fire around in one day."

By 930 this northern island contained twenty thousand settlers. A Constitution was adopted and a Republic set up. When in the year 1000 Christianity was brought thither, whether or not it should be adopted was left to the

judgment of the Law-man: one who was versed in the laws of his people and required to recite portions of them at each meeting of the Althing, lest these unwritten rules and decisions might be forgotten. After three days' earnest consideration, he declared for the new faith, whereupon without bloodshed it was accepted. However, due to the strong preference of the minority for the religion of their fathers, the pagan faith was treated with respect and on that account the unhappy destruction of the ancient literature, which too often occurred under similar circumstances, did not take place in Iceland. The sagas, as a result, reflect the age of transition from one religion to the other; some of the early songs and stories have also been saved.

Harald Haarfagre sent his son Haakon to be educated at the court of Aethelstan, king of England. Here the youth became acquainted with Christian teachings and tried to introduce them into his own country when he succeeded to the throne of Norway. The people refused absolutely to abandon their own faith and Haakon realized that the time was not ripe for forcing the issue.

Later, when Olaf the Saint began to Christianize the land, one of the old sagas relates: "There has come hither a man named Olaf to offer us another faith than the one we have and to break all our gods to pieces, and he claims he has a greater and a mightier god. It is a marvel that the earth does not open under him when he dares to say such things and that our gods let him go any further. I expect if we carry Thor out of our temple where he stands, and where he has always stood by us, that as soon as he looks on Olaf and his men, then his god, himself and his men will melt away and come to nought."

Long after Christianity had been accepted in the main, we learn that the seamen continued to worship Thor upon the water, regarding him as "safer in that element."

Olaf Trygvesson, who reigned from 995 to 1000, and Olaf Haraldsson, king from 1015 to 1030, extended the new religion over Norway. The second of these missionary rulers, Olaf the Saint, emulated the example of Charlemagne, not hesitating to employ the sword where argument failed. During life he was anything but saintly. After he

was dead miracles were reported around his tomb and it was in accordance with such claims that he was termed "the Saint."

To Americans it is interesting to recall that Lief Erickson and his comrades discovered Greenland and the shores of North America about the year 1000 A. D., nearly five hundred years before lands of the western hemisphere were seen by Columbus. The Norsemen are believed to have landed on the coast of what is now Massachusetts. Here they found grapes and so called the country Vineland. An attempt was made to plant a colony here afterwards but the hostility of the natives and other discouragements caused an abandonment of the project.

Only the student of Norwegian history is willing to thread his way through the reigns of the early mediaeval kings. Harald the Hard-Ruler (1047-1066) founded Oslo, later known as Christiana. His successor, Olaf the Quiet (1066-1093) cultivated the arts of peace and on that account was accorded but scant attention by the chroniclers in an age that demanded sterner qualities in a ruler. Nonetheless, he founded Bergen, the great western port of Norway.

Magnus the Bare-Leg won his nickname when he attempted to wear the attire of the Scotch Highlander after he had led an incursion into Scotland. He tried to conquer Ireland and fought a battle in Connaught but was defeated.

One of his sons participated in the first Crusade, sailing away to Asia with ten thousand soldiers. His brother Eyestein stayed at home and built churches, encouraged trade and otherwise worked for the welfare of his kingdom.

Fulker of Chartes wrote down an interesting account of Sigurd's Asiatic campaign, nor can we doubt but that these Norse warriors attracted much attention from Crusaders of Western Europe, accustomed though they were to strange sights. The following lines are quoted by Gjerset, in his *History of the Norwegian People*:

"In the meantime there had landed at Joppa a people called the Norsemen, whom God had stirred up to journey from the western ocean to Jerusalem. Their fleet consisted of sixty ships. Their leader was a young man of exceedingly fine appearance, a brother of the king of that



country. As Baldwin had returned to Jerusalem, he rejoiced exceedingly over their arrival, spoke kindly to them, admonished them and asked them out of love of God to stay a while in the land to which they had come and help him spread Christianity; they could then, after having served the cause of Christ in some way, give thanks to God when they returned to their own country. They assented gladly and answered that they had come to the Holy Land with no other intention; they promised to follow him with their fleet wherever he would go with his army, if he would provide them with the necessary provisions. This was agreed to and fulfilled. The first decided to go to Ascalon, but later they laid the better plan of attacking and besieging the city of Sidon. The king led his army from Ptolemaida, which is now generally called Achon, while the Norsemen, well armed, sailed from the harbor of Joppa. The fleet of the emir of Babylonia lay at that time hidden in the harbor of Tyre. The Saracens annoyed the Christians, our pilgrims, on their buccaneering expeditions, and they provisioned by various routes the sea coast towns which were still in the hands of the king of Babylonia, but when they heard about the Norsemen, they did not venture to leave the harbor of Tyre, for they did not dare to fight with them. When the king (Baldwin) came to Sidon, he laid siege to the city, while the Norsemen attacked it from the sea. With war machines they so terrified the inhabitants that the garrison asked the king to be permitted to depart unharmed; he could then, if he wished, keep the people of the city, and use them for tilling the soil. This was asked and granted. The garrison retired, but the landsfolk remained in peace according to the agreement. The sun had visited the archer (constellation) nineteen times when the Sidonians in the month of December (1110) surrendered their city."

Gjerset goes on to say: "This account, which is in full accord with the sagas, is substantiated also by a number of other sources. Sigurd claimed no reward for aiding in the capture of Sidon, but Baldwin distributed rich presents among his men, and gave him a chip of the Holy Cross, which Sigurd promised under oath to preserve at the shrine

of St. Olaf. . . . Sigurd left Palestine shortly after the capture of Sidon and went to Constantinople, where he was magnificently entertained by Emperor Alexios Comnenos. Sigurd and his men were escorted through the golden portal, *porta aurea*, through which the Emperors alone entered the city when they returned in triumph from successful military campaigns. . . . When Sigurd left, he gave Alexios all his ships, and many of his men remained in Constantinople and entered the service of the Emperor."<sup>5</sup>

The old order in Norway had been supported by the aristocratic element. The new order was supported by the people. Swerre Sigurdsson, who has been called the "greatest king who ever ruled Norway," gave the people importance, bestowing offices upon those of humble birth; such positions had previously been the prerogative of nobles. His decisions were given impartially, nor would he permit the rank of the contestant to influence him.

The decline of the kingdom had set in before the time of Magnus the Law-Mender, who began his reign in 1263. However, the weakness of the state was apparent when the Isle of Man and the Shetland Islands were ceded to Scotland for 4,000 marks sterling and a small tribute. The influence of Scotland was strong in Norway of this period.

Eric the Priest-Hater ascended the throne in 1280, reigning nineteen years. His first wife was Margaret of Scotland; his second, Isabella, sister of Robert Bruce. It was now that the Hanseatic League gained a monopoly of the northern trade. This meant the ruin of Greenland. It also bore heavily upon the Norwegians. When the Scandinavians sought to curtail the scope of this great trading company, the Hansa cities entered into an agreement to coerce them.

In 1319 the line of Harald Haarfagre came to an end.

Magnus Ericksson, grandson of King Eric and Isabella Bruce, was accepted in his infancy as heir to the throne of both Sweden and Norway. Because of a long, ill-managed regency, both kingdoms were lost to him. Because of his prolonged absences in Sweden, the Norwegians compelled him to abdicate the throne of their country in favor of one of his sons. However the idea of union gained favor and

the way made for the Union of Kalmar in 1387. By this agreement all three Scandinavian countries were to be joined under one sovereign while their national affairs were to be conducted separately. Sweden broke away from this arrangement ere long but Norway remained until the nineteenth century under the domination of Denmark. For more than four hundred years, as it developed, the kingdom of Norway, that had given such early promise, was little more than a Danish province.

### 5. UNDER DANISH RULE

Sweden possessed a strong aristocracy, ambitious for power and for advantage which change might bring. Consequently the union of the three Scandinavian kingdoms, as provided by the Kalmar Union of 1387 was soon broken by the withdrawal of Sweden. The flagrant mis-rule of King Erick occasioned an uprising which in course of time led to a separation. Nevertheless, it is certain that in any event a break would have come ere long. In Norway the situation was different. The nobility was not strong. The nation was composed largely of bonders, or yeomen, little concerned about political affairs, slow to take any concerted action unless oppressive taxes were placed upon them. Their loyalty to unworthy kings was often astonishing and their patience under misgovernment unusual. Yet at no time was their sturdy independence broken and their kindness and hospitality to those who visited them in their isolation was often commented upon by foreigners.

In spite of the safeguards made to protect the three kingdoms, Danish rulers treated the two northern countries with scant consideration. Danish officials were sent into them, the Danish language was officially employed and the legislative body assembled in Denmark—too far away to make attendance possible for the Norwegians except under gravest conditions. After Sweden asserted her independence the policy of denationalizing Norway was soon put into practice. This was accomplished largely through the Church, which received its bishops and higher clergy from Denmark.

Danish nobles sought Norwegian heiresses for their

wives, thus coming into possession of wide estates in Norway.

As a matter of fact, this period which seemed so completely to obliterate the past was not an unalloyed evil. The nobles and wealthy burghers adopted the Danish language while the native tongue was left for the common people and became, like the Saxon speech, after the Norman Conquest, synonymous with all that was uncouth and coarse. Yet it is to the folk songs, the legends and fairy stories of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries that the student of Norwegian literature goes for literary expression. These possess a freshness, vigour and vitality which the more sophisticated upper class contributions lack.

The age of absolutism made itself felt in the north, as in other parts of Europe. Christian III, in his charter to the nobility of Denmark, announced his intention of reducing Norway to the status of a province. This was stated in no uncertain terms: "Since the kingdom of Norway is now so far reduced in might and power that the inhabitants are not able to support a king and lord alone, and this same kingdom is united with Denmark forever . . . it shall henceforth be and remain under the crown of Denmark, the same as any of the other provinces . . . and it shall henceforth not be called a kingdom, but a province of the kingdom of Denmark and subject to the Danish crown forever."<sup>16</sup>

Before the middle of the sixteenth century Lutheranism became established in Denmark and was ordained as the religion for Norway, as well. Dwelling in a state of isolation, among their fiords, the bonders viewed with dismay the destruction of their monasteries and the despoliation of their churches.

"The Reformation, which in other lands came as a great spiritual awakening was suddenly forced upon the Norwegian people by royal edict, hence it caused no new intellectual awakening, no spiritual regeneration. It was an affair of state to which the people finally yielded a more or less willing consent. A few Lutheran priests and a number of Danish Bibles were sent to Norway, but nothing was done to provide instruction for the people, or even to maintain the schools which already existed."





GEIRANGER KIRK



MEROK, A NORWEGIAN VILLAGE



Because their shrines were torn down, their churches pillaged of rich ornaments which were taken to Denmark, a hatred sprang up among the people toward the Protestant clergy, some of whom were killed.

The final curbing of the Hanseatic League brought economic benefits to the northern countries. Christian III was firm in his determination to restrict the aggressive German merchants who had wielded power comparable to that of kings. As a result of the prosperity which overtook the few seaports, the burgher class amassed fortunes with which they purchased great tracts of Crown lands. They were often foreigners who did not share the traditions of the country and they soon proved so oppressive in their treatment of bonders who rented their lands that the Danish king was forced to protect the simple farmer. Some good came of the experience for it filled every renter with a wholesome desire to own his own farm. When royal territory was later offered for sale it was largely purchased by the small farmer.

In view of the destructive results of the great London fire of 1666, wherein priceless records and manuscripts were wiped out forever, we are likely to lose sight of any possible benefits it wrought, save giving rise to a more sightly city. Yet its good effects were felt in the far northland, where the sudden demand for quantities of lumber operated advantageously. In a bishop's diary for 1667 the following entry has been found: "I heard a captain, who had come from Norway, tell of the great fire which occurred in London last fall, and that their timber, which was needed for the rebuilding of the city, was constantly exported in unusual large quantities, so that the people could ask as high a price as they wished to demand . . . And it had already become a proverb among the Norwegians that the Norsemen have warmed themselves well at the London fire."

The principles of the French Revolution echoed as far away as Norway and patriotic songs, which had already made their appearance before the outbreak of the war, were afterwards produced in great numbers. A movement for independence had set in, although it was not at first appre-

ciated even by those who brought it about. For years there had been agitation for a university for Norway but this had been steadily refused. So insistent did it grow that this was actually accomplished in 1813. During the Napoleonic wars the Norwegians were so often forced to look to themselves for protection that the spirit of independence was aroused. Upon learning that the European powers were determined to deprive Denmark of Norway and apportion the country to Sweden, the Norwegians, filled with indignation at being bartered about like chattels, hastily set to work to establish their own kingdom. A Constitution was drawn up and the Danish Prince who had already won popularity among them was invited to become their king. However, in face of the Swedish army, supported by the allies who had emerged victorious from the Napoleonic wars, their efforts were futile. In 1814, by the Treaty of Kiel, the union had been provided for; it was later confirmed by the Congress of Vienna.

“The union with Sweden had been forced upon Norway by the European powers, who had not yet learned to pay attention to the principle of nationality as an important factor in international politics. . . . The Norwegians entered the union with dignified loyalty, but the new relation had no root in their deeper sentiments. They accepted it as an unavoidable destiny, but with sadness, not with joy, as they felt that their ideals had been bedimmed, and their right to work out their own destiny had been infringed upon.”<sup>8</sup>

#### 6. SINCE THE CONGRESS OF VIENNA

Four years after the union of Norway with Sweden Charles XIII died and Charles John succeeded him. Attempts were made to infringe upon the Constitution which had been drawn up and whose safety had been guaranteed. These efforts failed. May 7, being the day observed in commemoration of this bulwark of rights, continued to be celebrated, despite royal decrees to the contrary. Gradually respect for the Storting, or national Assembly, won its way. With each triumph the people became more resolute to preserve their liberty.



The repeated revolutions that swept through Europe resounded everywhere. "Young Norway" was born, its hopes set upon the future. A school of historians arose in connection with the university of Christiana. They untangled the literature of the past and disclosed the wealth of forgotten sagas. These had come to be regarded as the possession of all Scandinavia—of Denmark and of Sweden rather than of Norway. The reverse was now proved. Pride in their history inspired men to think of new possibilities for their country.

Oscar I (1844-1859) was enthusiastic for a united Scandinavia. This conception of a Pan-Scandinavian state died a natural death when Denmark was involved in a war with Germany over Schleswig. In face of having to fight for an object of no importance for them, both northern kingdoms discovered their interests to be unlike those of the unfortunate state.

Charles XV (1859-1872) and his brother, Oscar II who succeeded him, desired to see an end of the struggle which had continued much of the time between the Storting and the government, vested in a ministry. Instead, difficulties increased.

The separation, inevitable in view of the fundamental differences between the two states, was achieved in 1905, happily without bloodshed. The Norwegians offered the crown to the son of the Swedish sovereign but it was refused by the King, indignant at the withdrawal of the western kingdom. Thereupon it was offered to Prince Charles of Denmark, who accepted it and was crowned as Haakon VII. His wife is the daughter of the late Edward VII and the English connection was acceptable to the Norwegians.

And so it came about after nearly a century of distasteful union with Sweden, after more than four centuries of Danish rule, that the people of Norway have at last come into their own once more. The great accomplishments of the last few years have been particularly along the lines of economic development, the conservation of natural resources being of prime importance.

## OLD NORSE LITERATURE

The old Norse Eddas and Sagas are too little known to English readers, having been procurable until late years only in inadequate translations. Under the direction of the American Scandinavian Foundation they have been recently set forth in attractive form and are sure to be more and more generally read.<sup>9</sup>

The Norsemen were ardent lovers of stirring tales and long before the art of writing was practiced in Scandinavia, stories in prose and verse were related by the scalds, or bards. In fact, every Viking who aspired to popularity among his associates was capable of repeating some of the traditional lore and a saga or two of adventure. Nowhere was the scald held in greater honor than among the Northmen. After Harald united the petty chieftains under one ruler, he offered every encouragement to scalds to gather around his court. As the result of his victory in 872, the influx of Norwegians into Iceland begun, as we have noted, and here it was that the old religious poems and tales of adventure seem to have first been written down not long after the introduction of Christianity, about 1000. Iceland became a Norwegian province in 1250, after which she sank into a decline. The remarkable literary expression which arose in the island of the far north was bounded by these dates, although much of the content had been handed down by word of mouth from ancient times.

The origin of the word *Edda* has called forth much heated discussion. Lately it has been suggested that it may be a form of *Oddi*, a hamlet in southwestern Iceland and the home of some of its scholars. The *Prose Edda*, or *Young Edda*, may have originally been called the *Book of Oddi*, since this was the home of its author—Snorri Sturluson. In the seventeenth century another collection of Norse literature, more ancient than the one already known, was discovered. This was designated the *Poetic*, or the *Elder Edda*, although the title is not very appropriate unless the above explanation be accepted.

The *Elder Edda* was formerly attributed to Sæmund the Wise but it is now known that the poems represent numer-

ous unknown authors, the religious lore and poetic compositions having grown to constitute a general fund, the common property of the people of the northland.

The various works that make up the *Poetic Edda* are unlike in character. Some embody the myths of the early Teutons; at least one contains old saws and proverbs. One is a comedy; some are ballads.

None is more remarkable than the *Voluspo*, in which the story of creation is related and the destruction of the world foretold. It appears that Odin, father of the gods, once summoned forth a Volva, a seeress or prophet, commanding her to disclose the secrets of the beginning and end of the world. Having been called from her tomb to answer the Great Father, the Sybil told of her recollection of the Creation:

“I remember yet the giants of yore,  
Who gave me bread in the days gone by;  
Nine worlds I knew, the nine in the tree  
With mighty roots beneath the mold.

Of old was the age when Ymir lived;  
Sea nor cool waves nor sand there were;  
Earth had not been, nor heaven above,  
But a yawning gap, and grass nowhere.

Then sought the gods their assembly-seats,  
The holy ones, and council held;  
Names then gave they to noon and twilight,  
Morning they named, and the waning moon,  
Night and evening, the years to number.

At Ithavoll met the mighty gods,  
Shrines and temples they timbered high;  
Forges they set, and they smithied ore,  
Tongs they wrought, and tools they fashioned.”

Having established her right to prophecy, since she from the first was present, she foretold the end of the world

and the destruction of mankind, after the mighty battle that should be waged between the forces of good and evil:

“Brothers shall fight and fell each other,  
And sisters’ sons shall kinship stain.  
The sun turns black, earth sinks in the sea,  
The hot stars down from heaven are whirled;  
Fierce grows the steam and the life-feeding flame,  
Till fire leaps high above heaven itself.”

It is a question whether the closing stanzas may not have been added after the teachings of Christianity permeated the North. Darkness and chaos were not to endure forever for in the end, Volva related, a better time would come and Balder be restored to the earth:

“The fields unsowed bear ripened fruit,  
All ills grow better, and Balder comes back;  
Balder and Hoth dwell in Odin’s battle-hall,  
And the mighty gods: would ye know more yet?”<sup>10</sup>

The wisdom set forth in the *Hovamol* was ascribed to Odin, much as late Hebrew law was sometimes ascribed to Moses, to give it prestige. *The Hovamol* contains wordly counsel desirable for the traveller to hold in mind:

“The knowing guest who goes to the feast  
In silent attention sits;  
With his ears he hears, with his eyes he watches,  
Thus wary are wise men all.

\* \* \* \* \*

He alone is aware, who has wandered wide,  
And far abroad has fared  
How great a mind is guided by him  
That wealth of wisdom has.

\* \* \* \* \*

To his friend a man a friend shall prove,  
To him and the friend of his friend:  
But never a man shall friendship make  
With one of his foeman’s friends.



Away from his arms in the open field  
A man should fare not a foot;  
For never he knows when the need for a spear  
Shall arise on the distant road."

\* \* \* \* \*

A spirited tale recounts the wrath of Thor when he discovered that his enchanted hammer had been stolen from him by a giant, who refused to disclose its hiding place until he should receive the fair Freyja for his wife.

"Wild was Thor when he awoke,  
And when his mighty hammer he missed. . . .

'Nowhere on earth is it known to man,  
Nor in heaven above; our hammer is stolen.' "

The goddess Freyja indignantly refused the request of Loki that she don the bridal veil and accompany the warrior gods to the abode of the giant, as though assenting to his insolent command. So the Mighty Ones met in council to determine what should be done. It was decided to deck the mighty Thor himself in bridal array, concealing his identity by the veil. Anyone less suspecting than the giant might have grown suspicious of the bride's enormous appetite, for

"Thor alone ate an ox, and eight salmon,  
All the dainties as well that were set for the women."

The hammer was finally brought in to "hallow the bride," in whose lap it was allowed to rest. Once more in possession of his matchless weapon, Thor soon dispatched Thrym, king of the giants.

*The Prose Edda*, or *Younger Edda*, was written by Snorri for the guidance of those who might follow the ancient calling of the scald, composing poems as well as relating them. Incidentally he quoted from many an earlier poet, making his book a repository of ancient literature. In the *Bequiling of Gylfi* the early Teutonic conceptions of creation and other religious beliefs are set forth under

guise of an imaginary conversation, which is assumed to have taken place between a Swedish king, by the name of Gylfi,—who takes the name of Gangleri—and Harr, king of Asgard: in other words, King Gylfi would learn truth directly from the Mighty Ones.

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<sup>1</sup>Monroe: *In Viking Land*, p. 117.

<sup>2</sup>From the *Ballad of Svipdag*.

<sup>3</sup>See page 1231.

<sup>4</sup>For discussion of this subject, see Gjerset: *History of the Norwegian People*, I, 44.

<sup>5</sup>*Ibid.*, I, 317.

<sup>6</sup>*Ibid.*, II, 132.

<sup>7</sup>*Ibid.*, II, 136.

<sup>8</sup>*Ibid.*, II, 446.

<sup>9</sup>Extracts from the *Poetic Edda* are taken from the translation by Bellows, which is published by the Scandinavian Society, the best English rendering of the work.

<sup>10</sup>See page 1216.

## FROM THE BEGUILING OF GYLFI

King Gylfi was a wise man and skilled in magic; he was much troubled that the Æsir-people were so cunning that all things went according to their will. He pondered whether this might proceed from their own nature, or whether the divine powers which they worshipped might ordain such things. He set out on his way to Asgard, going secretly, and clad himself in the likeness of an old man, with which he dissembled. But the Æsir were wiser in this matter, having second sight; and they saw his journeying before ever he came, and prepared against him deceptions of the eye. When he came into the town, he saw there a hall so high that he could not easily make out the top of it: its thatching was laid with golden shields after the fashion of a shingled roof. So also says Thjodolfr of Hvin, that Valhall was thatched with shields:

On their backs they let beam, sore battered with stones,  
Odin's hall-shingles, the shrewd sea-farers.

In the hall-doorway Gylfi saw a man juggling with an-laces, having seven in the air at one time. This man asked of him his name. He called himself Gangleri, and said he had come by the paths of the serpent, and prayed for lodging for the night, asking: "Who owns the hall?" The other replied that it was their king; "and I will attend thee to see him; then shalt thou thyself ask him concerning his name;" and the man wheeled about before him into the hall, and he went after, and straightway the door closed itself on his heels. There he saw a great room and much people, some with games, some drinking; and some had weapons and were fighting. Then he looked about him, and thought unbelievable many things which he saw; and he said:

All the gateways ere one goes out  
Should one scan:  
For 't is uncertain where sit the unfriendly  
On the bench before thee.

He saw three high-seats, each above the other, and three men sat thereon, one on each. And he asked what might be the name of those lords. He who had conducted him in answered that the one who sat on the nethermost high-seat was a king, "and his name is Harr; but the next is named Jafnharr; and he who is uppermost is called Thridi." Then Harr asked the newcomer whether his errand were more than for meat and drink which were always at his command, as for every one there in the Hall of the High One. He answered that he first desired to learn whether there were any wise man there within. Harr said, that he should not escape whole from thence unless he were wiser.

And stand thou forth who speirest;  
Who answers, he shall sit.

Gangleri began his questioning thus: "Who is foremost, or oldest, of all the gods?" Harr answered: "He is called in our speech Allfather, but in the Elder Asgard he had twelve names: one is Allfather; the second is Lord, or Lord of Hosts; the third is Nikarr, or Spear-Lord; the fourth is Nikudr, or Striker; the fifth is Knower of Many Things; the sixth, Fulfiller of Wishes; the seventh, Far-Speaking One; the eighth, The Shaker, or He that Putteth the Armies to Flight; the ninth, The Burner; the tenth, The Destroyer; the eleventh, The Protector; the twelfth, Gelding."

Then asked Gangleri: "Where is the god, or what power hath he, or what hath he wrought that is a glorious deed?" Harr made answer: "He lives throughout all ages and governs all his realm, and directs all things, great and small." Then said Jafnharr: "He fashioned heaven and earth and air, and all things which are in them." Then spake Thridi: "The greatest of all is this: that he made man, and gave him the spirit, which shall live and never perish, though the flesh-frame rot to mould, or burn to ashes; and all men shall live, such as are just in action, and be with himself in the place called Gimle. But evil men go to Hel and thence down to the Misty Hel; and that is down in the ninth world." Then said Gangleri: "What



did he before heaven and earth were made?" And Harr answered: "He was then with the Rime-Giants."

Gangleri said: What was the beginning, or how began it, or what was before it?" Harr answered: "As is told in Voluspa:

Erst was the age when nothing was:  
Nor sand nor sea, nor chilling stream—waves;  
Earth was not found, nor Ether—Heave,—  
A Yawning Gap, but grass was none."

\* \* \* \* \*

Then said Gangleri: "Much indeed they had accomplished then, methinks, when earth and heaven were made, and the sun and the constellations of heaven were fixed, and division was made of days; now whence come the men that people the world?" And Harr answered: "When the sons of Borr were walking along the sea-strand, they found two trees, and took up the trees and shaped men of them: the first gave them spirit and life; the second, wit and feeling; the third form, speech, hearing and sight. They gave them clothing and names; the male was called Askr, and the female Embla, and of them was mankind begotten, which received a dwelling-place under Midgard. Next they made for themselves in the middle of the world a city which is called Asgar; men call it Troy. There dwelt the gods of their kindred; and many tidings and tales of it have come to pass both on earth and aloft. There is one abode called Hlidskjalf, and when Allfather sat in the high-seat there, he looked out over the whole world and saw every man's acts, and knew all things which he saw. His wife was called Frigg daughter of Fjorgvinn; and of their blood is come that kindred which we call the races of the Æsir, that have peopled the Elder Asgar, and those kingdoms which pertain to it; and that is a divine race. For this reason must he be called Allfather: because he is father of all the gods and of men, and of all that was fulfilled of him and of his might. The Earth was his daughter and his wife; and her he begot the first son, which is Asa-Thor: strength and prowess attend him, wherewith he overcometh all living things."

Then said Gangleri: "Thou sayest that all those men who have fallen in battle from the beginning of the world are now come to Odin in Valhall. What has he to give them for food? I should think that a very great host must be there?" Then Harr answered: "That which thou sayest is true: a very mighty multitude is there, but many more shall be, notwithstanding which it will seem all too small, in the time when the Wolf shall come. But never is so vast a multitude in Valhall that the flesh of that boar shall fail, which is called Sæhrimnir; he is boiled every day and is whole at evening. But this question which thou askest now: I think it likelier that few may be so wise as to be able to report truthfully concerning it. His name who roasts is Andhrimnir, and the ketter is Eldhrimnir; so it is said here:

Andhrimnir has in Eldhrimnir  
 Sæhrimnir sodden,  
 Best of hams; yet how few know  
 With what food the champions are fed.

Then said Gangleri: "Has Oden the same fare as the champions?" Harr answered: "That food which stands on his board he gives to two wolves which he has called Geri and Freki; but no food does he need; wine is both food and drink to him; so it says here:

Geri and Freki the war-mighty glutteth,  
 The glorious God of Hosts;  
 But on wine alone the weapon-glorious  
 Odin aye liveth.

"The ravens sit on his shoulders and say into his ear all the tidings which they see or hear; they are called thus: Huginn and Munnin. He sends them at day-break to fly about all the world, and they come back at undern-meal; thus he is acquainted with many tidings. Therefore men call him Raven-God."

\* \* \* \* \*

Then said Gangleri: "These are marvellous things which thou now tellest. A wondrous great house Valhall must be; it must often be exceedingly crowded before the

doors." Then Harr answered: "Why dost thou not ask how many doors there are in the hall, or how great? If thou hearest that told, then thou wilt say that it is strange indeed if whosoever will may not go out and in; but it may be said truly that it is no more crowded to find place therein than to enter into it; here thou mayest read in Grimnismal:

Five hundred doors and forty more  
So I deem stand in Valhall;  
Eight hundred champions go out at each door  
When they fare to fight with the Wolf.

Then said Gangleri: "A very mighty multitude of men is in Valhall, so that, by my faith, Odin is a very great chieftain, since he commands so large an army. Now what is the sport of the champions, when they are not fighting?" Harr replied: "Every day, as soon as they are clothed, they straightway put on their armor and go out into the court and fight, and fell each other. That is their sport; and when the time draws near to undern-meal, they ride home to Valhall and sit down to drink, even as it is said here:

All the Einherjar in Odin's court  
Deal out blows every day;  
The slain they choose and ride from the strife,—  
Sit later in love together.<sup>1</sup>

### THE SAGAS

The word *saga* means *something said*. The Icelandic sagas are narratives; some are biographical; some historical; some are purely fiction, while a few are fairy stories. All were told either for the purpose of informing or entertaining those who heard them—often a saga served both purposes.

The invasion of Iceland by Norwegians in the ninth century and the subsequent settlement of the island gave rise to much friction between families, each frequently desirous of possessing the same territory. Feuds resulted and lived on from one generation to another, much as they still do among those dwelling in inaccessible regions. Such strife,

with its inevitable killing and despoiling, supplied the theme for many a saga, and there survive long stories and short ones pertaining to the period of settlement in Iceland which reached into the eleventh century. The introduction of Christianity brought a new element into Icelandic society and new sagas were told of courageous missionaries who taught the people, sometimes losing their lives in trying to further their work of converting men to Christianity from the old faith. The experiences of distinguished bishops suggested suitable material for stories and others grew out of secular affairs.

Among the shorter sagas of early times, special interest for us centers in the Saga of Erick the Red, wherein is described the discovery of Vineland, or the New England Coast, soon after the year 1000 by Leif, his son. Of the longer ones, most famous is the saga of Njal, a lawyer of much note, who finally lost his life as a result of difficulties into which he was plunged by his sons. The tale of Gunnar, also prominent in the story, was probably at one time a separate story, later interwoven with that of Njal.



## FROM THE STORY OF BURNT NJAL

## OF NJAL AND HIS CHILDREN

There was a man whose name was Njal. He was the son of Thorgeir Gelling, the son of Thorolf. Njal's mother's name was Asgerda. Njal dwelt at Bergthorsknoll in the land-isles; he had another homestead on Thorolfsfell. Njal was wealthy in goods, and handsome of face; no beard grew on his chin. He was so great a lawyer, that his match was not to be found. Wise, too, he was, and foreknowing and foresighted.<sup>2</sup> Of good counsel, and ready to give it, and all that he advised men was sure to be the best for them to do. Gentle and generous, he unravelled every man's knotty points who came to see him about them. Bergthora was his wife's name; she was Skarphedinn's daughter, a very high-spirited, brave-hearted woman, but somewhat hard-tempered. They had six children, three daughters and three sons, and they all come afterwards into this story.

## UNNA GOES TO SEE GUNNAR

Now it must be told how Unna had lost all her ready money. She made her way to Lithend, and Gunnar greeted his kinswoman well. She stayed there that night, and the next morning they sat out of doors and talked. The end of their talk was, that she told him how heavily she was pressed for money.

"This is a bad business," he said.

"What help wilt thou give me out of my distress?" she asked.

He answered: "Take as much money as thou needest from what I have out at interest."

"Nay," she said, "I will not waste thy goods."

"What then dost thou wish?"

"I wish thee to get back my goods out of Hrut's hands," she answered.

"That, methinks, is not likely," said he, "when thy father could not get them back, and yet he was a great lawyer, but I know little about law."

She answered: "Hrut pushed that matter through

rather by boldness than by law; besides, my father was old, and that was why men thought it better not to drive things to the uttermost. And now there is none of my kinsmen to take this suit up if thou hast not daring enough."

"I have courage enough," he replied, "to get these goods back; but I do not know how to take the suit up."

"Well!" she answered, "go and see Njal of Bergthorsknoll, he will know how to give thee advice. Besides, he is a great friend of thine."

"Tis like enough he will give me good advice, as he gives it to everyone else," says Gunnar.

So the end of their talk was, that Gunnar undertook her cause, and gave her the money she needed for her house-keeping, and after that she went home.

Now Gunnar rides to see Njal, and he made him welcome, and they began to talk at once.

Then Gunnar said: "I am come to seek a bit of good advice from thee."

Njal replied: "Many of my friends are worthy of this, but still I would take more pains for none than for thee."

Gunnar said: "I wish to let thee know that I have undertaken to get Unna's goods back from Hrut."

"A very hard suit to undertake," said Njal, "and one very hazardous how it will go; but still I will get it up for thee in the way I think likeliest to succeed, and the end will be good if thou breakest none of the rules I lay down; if thou dost, thy life is in danger."

Then Njal held his peace for a little while, and after that he spoke as follows:

#### NJAL'S ADVICE

"I have thought over the suit, and it will do so. Thou shalt ride from home with two men at thy back. Over all thou shalt have a great rough cloak, and under that, a rus-set kirtle of cheap stuff, and under all, thy good clothes. Thou must take a small axe in thy hand, and each of you must have two horses, one fat, the other lean. Thou shalt carry hardware and smith's work with thee hence, and ye must ride off early tomorrow morning, and when ye are come across Whitewater westwards, mind and slouch thy

hat well over thy brows. The men will ask who is this tall man, and thy mates shall say, 'Here is Huckster Hedinn the Big, a man from Eyjafirth, who is going about with smith's work for sale.' This Hedinn is ill-tempered and a chatterer—a fellow who thinks he alone knows everything. Very often he snatches back his wares, and flies at men if everything is not done as he wishes. So thou shalt ride west to Bofrgarfirth offering all sorts of wares for sale, and be sure often to cry off thy bargains, so that it will be noised abroad that Huckster Hedinn is the worst of men to deal with, and that no lies have been told of his bad behaviour. So thou shalt ride to Northwaterdale, and to Hrutfirth, and Laxriverdale, till thou comest to Hauskuldstede. There thou must stay a night, and sit in the lowest place, and hang thy head down. Hauskuld will tell them all not to meddle nor make with Huckster Hedinn, saying he is a rude unfriendly fellow. Next morning thou must be off early and go to the farm nearest Hrutstede. There thou must offer thy goods for sale, praising up all that is worst, and tinkering up the faults. The master of the house will pry about and find out the faults. Thou must snatch the wares away from him, and speak ill to him. He will say, 'Twas not to be hoped that thou wouldst behave well to him, when thou behavest ill to every one else. Then thou shalt fly at him, though it is not thy wont, but mind and spare thy strength, that thou mayest not be found out. Then a man will be sent to Hrutstede to tell Hrut he had best come and part you. He will come at once and ask thee to his house, and thou must accept his offer. Thou shalt greet Hrut and will answer well. A place will be given thee on the lower bench over against Hrut's high seat. He will ask if thou art from the North, and thou shalt answer that thou art a man of Eyjafirth. He will go on to ask if there are very many famous men there. 'Shabby fellows enough and to spare,' thou must answer. 'Dost thou know Reykiardale and the parts about?' he will ask. To which thou must answer, 'I know all Iceland by heart.'

" 'Are there any stout champions left in Reykiardale?' he will ask. 'Thieves and scoundrels,' thou shalt answer. Then Hrut will smile and think it sport to listen. You two

will go on to talk of the men in the Eastfirth Quarter, and thou must always find something to say against them. At last your talk will come to Rangrivervale, and then thou must say, there is small choice of men left in those parts since Fiddle Mord died. At the same time sing some stave to please Hrut, for I know thou art a skald. Hrut will ask what makes thee say there is never a man to come in Mord's place? and then thou must answer, that he was so wise a man and so good a taker up of suits, that he never made a false step in upholding his leadership. He will ask, 'Dost thou know how matters fared between me and Him?'

" 'I know all about it,' thou must reply, 'he took thy wife from thee, and thou hadst not a word to say.'

"Then Hrut will ask, 'Dost thou not think it was some disgrace to him when he could not get back his goods, though he set the suit on foot?'

" 'I can answer thee that well enough,' thou must say.

" 'Thou challengedst him to single combat, but he was old and so his friends advised him not to fight with thee, and then they let the suit fall to the ground.'

" 'True enough,' Hrut will say. 'I said so, and that passed for law among foolish men; but the suit might have been taken up again at another Thing if he had the heart.'

" 'I know all that,' thou must say.

"Then he will ask, 'Dost thou know anything about law?'

" 'Up in the North I am thought to know something about it,' thou shalt say. 'But still I should like thee to tell me how this suit should be taken up.'

" 'What suit dost thou mean?' he will ask.

" 'A suit,' thou must answer, 'which does not concern me. I want to know how a man must set to work who wishes to get back Unna's dower.'

"Then Hrut will say, 'In this suit I must be summoned so that I can hear the summons, or I must be summoned here in my lawful house.'

" 'Recite the summons, then,' thou must say, 'and I will say it after thee.'

"Then Hrut will summon himself; and mind and pay great heed to every word he says. After that Hrut will bid thee repeat the summons, and thou must do so, and say



it all wrong, so that no more than every other word is right.

"Then Hrut will smile and not mistrust thee, but say that scarce a word is right. Thou must throw the blame on thy companions, and say they put thee out, and then thou must ask him to say the word first, word by word, and to let thee say the words after him. He will give thee leave, and summon himself in the suit, and thou shalt summon after him there and then, and this time say every word right. When it is done, ask Hrut if that were rightly summoned, and he will answer, 'There is no flaw to be found in it.' Then thou shalt say in a loud voice, so that thy companions may hear:

"'I summon thee in the suit which Unna Mord's daughter has made over to me with her plighted hand.'

"But when men are sound asleep, you shall rise and take your bridles and saddles, and tread softly, and go out of the house, and put your saddles on your fat horses in the fields, and so ride off on them, but leave the others behind you. You must ride up into the hills away from the home pastures and stay there three nights, for about so long will they seek you. After that ride home south, riding always by night and resting by day. As for us, we will then ride this summer to the Thing, and help thee in thy suit.'" So Gunnar thanked Njal, and first of all rode home.

#### HUCKSTER HEDINN

Gunnar rode from home two nights afterwards, and two men with him; they rode along until they got to Bluewood-heath, and then men on horseback met them and asked who that tall man might be of whom so little was seen. But his companions said it was Huckster Hedinn. Then the others said a worse was not to be looked for behind, when such a man as he went before. Hedinn at once made as though he would have set upon them, but yet each went their way. So Gunnar went on doing everything as Njal had laid it down for him, and when he came to Hauskuldstede he stayed there the night, and thence he went down the dale till he came to the next farm to Hrutstede. There he offered his wares for sale, and Hedinn fell at once upon the farmer. This was told to Hrut, and he sent for Hedinn,

and Hedinn went at once to see Hrut, and had a good welcome. Hrut seated him over against himself, and their talk went pretty much as Njal had guessed; but when they came to talk of Rangrivervale, and Hrut asked about the men there, Gunnar sung this stave:

“Men in sooth are slow to find,—  
So the people speak by stealth,  
Often this hath reached my ears,—  
All through Rangar’s rolling vales.  
Still I trow that Fiddle Mord,  
Tried his hand in fight of yore;  
Sure was never gold-bestower,  
Such a man for might and wit.”

Then Hrut said, “Thou art a skald, Hedinn. But hast thou never heard how things went between me and Mord?” Then Hedinn sung another stave:

“Once I ween I heard the rumour,  
How the Lord of rings bereft thee;  
From thine arms earth’s offspring tearing,  
Trickfull he and trustful thou.  
Then the men, the buckler-bearers,  
Begged the mighty gold-begetter,  
Sharp sword oft of old he reddened,  
ot to stand in strife with thee.”

So they went on, till Hrut, in answer, told him how the suit must be taken up, and recited the summons. Heddin repeated it all wrong, and Hrut burst out laughing, and had no mistrust. Then he said, Hrut must summon once more, and Hrut did so. Then Hedinn repeated the summons a second time and this time right, and called his companions to witness how he summoned Hrut in a suit which Unna Mord’s daughter had made over to him with her plighted hand. At night he went to sleep like other men, but as soon as ever Hrut was sound asleep, they took their clothes and arms, and went out and came to their horses, and rode off across the river, and so up along the bank by Hiardarholt till the dale broke off among the hills, and so there they are

upon the fells between Laxriverdale and Hawkdale, having got to a spot where no one could find them unless he had fallen on them by chance.

Hauskuld wakes up that night at Hauskuldstede, and roused all his household. "I will tell you my dream," he said. "I thought I saw a great bear go out of this house, and I knew at once this beast's match was not to be found, two cubs followed him, wishing well to the bear, and they all made for Hrutstede and went into the house there. After that I woke. Now I wish to ask if any of you saw aught about yon tell man."

Then one man answered him: "I saw how a golden fringe and a bit of scarlet cloth peeped out at his arm, and on his right arm he had a ring of gold."

Hauskuld said: "This beast is no man's fetch, but Gunnar's of Lithend, and now methinks I see all about it. Up! let us ride to Hrutstede." And they did so. Hrut lay in his locked bed, and asks who have come there? Hauskuld tells who he is, and asked what guests might be there in the house?

"Only Huckster Hedinn is here," says Hrut.

"A broader man across the back, it will be, I fear," says Hauskuld, "I guess here must have been Gunnar of Lithend."

"Then there has been a pretty trial of cunning," says Hrut.

"What has happened?" says Hauskuld.

"I told him how to take up Unna's suit, and I summoned myself and he summoned after, and now he can use this first step in the suit, and it is right in law."

"There has, indeed, been a great falling off of wit on one side," said Hauskuld, "and Gunnar cannot have planned it all by himself; Njal must be at the bottom of this plot, for there is not his match for wit in all the land."

Now they look for Hedinn, but he is already off and away; after that they gathered folk, and looked for them three days, but could not find them. Gunnar rode south from the fell to Hawkdale and so east of Skard, and north to Holtbeaconheath, and so on until he got home.

## GUNNAR AND HRUT STRIVE AT THE THING

Gunnar rode to the Althing, and Hrut and Hauskuld rode thither too with a very great company. Gunnar pursues his suit, and began by calling on his neighbors to bear witness, but Hrut and his brother had it in their minds to make an onslaught on him, but they mistrusted their strength.

Gunnar next went to the court of the men of Broadfirth, and bade Hrut listen to his oath and declaration of the cause of the suit, and to all the proofs which he was about to bring forward. After that he took his oath and declared his case. After that he brought forward his witnesses of the summons, along with his witnesses that the suit had been handed over to him. All this time Njal was not at the court. Now Gunnar pursued his suit till he called on the defendant to reply. Then Hrut took witness, and said the suit was naught, and that there was a flaw in the pleading; he declared that it had broken down because Gunnar had failed to call those three witnesses which ought to have been brought before the court. The first, that which was taken before the marriage-bed, the second, before the man's door, the third, at the Hill of Laws. By this time Njal was come to court and said the suit and pleading might still be kept alive if they chose to strive in that way.

"No," says Gunnar, "I will not have that; I will do the same to Hrut as he did to Mord my kinsman;—or, are those brothers Hrut and Hauskuld so near that they may hear my voice."

"Hear it we can," says Hrut. "What dost thou wish?"

Gunnar said: "Now all men here present be ear-witnesses, that I challenge thee Hrut to single combat, and we shall fight today on the holm, which is here in Oxwater. But if thou wilt not fight with me, then pay up all the money this very day."

After that Gunnar sung a stave:

"Yes, so must it be, this morning—  
Now my mind is full of fire—  
Hrut with me on yonder island



Raises roar of helm and shield.  
All that hear my words bear witness,  
Warriors grasping Woden's guard,  
Unless the wealthy wight down payeth  
Dower of wife with flowing veil."

After that Gunnar went away from the court with all his followers. Hrut and Hauskuld went home, too, and the suit was never pursued nor defended from that day forth. Hrut said, as soon as he got inside the booth, "This has never happened to me before, that any man has offered me combat and I have shunned it."

"Then thou must mean to fight," says Hauskuld, "but that shall not be if I have my way; for thou comest no nearer to Gunnar than Mord would have come to thee, and we had better both of us pay up the money to Gunnar."

After that the brothers asked the householders of their own country what they would lay down, and they one and all said they would lay down as much as Hrut wished.

"Let us go then," says Hauskuld, "to Gunnar's booth, and pay down the money out of hand." That was told to Gunnar, and he went out into the doorway of the booth, and Hauskuld said:

"Now it is thine to take the money."

Gunnar said:

"Pay it down, then, for I am ready to take it."

So they paid down the money truly out of hand, and then Hauskuld said: "Enjoy it now, as thou hast gotten it." Then Gunnar sang another stave:

"Men who wield the blade of battle  
Hoarded wealth may well enjoy,  
Guileless gotten this at least,  
Golden meed I fearless take;  
But if we for woman's quarrel,  
Warriors born to brandish sword,  
Glut the wolf with manly gore,  
Worse the lot of both would be."

Hrut answered: "Ill will be thy meed for this."

"Be that as it may," says Gunnar.

Then Hauskuld and his brother went home to their booth and he had much upon his mind, and said to Hrut:

“Will this unfairness of Gunnar’s never be avenged?”

“Not so,” says Hrut; ‘ ’twill be avenged on him sure enough, but we shall have no share nor profit in that vengeance. And after all it is most likely that he will turn to our stock to see for friends.”

After that they left off speaking of the matter. Gunnar showed Njal the money, and he said: “The suit has gone off well.”

“Ay,” says Gunnar, “but it was all thy doing.”

Now men rode from the Thing, and Gunnar got very great honour from the suit. Gunnar handed over all the money to Unna, and would have none of it, but said he thought he ought to look for more help from her and her kin hereafter than from other men. She said, so it should be.

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<sup>1</sup>From the version published by the Scandinavian Foundation, which see for complete work.

<sup>2</sup>This means that Njal, according to the firm belief of that age, had a more than human insight into things about to happen.

## PRONOUNCING VOCABULARY

Aasen (ô sên); (Ivar) (ē vār')	Arezzo (ă rêt'zô)
Abassin (ă bās'ên)	Ariosto (ă rē ôs'tô)
Abul-Fazl (abool' fâz'l)	Armada (ăr mǎ'dá)
Abelard (ab'ē lǎrd)	Armagh (ăr mǎ')
Achitophel (ă kít'ô fêl)	Arrhenius (Svante) (ă rǎ'ní oôs)
Adonais (ăd ô nǎ'is)	(svǎn'tê)
Aedh Mac Criffan (ăd mǎk crif'fǎn)	Artegal (ăr'tê gǎl)
Aeger (ē'gr)	artel (ăr tēl')
Aeschylus (ēs'kǐ lūs)	Artemis (ăr'tê mǐs)
Aesir (ē'sǎr)	Artisbashev (ăr tís bǎsh'êv)
Aethelstan (êth'êl stǎn)	Aryan (ăr'yǎn)
Aethling (êth'ling)	Asa-Thor (ă'sǎ thôr')
Afanasyevitch (ă fa nǎ'syê vich)	Asbjörnsen (äs byörn'sên)
Agincourt (ă zhǎN koor')	Asgard (ăs'gǎrd)
Agonistes (ăg ô nǐs'tēs)	Askold (ăs'kold)
Agrafena (ă grǎ fē'ná)	Askr (ăskr)
Agricola (ă grík'ô lá)	Asolo (ă sô'lô)
Aix-la-Chapelle (êks'lá shǎ pēl')	Atalanta (ăt á lǎn'tá)
Ajax (ǎ'jǎks)	Atland (ăt'lǎnt)
Akbar (ăk'bár)	Audelin (ô'dê lǎN')
Akinfov (ă kín fof')	Augean (ô jē'ǎn)
Aksakov (ăk sǎ'kôf)	Aurangzeb (ô'rúng zǎb')
Albemarle (ǎl'bē mǎrl)	Ayr (ăr)
Alex (ă lēks)	Azrael (ăz'rǎ êl)
Alexandra (ă lēks ǎn'drǎ)	
Alexandrov (ă lēks ǎn'drôf)	Baal (bǎ'al)
Alexios (ă lēks'í ôs)	Bakst (bǎkst)
Alexis (ă lēks'ís)	Balder (bô'ldêr)
Alexy (ă lēks'ý)	Baliol (bǎl'yŭl)
Aleksyevka (ă lēks'ý êv'ká)	Balkan (bǎl'kǎn')
Alfven (Hugo) (ǎlf'vên)	Baltic (bôl'tík)
Alla-Allah (ǎl'á-ǎl'á)	Barnave (bǎr nǎv')
Allvar (ǎl'vǎr)	Barbados (bǎr'bǎ'dôz)
Almquist (K. J. L.) (ǎlm'kvíst)	bas bleu (bǎ'blú')
Alva (ǎl vǎ)	Basel (bǎ'zêl)
Amalek (ǎm'á lēk)	Bashkir (bǎsh kēr')
Amalia (ă mǎ'lē á)	Bashkirtsev (bǎsh kért'sêf)
Amalthea (ǎm'ál thē'á)	Basoche (bás ôsh')
Amara (ǎm'á rá)	Batyanov (bǎt'yǎ nŏf)
Amiens (ǎm'ý ênz)	Bayan (bǎ'yǎn)
Amreeta (ŭm'rǐ tá)	Beelzebub (bē êl'zē bŭb)
Amundsen (ǎ'mŭn sên)	Bekhterev (bêk'tê rêf)
Anastasius (ǎn ǎs tǎ'shē ŭs)	Bengal (bên gól')
Andreyev (ǎn drǎ'yef)	Benois (bǎ nwǎ')
Andhrimnir (ǎn drim'nêr)	Beowulf (bǎ'ô wŏolf)
Angoulême (ǎN gŏô lám')	Bergthorsknoll (bêrgs'tôrs'nŏll)
Anisfeld (ǎn'ís fêlt)	Bergthora (bêrg'tôrá)
Annist (ǎnn'íst)	Bergquist (bêrg'kvíst)
Ansgar (ǎns'gǎr)	Bernadotte (bŭr nǎ dôt')
Anyuta (ǎn yŭ'tá)	Berzelius (bêr zê'li ŭs)
Araby (ǎr'á bǐ)	Bessarabia (bês sǎ rǎ'bǐ á)
Arcades (ǎr'ká dêz)	Bezobrazov (byêz ô brǎ'zôf)
Arcady (ǎr'ká dǐ)	Birgit (Saint) (bǐr'jít)
Arcot (ăr kôt')	Björke (byŭr'kê)
Archimago (ăr'kǐ mǎ'gô)	Björnson (b yêrn'sŭn)
Aretine (ăr'ê tĭn)	

Blefuscu (blē fūs'kū)  
 Blok (blōk)  
 Blucher (blōō'chēr)  
 Boccaccio (bōk kă'cho)  
 Bofrgarfirth (bōfr gār' firth)  
 Boileau (bwā lō')  
 Bojer (Johan) (bō'yer yā'hăn)  
 Boleyn (bōō'ln)  
 Bolsheviki (bōl'shē vē kē')  
 Boretsky (bō rēt'skē)  
 Boris (bō rēs')  
 Borodin (bō rō dīn')  
 Borr (bōr)  
 Bosphorus (bōs'pō rūs)  
 Bougret (bōō grā')  
 Bouille (bōō yē')  
 Bourdonnais (bōōr dōn nă')  
 Bragi (Bră'gē)  
 Brahma (bră'mă)  
 Braise, Philip de (fil ēp dēh brāz)  
 Brand (brānt)  
 Brandes (Georg) (brăn'dēs)  
 Brehon (brēh'ōn)  
 Bremer (Fredrika) (brē'mēr)  
 Breshkovsky (brēsh kōv'skē)  
 Brobdingnag (brōb'dīng năg)  
 Bruscambille (brōōs'căm bēl)  
 Bryusov (brī ōō sōf')  
 Bucentora (bu cēn tō'ră)  
 Bugge (Sophus) (bōō'gē)  
 Bunin (bōō nīn')  
 Byelevsky (byē lēf'skē)  
 Bylina (bī lē'nă)  
 Byliny (bī lī nē')  
 Byzantium (bī zăn'shī ūm)

Cadiz (kă'dīz or kă'thēth)  
 Cadwallader (kăd wōl'ă dēr)  
 Caledonia (kăl ē dō'nī a)  
 Callicles (kăl'li clēz)  
 Campagna (kăm păn'yă)  
 Caponsacchi (kăp ōn să'kī)  
 Caravaggio (kă ră vă'jō)  
 Carinthia (kă rīn'thī ā)  
 Carnatic (kăr năt'ik)  
 Carrousel (kăr ōō zēl')  
 Carteret (kăr'tēr ēt)  
 Casa Guida (kă'să gē'dă)  
 Castlereagh (kăs'l ră)  
 Cathair Mor (kă thăr' mōr)  
 Cathay (kă thă')  
 Catoire (kă twăr')  
 Cavour (kă vōōr')  
 Cawnpore (kōn pōr')  
 Cecil (sēs'il or sīs il)  
 Cenci (chēn'chē)  
 Cervantes (sēr văt'tēz)  
 Ceylon (cē lōn')  
 Chaliapin (shă lī ā'pīn)  
 Chagin (shă'gīn)

Chandernagore (chūn dēr nă gōr')  
 Chausee d'Areten (chō'ză dă'ră tăn')  
 Chekhov (chē'kōf)  
 Cherepnin (shēr ēp'nīn)  
 Chevy (chēv'ī)  
 Chichester (chīch'ēs tēr)  
 Childeric (chīl'dēr ik)  
 Chillon (shē yōN')  
 Christiania (krīs tyă'nē ā)  
 Christina (krīs'tī'nă)  
 Chairvaux (klēr vō')  
 Claudel (clō dēl')  
 Clive (klīve)  
 Clichy (klē'shē')  
 Clonard (klō nărd')  
 Clonfert (klōn'fērt)  
 Clonmacnoise (klōn māk noiz')  
 Clough (klūf)  
 Cocytus (kō sī'tūs)  
 Coigny (de) (dēh kwăn yē')  
 Colet (cō'lă')  
 Colonna (kō lōn'nă)  
 Columba (kō lūm'bă)  
 Columbanus (kō lūm'băn'ūs)  
 Columelle (kō'lūm'kil)  
 Commenus (kōm nē'nūs)  
 Comparini (kōm pă rē'nē)  
 Comus (kō'mūs)  
 Connaught (kōn'ōt)  
 Conor (kō'nōr)  
 Copenhagen (kō pēn hă'gēn)  
 Copernicus (kō pūr'nī kūs)  
 Corneille (kōr nă'y)  
 Correggio (kōr rēj'ō)  
 Corydon (kōr'ī dōn)  
 Cossack (kōs'ăk)  
 Crimea (krī mē'ă)  
 Cuchulain (kōō hōō'līn)  
 Cuildevre (kēl'drēv)  
 Culloden (kū lō'dēn)  
 Cymini seclares (sī mē'nē sē'clōrs)  
 Cynthia (sīn'thī ā)  
 Cyprian (sīp'rī ān)

Dail Eireann (dăl'âr'īn)  
 Dalen (Gustaf) (dă'lēn)  
 Dalhousie (dăl hōō'zī)  
 D'Annunzio (dăn nōō'dzē ō)  
 Daor (dă'ōr)  
 Daphne (dăf'nē)  
 Dargomyshsky (dăr gō mēzh'skē)  
 Darien (dă rī ēn')  
 Darya (dăr'yă)  
 Dauphin (dō'fin)  
 D'Avalos (dă'văl ōs)  
 Decembrist (dē cēm'brīst)  
 De Geer (dă gār')  
 de Laval (dē lă văl')  
 Delhi (dēl'ē)  
 Dellinger (del'īn gēr)



- Delphine (děl fēn')  
 Demeter (děl mē'tēr)  
 Democritus (dē mōc'ri tūs)  
 Denikin (dē nē'kin)  
 Denis (dē nē')  
 Dershavin (dyēr shā'vēn)  
 Desyatinas (dēs yā tē'nās)  
 Deucalion (dū kā'li ōn)  
 Diderot (dē dē rō')  
 Dir (dēr)  
 Dis (dis)  
 Disraeli (diz rā'li)  
 Dmitriyev (dmē'tri yēf)  
 Donan (dō'nān)  
 Donegal (dōn ē gōl')  
 Donne (dōn)  
 Dostoyevsky (dōs tō yēv'skē)  
 Dove (Gustav) (dō'vē)  
 Drogheda (drō'hē dā)  
 Duessa (dū ēs'á)  
 Duma (dū'mā)  
 Duncannon (dūn kǎn'ūn)  
 Dunciad (dūn'si ád)  
 Duplex (dū plēks')  
 Durham (dūr'ām)  
 Düsseldorf (dūs'ēl dōrf)  
 Echelle (ā shel')  
 Edda (ēd'á)  
 Eilif (ā'lēv)  
 Einherjar (ān'ēr yār)  
 Elbe (ēl'bē)  
 Eldhrimnir (ēld hrim'nīr)  
 Elgin (Lord) (ēl'gin)  
 Embla (ēm'blá)  
 Emer (ā mēr')  
 Empedocles (ēm pēd'ō klēz)  
 Endymion (ēn dīm'i ōn)  
 Engelbrekt (ēng'ēl brēkt)  
 Engelbrektson (ēng'ēl brēk'tsēn)  
 Enna (ēn'ná)  
 Epithalamium (ēp'i thá lā'mi ūm)  
 Erik (ēr'ik)  
 Esthonia (ēs thō'nī á)  
 Eubulus (ū bū'lūs)  
 Evelyn (Jno) (ēv'ē lyn)  
 Eyestein (ā'yēs tǎn)  
 Eyjarfirth (ā'yār firth)  
 Falkberget (Fawk'bēr gēt)  
 Faust (foust)  
 feis (fēsh or fāsh)  
 Fenian (fē'nī ān)  
 Fernandez (fēr nān'dāth)  
 Ferrara (fēr rā'rā)  
 Fersen (fēr'zēn)  
 Figner (fig'nēr)  
 Finland (fin lánd)  
 filé (fē lē')  
 filidh (fēl'ēth)  
 Fjodorovna (fyō dō rōv'ná)  
 Fjorgvinn (fyōrg'vin)  
 flaith (flāth)  
 Flygare-Carlén (fli gā rē-kār lēn')  
 Fokin (fō'kin)  
 Fönhus (fōn'hōös)  
 Fortunatus (fōr chū nā'tūs)  
 Franceschini (frān chēs kē'nē)  
 Franconia (frān kō'nī á)  
 Frantsovna (frānt'sōv ná)  
 Franzen (frānt'sēn)  
 Frey (frā)  
 Frizzo (frē'kō)  
 Friedland (frēd'lānt)  
 Frigg (frīg)  
 Fritiof (frit'yōf)  
 Froissart (frwā'sār')  
 Fulker (of Chartres) (fōöl'kā')  
 Fungoso (fūn'gō'sō)  
 Futeb pur Sikri (fūt tēb pōor sīk'rī)  
 Fylke (fūl'kē)  
 Fyodor (fyō'dōr)  
 Gael (gāl)  
 Galatea (gāl á tē'a)  
 Galileo (gā li lē'ō)  
 Gangleri (gǎn'glēr ē)  
 Garborg (Arne) (gār'bōrg)  
 Garshin (gār'shēn)  
 Gastev (gās'tēf)  
 Gattenburg (gát'tēn bōōrg)  
 Gaz (gǎz)  
 Geijer (yā'yēr)  
 Gerasimov (gā rā sē'mōf)  
 Germania (jūr mā n' á)  
 Giaour (jour)  
 Gjerset (gyēr'sēt)  
 Glazunov (glā zōō nōf')  
 Glinka (glēn'ká)  
 Glinnoe (glē nō'ē)  
 Gloucester (glōs'tēr)  
 Gnesin (gnā'zēn)  
 Gogol (gō'gōl y')  
 Gogunov (gō gōō'nōf)  
 Golitsyn (gō lēt'sīn)  
 Goncharov (gōn chā rōf')  
 Goncharova (gōn chā rō'fá)  
 Goremykin (gō rē mī'kin)  
 Gorky (gōr'kē)  
 Gouvion (gōō vyōN')  
 Grainne (grān)  
 Gran (grān)  
 Grammont (grá'mōN)  
 Grattan (grāt'ān)  
 Grätte (grá'tē)  
 Greenwich (grīn'ij)  
 Grieg (grēg)  
 Grigorovich (grē gō rō'vich)  
 Grimmismal (grīm nīs'mál)  
 Groa (grō'á)

Guicciardini (gwēt chār dē'nē)  
 Guidecca (gwē dēk'ká)  
 Guido (gwē'dō)  
 Gullstrand (güll'stränt)  
 Gunnar (gōōn'är)  
 Guiseppa (gwē sēp'pē)  
 Guyon (gē'ōn)  
 Gyda (gē'dá)  
 Gylfi (gēl'fi)

Haakon (hō'kōn)  
 Haarfagre (hār'fägr)  
 Hakluyt (hāk'lōōt)  
 Halte Hulda (hāl'tē hōōl'da)  
 Hamsun (Knut)<sup>et</sup>. (hām'sūn k'nōōt')  
 Hanseatic (hän'sē ät'lk)  
 Harald (hār'äld)  
 Harr (här)  
 Hauskuldslæde (hous'kōōld slē dē)  
 Hazlitt (hāz'lit)  
 Hecatombia (hēk'ä tōm fi'a)  
 Hedin (hā'dēn)  
 Hedvig (hēd'vig)  
 Hegel (hā'gēl)  
 Heine (hī'nē)  
 Helgeland (hēl'gē lānt)  
 Helicon (hēl'ī kōn)  
 Helvetian (hēl vē'shän)  
 Heresiarch (hēr'ē sī ärk)  
 Hertha (hēr'thā)  
 Heruli (hēr rōō'li)  
 Herzen (hērt'sēn)  
 Hesiod (Hēs'ī öd)  
 Hesperides (hēs pēr'ī dēz)  
 Hesperus (hēs'pēr üs)  
 Hesse Darmstadt (hēs sē därm'städ't)  
 Heyerdal (Hä'ēr däl)  
 Hlidskjalf (lēds'shālf)  
 Holborn (hō'būrn)  
 Holowczyn (hō lōf'chñn)  
 Hordaland (hōr'dä lānt)  
 Hovamol (hōv'ä mōl)  
 Hrutstede (hrōōts'tē dē)  
 Hrut (hrōōt)  
 Hvin (hvēn)  
 Hydas'pēs (hỹ dās'pēz)  
 Hymen (hỹ'mēn)  
 Hyperborean (hỹ'pēr bō'rē äñ)  
 Hyperion (hỹ'pēr'ri ön)

Iacchus (ī äk üs)  
 Iberian (ī bē'ri äñ)  
 Ibsen (ib'sēn)  
 Ibra (ē'drā)  
 Ignashka (ig nāsh'ká)  
 Igor (ē'gōr)  
 Ind (ind)  
 Inger (in gēr)  
 Innsbruck (inns'brōōk)  
 Intelligentsia (in tēl li jēnt'sī a)

Iona (ī ō'nā)  
 Iope (ī'ō pē)  
 Islam (is'lām)  
 Issa (is'sā)  
 Ithavoll (ēt'ä vōl)  
 Ivan (ē vān')  
 Ivanov (ē vā nōf)  
 Ivanovich (ē vā nō'vich)  
 Ivanovna (ē vā nōv'nā)  
 Izvolsky (ēz vōl'skē)

Jafnharr (yäf'n hār)  
 Jötunheim (yū'tōōn hām)

Kabul (kā'bōōl)  
 Kalevala (kā'lā vā'lā)  
 Kalfa (chāl'fā)  
 Kalmar (käl'mär)  
 Kalmucks (käl'müks)  
 Kamerny (kā'mēr nī)  
 Kant (kānt)  
 Kapernaumova (kā pēr nō'mō va)  
 Karamazov (kā rām ä zōf')  
 Karenin (kā rā nēn')  
 Katerina (kā tē rī'nā)  
 Kazin (kā zīn')  
 Kelgren (chēl'grēn)  
 Khayyam (kī'yām')  
 Khyber (kī'bēr)  
 Kiao Chau (kyou chō')  
 Kiel (kēl)  
 Kielland (kēl'lānt)  
 Kiev (kē'yēf)  
 Kilcolman (kīl kōl'män)  
 Kildare (kīl dāre')  
 Kilkeny (kīl kēn'ī)  
 Kirillov (kē rēl'lōf)  
 Kishinev (kē'shē nyōf)  
 Klimovo (klē'mō vō)  
 Klissow (klēs'sō)  
 Klopstoch (klōp'stōk)  
 Kluchevsky (klū chēv'skī)  
 Kokovtsev (kō kōf'tsōf)  
 Kola (kō'la)  
 Kölen (chū'lēn)  
 Kollontay (kōl'lōn tā)  
 Koran (kō rān')  
 Korolenko (kō rō lēn'kō)  
 Kossuth (kōsh'ōōt)  
 Koursante (kōōr sän'tē)  
 Kovalevsky (kō vā lyēf'skī)  
 Kozel (kōz'ēl)  
 Krein (krīn)  
 Krogh (Krislin) (krōg)  
 Krysesinski (krē sēs īn'skī)  
 Kubla Khan (kū'blā kän)  
 Kuprin (kōō'prīn)  
 Kuropatkin (kōō rō pāt'kīn)  
 Kursk (kōōrsk)  
 Kuzma (kōōz'mā)

Laertes (lã ûr'têz)  
 Lagerlöf (Selma) (lã'gër löf)  
 L'Allegro (lã lã'grô)  
 La Mancha (lã măn'chá)  
 Lamsdorf (lãms'dôrf)  
 Lara (lã'rã)  
 Larionov (lãr ē ð'nôf)  
 Latour-Maubourg (lã'tôor mō'boörg)  
 Latvia (lãt'vĩ á)  
 Latmus (lãt'mtús)  
 Latvios (lãt'vĩ ôs)  
 L'Aube (lôb)  
 Lazarev (lã'zá rêf)  
 Lebedev (lã'bê děf)  
 Lebeziatnikov (lê bẽ zẽ ät'nẽ kôf)  
 Lecke (lẽ'kẽ)  
 Leicester (lẽs'tër)  
 Leinster (lẽns'tër)  
 Leipsig (lĩp'zĩg)  
 Leith (lẽth)  
 Lermontov (lyẽr'môn tóf)  
 Leman (lẽ'mãn)  
 Lenin (lẽ'nẽn)  
 Leonid (lẽ'ô nĩd)  
 Leszcynski (lẽsh chĩn'skẽ)  
 Libedinsky (lẽ bẽd ln'skẽ)  
 Lidin (lẽ'dĩn)  
 Lie (Jonas) (lẽ)  
 Liège (lẽ êzh')  
 Liljefors (lĩl'yẽ fôrce)  
 Lilliput (lĩl'ĩ pũt)  
 Lilliputian (lĩl'ĩ pũ'shãn)  
 Lindesfarena (lĩn dẽs'fã rê'nã)  
 Ling (Henrik) (lĩng)  
 Linneus (lĩ nẽ'ũs)  
 Lippevech-sel (lĩp pẽ vãk'sel)  
 Lisa (lẽ'sã)  
 Lithend (lĩt'ẽnd)  
 Lithuania (lĩth ũ ã' nĩ á)  
 Lobachevsky (lô bá chẽf'skẽ)  
 Lochinvar (lôk'ĩn vãr')  
 Loki (lô'kẽ)  
 Lomonosov (lô mỗ nỗ'sôf)  
 Lorraine (lôr'rãn')  
 Losima (lô sẽ'ma)  
 Lossky (lôs'skẽ)  
 (Louis) Philippe (lôô'ĩ fẽ lĩp')  
 Lough Mosh (lôh mỗsh)  
 Loyola (lô yô'lã)  
 Luca (lũ'ká)  
 Lucina (lũ sĩ'nã)  
 Lucrezia (lũ krẽ'shĩ á)  
 Ludmila (lũd mẽ'lã)  
 Luigi (lũ ê'jĩ)  
 Lukerya (lũ kẽr'yã)  
 Lumarcharsky (lôô mãr chãr'skẽ)  
 Lurie (lũr'ẽ)  
 Lützen (lũt'sẽn)  
 Lvov (l vóf)  
 Lycidas (lĩs'ĩ dãs)

Lyell (lĩ'ẽl)  
 Lyly (lĩ'lĩ)  
 Lyonnesse (lĩ ð nẽs')  
 Mac Dáthó (mãk dã thô')  
 Magdalen college (môd'lin)  
 Magna Charta (mãg'nã kãr'tã)  
 Magyar (môd'yôr)  
 Mahmoud (mã'môod)  
 Makar (mã kãr')  
 Malachy (mã lã'kĩ)  
 Mallarmé (mã lãr mã')  
 Malory (mãl'ô rĩ)  
 Manchuria (mãn chôô'rẽ á)  
 Manitoba (mãn'ĩ tỗ'bã)  
 Mantuan (mãn'tũ án)  
 Marengo (mã rẽn'gô)  
 Marinetti (mãr ē nẽt'tẽ)  
 Marja (mãr'yã)  
 Marmeladov (mãr mẽ lã'dôf)  
 Maro (mã'rô)  
 Marusya (mã rỗôs'yã)  
 Masaryk (mã sã'rĩk)  
 Masse Mensch (mãs'sẽ mẽnsh)  
 Maxentius (mãks ẽn'shẽ ũs)  
 Maxim (mãks'ĩm)  
 Maya (mã'yã)  
 Mayakovsky (mã yã kôf'skĩ)  
 Mechnikov (mẽch'nĩ kôf)  
 Mecklenburg (mẽk'lẽn búrg)  
 Medici (mẽd'ẽ chẽ)  
 Medtner (mẽdt'nẽr)  
 Mehemet Ali (mã'hẽm ẽt ä'lẽ)  
 Meleager (mẽl'ẽ ä jẽr)  
 Meles (mẽ'lẽz)  
 Mendeleyev (mẽn dyẽ lyã'yẽf)  
 Mercier (mẽr'syã')  
 Metternich (mẽt'ẽr nĩk)  
 Meyerhold (mĩ'ẽr hỏlt)  
 Mikhail (mẽ kã yĩl)  
 Mikkjel (mĩk'yẽl)  
 Mikhaylovsky (mẽ kã ylãf'skĩ)  
 Milan (mĩl'ãn)  
 Milchu (mĩl'chũ)  
 Millet (J. Francois) (mẽ yã')  
 Minorca (mĩ nỏr'ká)  
 Mir (mẽr)  
 Misha (mẽ'shã)  
 Mitrofan (mẽ trô fãn')  
 Mogul (mô gũl')  
 Moira (mỏi'rã)  
 Moliere (mô lyãr')  
 Moloch (mô'lỏk)  
 Mongol (mỗn'gỏl)  
 Montagu (mỗn'tã'gũ)  
 Montaigne (mỗn tãn')  
 Montelius (mỗn tẽ'lĩ us)  
 Montfort (Limonde) (mỗnt'fỏrt)  
 (lẽ'mond)

Morozov (mō rō'zōf)  
 Morte d'Arthur (mōrt dār'thūr)  
 Moscow (mōs'kō)  
 Mtsyri (m'tsī'ri)  
 Munch (Edw.) (Mōōnk)  
 Munich (mūn'ik)  
 Munster (mūn stēr)  
 Muscovy (mūs'kō vī)  
 Mussorgsky (mūs sōrg'skē)  
 Muzhik (mōō'zhik)  
 Myshkin (mīsh'kīn)

Naas (nās)  
 Niall (nē'all)  
 Nice (nī'sē) vālōr (vāl'ōr)  
 Naishapur (nī shā'pōōr')  
 Nanna (nān'nā)  
 Nansen (nān'sēn)  
 Napravnik (nā prāv'nēk)  
 Narodniki (nā rōd'nī kī)  
 Narva (nār'vā)  
 Naséby (nāz'bī)  
 Natasha (nā tā'shā)  
 Nekrasov (nyē krā'sōf)  
 Nemean (Nē mē'ān)  
 Nichevoki (nī chē vō'ki)  
 Nicolas (nīk'ō lās)  
 Nietzsche (nē'chē)  
 Niflheim (nēf'l'hām)  
 Nikitin (nyē kē'tyēn)  
 Niksar (nīk'sār')  
 Nilsson (nīl'sūn)  
 Nilus (nī'lūs)  
 Njal (nyāl)  
 Njörd (nyūrd)  
 Nordenflycht (Charlotte)  
 (nōr'dēn flūkt)  
 Novaya Zemlya (nō'vā yā zēm'lyā)  
 Novgorod (nōv'gō rōt)  
 Nuremburg (nū rēm būrg)  
 Nymphidia (nīm fī'dī ā)  
 Nystad (nū'stāth)

Oates (Titus) (ōts)  
 Oblomov (ō blō'mōf)  
 Oddi (ōd'ē)  
 Oder (river) (ō'dēr)  
 Odin (ō'dīn)  
 Odysseus (ō dīs'ūs)  
 Oisin (ūsh'en)  
 Olaf (ō'lāf)  
 Ole Bull (violinist) (ō'lē bōōl)  
 Ollamh Ollav (ōl'am ōl'av)  
 Omar (ō'mār)  
 Onegin (Eugene) (ō'nā gīn)  
 Ormonde (ōr'mūnd)  
 Orneus (ōr'nā ōōs)  
 Orontes (ō rōn'tēz)  
 Oslo (ō'slōō)

Ossian (ōsh'ān)  
 Ostrogorsky (ōs trō gōr'skī)  
 Ostrovsky (ōs trōf'skī)  
 Ottima (ōt'ī mā)  
 Oudh (oud)  
 Oxenstjerna (ōk'sēn shēr'nā)

Pakhome (pāk hōm')  
 Paleologue (pā lē'ō lōg)  
 Paracelsus (pār ā sēl'sus)  
 Parnassus (pār nās'ūs)  
 Parnell (pār'nēl)  
 Parsee (pār sē')  
 Pasch (G. E.) (pāsh)  
 Pavel (pā'vēl)  
 Pavlov (pāv'lōf)  
 Peer Gynt (pēr gīnt)  
 Pegasus (pēg'ā sūs)  
 Pepys (pēps)  
 Perisoroso (il) (pēr ī sō rō'sō)  
 Perovsky (pē rōv'skī)  
 Persiles (pēr'sī lēz)  
 Perularia (pēr'ū lār'ī ā)  
 Peshawar (pē shā'wār)  
 Pétion (pā'tē ōn')  
 Petri (Olaus) (pēt'ri)  
 Petrograd (pēt'rō grād)  
 Petrov (pyē trōf')  
 Petrovich (pyē trō'vich)  
 Phellida (fēl lē'dā)  
 Philippe (fē lēp')  
 Philomela (fīl ō mē'lā)  
 Phoebus (fē'būs)  
 Pict (pīkt)  
 Pierian (pī ē'rī ān)  
 Pietro (pē āt'rō)  
 Pilnyak (pīln'yāk)  
 Pinakothek (pīn'ā kō tēk')  
 Piotr (pī ōtr')  
 Pirogov (pī'rō gōf)  
 Pitirim (pīt'ī rīm)  
 Plehve (plā'vē)  
 Pleske (plēs'kē)  
 Pobyedonostsev (pā byē dā nōs'tsēf)  
 Pokrovsky (pōk rōf'skī)  
 Polivanov (pō lī vā'nōf)  
 Polonius (pō lō'nī ūs)  
 Polovsty (pō lōf'stī)  
 Polyakov (pōl'yā kōf)  
 Polyanytsa (pōl yān'ēt sā)  
 Polybion (pō līb'ī ōn)  
 Pomona (pō mō'nā)  
 Pompelia (pōm pē'lī ā)  
 Pons Milvius (pōns mīl'vī ūs)  
 Praeterita (prē tēr'ī tā)  
 Prokofiev (prō kō fī'yēf)  
 Proserpina (prō sēr'pī nā)  
 Proserpine (prō'sēr pīn)  
 Proteus (prō'tūs)  
 Prothalmium (prō'thā lā'mī ōn)



Protopopov (prō tō pō'pōf)

Psyche (sī'kē)

Ptolemaic (tōl'ē mā'lk)

Pucci (pōō'chī)

Purchas (pūr'chās)

Pushkin (pōōsh'kīn)

Pym (pīm)

Pyrenees (pīr'ē nēz)

Quixote (Don) (dōn kē hō'tā)

rabfacovets (rāb fā'cō vēts)

Rabfacs (rāb fācs')

Rachmaninov (rāk'mā'nē nōf)

Racine (rā sēn')

Radishchev (rā dīsh'chēf)

Rangar (rāng gār')

Rangordnung (rān gōrd'nōōng)

Raskolnikov (rās kōl'nyī kōf)

Rasputin (rā spōō tēn')

Rasselas (rās'ē lās)

Raugrivervale (rou grē'vēr vā lē)

Reldresal (rēl'drē sāl)

Remizov (rēm'ī zōf)

Remsen (rēm'sēn)

Reykjardale (rā kyār dā'lē)

Rhea (rē'ā)

Richelieu (rē shē lyū')

Richter (rīk'ter)

Riksdag (rēk'sdāg)

Rimsky-Korosakov (rīm'skī  
kōr'sā kōf)

Rodzianko (rōd zī ān'kō)

Roentgenologic (rūnt gēn ōl'ō jīk)

Roerich (rūr'īk)

Rökstenen (rūk'stēn ēn)

Romanov (rō mā'nōf')

Rossetti (rō sēt'tī)

Rousseau (rōō'sō')

Rozhdestvensky (rōzh dēst vēn'skī)

Rudbeck (rūd'bēk)

Rudin (rū'dīn)

rue (rū)

Runnerstrom (rūn'nēr strōm)

Ruotsi (rōō ōt'sī)

Rurik (rōō'rīk)

Ruslan (rōōs'lān)

Rustum (rūs'tūm)

Rydberg (rūd bē'r'y')

Ryswick (rīz wīk)

Sabaneyev (sā bā nā'yef)

Sabian (sā'bī ān)

Sabine (sā'bīn)

Sabrina (sā brīn'ā)

Saehrimnir (sā hīm nīr)

Sadofyev (sā dōf'yēf)

Samara (sā mā'rā)

Samarin (sā mā'rīn)

Sancho Panza (sān'kō pān'zá)

Sandro (sān'drō)

San Juan d'Ulloa (sān hwān  
dōōl yō'ā)

San Lorenzo (sān lō rēn'zō)

Saor (sā'ōr)

Saxe-Coburg (sāks' kō'būrg)

Sazonov (sā'zō'nōf)

Scania (skā'nī ā)

Scheele (Karl V.) (shā'lē)

Scheldt (skēlt)

Schidove (shē dō'vē)

Schigrov (shē grōf')

Schiraz (shē'rāz')

Schleswig Holstein

(schlās'vīk hōl'shtīn)

Schopenhauer (shō'pēn hou ēr)

Scoti (skō'tī)

Scotia (skō'shā)

Scutari (skōō tā'rī)

Sebald (sā'bālt)

Sebastopol (sē bās'tō pōl)

Sebelius (sē bēl'ī ūs)

Segelfoss (sē'gēl fōss)

Semilov (sēm'ī lōf)

Semka (sēm'kā)

Semyon (sēm'yōn)

Semyonovitch (sēm yā nō'vīch)

Semyonovna (sēm yō nōf'nā)

Sephora (sē fō'rā)

Sept (sēpt)

Serapion (sēr ā pē'ōn)

Sergius (sēr'jī ūs)

Shakhovskoy (shāk hōf'skoi')

Shane (shān)

Shatov (shā'tōf)

Shiaglev (shī āg lēf)

Shinelev (shē nā'lēf)

Shishkin (shīsh'kīn)

Siberia (sī bē'rī ā)

Sigismund (sī'jīs mūnd)

(Ger. zē'gīs mōōnt)

Sikh (sēk)

Silurian (sī lū'rī ān)

Silurist (sī lū'rīst)

Sinding (sīnd'īng)

Sinn Fein (shīn fān)

Sharpsheden (skārp'hēd dēn)

Slameksan (slām'ēck sān)

Slavophilism (slā vōf'ī līzm)

Slembe (slēm'bē)

Sloyd (slōid)

Snorri (snōr'rē)

Socinus (sō sī'nūs)

Söderman (sō'dēr mām)

Sofya (sō'fē ā)

Sogne (sōg'nē)

Sohrab (sō'rāb)

soiree (swā rā')

Solhaug (sōl'houg)

Soloviev (sā lāv yōf')

Solway (söl'wā)  
 Somov (sō'mōf)  
 Sonia (sō nē'á)  
 Sonya (sōn'yá)  
 Sophocles (sóf'ō klēz)  
 Southey (sūth'y)  
 soviet (sō'vyēt')  
 Spasskoye (späss'kō yē)  
 Stagyrite (stāj'ī rīt)  
 Stanislaus (stān'īs lās)  
 Stavrogin (stāv'rō gin)  
 Stelle (A.) (stē'lē)  
 Stenhammar (stēn'hām mār)  
 Stolypin (stō lī'pín)  
 Stravinsky (strá vín'skī)  
 Strindberg (strind'bēry')  
 Struve (strōō've)  
 Sturmer (stōōr'mēr)  
 Sture (Sten) (stōō'rě)  
 Styx (stīks)  
 Succat (sūc cāt')  
 Sudeykin (sōō dā'kin)  
 Suevian (swē'vī ān)  
 Suiones (sū'ī ō'nēz)  
 Sukhomlinov (sōō kōm'lyē nōf)  
 Sumarokov (sōō mā rô'kōf)  
 Suraja Dawlah (sōō rā'já dou'lá)  
 Sutormanian (sōō'tōr mán'ī a)  
 Suttée (sū tē')  
 Svalöv (svä löv')  
 Swerdrup (svēr'drōōp)  
 Swerker (svēr'kēr)  
 Swerre (svēr'rě)

Tahiti (tā'hē tē)  
 Tairov (ti'rōf)  
 Tara (tā'rā)  
 Tartar (tār'tar)  
 Tartuffe (tār'toof')  
 Tatlin (tāt lín')  
 Tatyana (tāt yā'ná)  
 Tchaikovsky (chī kōf'skē)  
 Tegner (tēg'nēr)  
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 Unna (ōōn'á)  
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 Veresayev (vē ē sá'yēf)  
 Vereshchagin (vyē rē shchā'gēn)  
 Verhaeren (vēr hā'rēn)  
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 Vespasian (vēs pā'zhī ān)  
 Vikenty (vē kán'tē)  
 Villiers de L'Isle (vī yā'deh līl)  
 Vinogradsky (vē nō grād'skī)  
 Vladimir (vlād'ī mīr)  
 Volga (vōl'gá)  
 Volkonsky (vōl kōn'skī)  
 Völsupā (vōl sōōp á)  
 Völve (vōl vē)

voyeuse (vŵá yüz)  
 Vsevolod (vsě'vō lōd)  
 Vyrubova (vē rōō'bō'vá)

Wallenstein (wōl'lēn stīn')  
 Weimar (vī'mär)  
 Welhaven (wēl'há'ven)  
 Wennerberg (vēn'ēr bērg)  
 Werenskiöld (Eric) (vēr'ēns kyōld)  
 Wergeland (vēr'gē lānt)  
 Weser (vā zēr)  
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 Würzburg (würts böörk)

Yeats (yāts)  
 Ymir (ü'mēr)

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 Zoilus (zō'ī lūs)  
 Zoroastrian (zō'rō ās'trī ān)  
 Zorzi (zōr'zī)

## KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

In general the indicated pronunciations are the preferred ones found in Webster's International Dictionary. Occasionally an anglicized pronunciation has been substituted for the preferred, foreign one. It should be remembered that other dictionaries are equally authoritative, and that the alternative pronunciations are equally correct.

The sounds indicated by the markings are as follows:

āle, cāt, cār, cāre, āsk, pirāte

ēve, lēt, dēcide, hēr

ivy, īn

sō, sōft, ōr, nōt

ūse, ūs, fūr, ūnite

out

oil

bōōt, böök

nature

The sounds, ö, and ü have no exact equivalent in English. They are made by pronouncing ā, with the vocal organs in position to pronounce ö, or ü, as the case may be.

Consonants are as in English: ch as in chair; zh, z as in azure; g, as in get; y, as in yet; N, indicates the nasalization of the preceding vowel. This is accomplished by allowing the voice to pass through both the nose, and the mouth. The N is not pronounced. It simply nazalizes the preceding vowel.

Y is used only as a consonant in the indicated pronunciations.

It must be remembered that Russia does not use the roman alphabet, and there is, as yet, no universally accepted system of transliterating Russian with roman letters; hence the varied spellings of Russian names.

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